This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

UC-NRLF
B 3 883 565

CHINA'S OPEN DOOR

中華開門

唐人錄記書

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN
U.S. CONSUL GENERAL AT HONG KONG.

·THE·
·JOHN·FRYER·
·CHINESE·LIBRARY·

Digitized by USC

Li Hung Chang

The Open Door

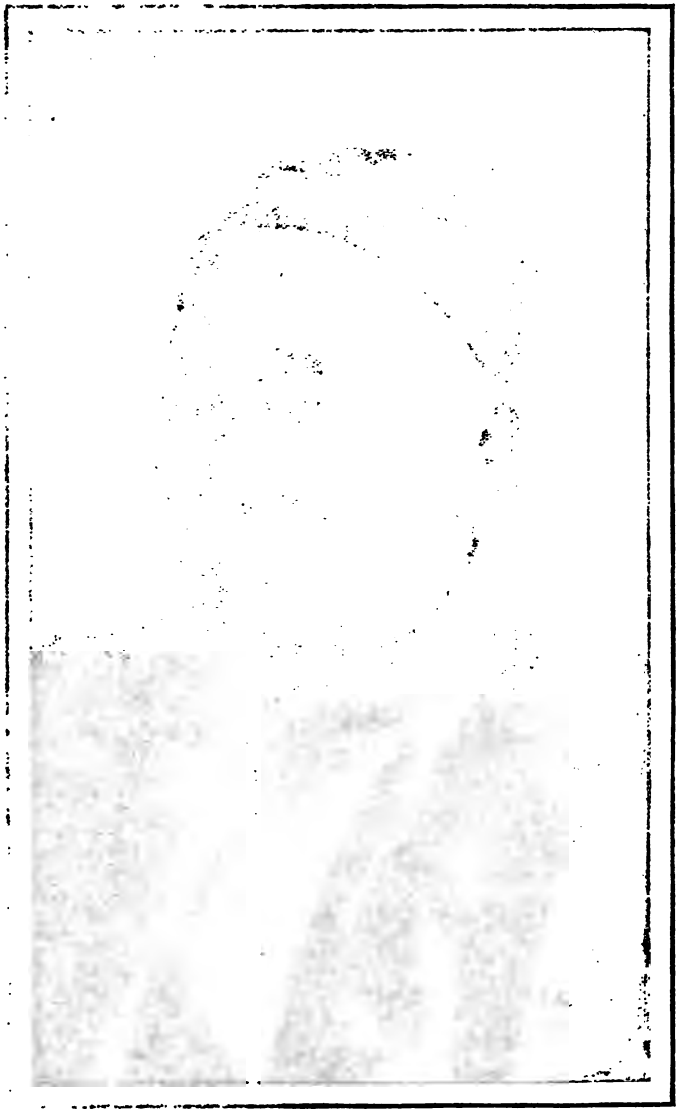
A Sketch of Chinese Life and History

By [illegible] WILLIAMS, LL.D.
[illegible]
Author of "The Middle Kingdom"

With an Introduction by
CHARLES DENBY
Former U. S. Minister to China

ILLUSTRATED

Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company



...ng Chang

CHINA'S OPEN DOOR

A Sketch of Chinese Life and History

By ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, M.A.
Consul General of the United States at Hong Kong, Author of "Tales of Malayan Coast," etc.

With an Introduction by
CHARLES DENBY
Former U.S. Minister to China.

ILLUSTRATED

Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company

X S735
W6
cop. 2
add'l

MAIN LIBRARY
JOHN FRYER
CHINESE LIBRARY

COPYRIGHT, 1900,
BY
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

DSC

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A Word at the Open Door	1
II.	As to the Proper Reading of Chinese History	4
III.	From Fuh-hi to Confucius	42
IV.	From the Tsin to the Tang Dynasties	63
V.	From Wu the Empress to the Last of the Mings	80
VI.	The Rise of the Manchu Dynasty	115
VII.	From Chien Lung to Hienfung	136
VIII.	From the Taiping Rebellion to the Chufoo Convention	160
IX.	Tung Chi and the Regency	184
X.	The Reign of Kwang Su	205
XI.	The Commercial Outlook	216
XII.	Canton, the Typical City	228
XIII.	Peking, the Capital City	270
XIV.	The Boxer Uprising	301

755668

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	FACING
Li Hung Chang	*Frontispiece*
As Old as China. The Wheelbarrow a Mode of Travel in China in Use for Ages	12
Confucian Temple. Hall of Classics. Imperial Pavilion. Forbidden City, Peking	54
Great Wall of China Looking North-east . . .	116
Street Scene in Tientsin	150
Panorama of Hong Kong	170
Street in the Concession, Shanghai	190
The Typical Chinese City, Canton on the Pearl. "The Streetless City stretches away with its Maze of Shipping, broken Here and There by the Towering Pawn-Shops and the Open Spaces about Yamens and Temples"	230
The Cangue: A Form of Chinese Punishment. "It is the Absence of Nerves that enables the Chinese to endure Pain as Well as Toil . .	266
Camel Train. Outside the Peking Wall. Military Gate, showing Moat	274
The Examination Halls, Peking, where the Best Student is esteemed the Greatest Man in China	294
A Bird's-Eye View from the Gulf of Pechili to Peking. Showing the Route of the Relief Expedition of 1900	310

INTRODUCTION.

THIS book is a fit and much needed successor to the "Middle Kingdom," by Doctor S. S. Williams. As a digest of information touching China, the "Middle Kingdom" must always rank first among the books which treat of that empire. Next to it this book will take its place in literature.

Splendid as Williams's history is, the student sometimes complains of dryness; but no such charge can be made against the accomplished author of this book, to whom experience in many forms of writing has taught the lesson that the first requisite of success is to please the reader. In this, Mr. Wildman has preëminently succeeded. This book is written in pure English. It is clear and concise in language, easy to understand, and opens up vistas of information which, until now, have been unknown to the general reader. At the beginning the keynote is struck — the author knows his subject. One sees plainly that he has not drawn his description from books or from the

chance observations of the hurrying tourist, but from the passing of many days among the Chinese, and the watching, during many years, their actual life and the political phases of the imperial government. The author's own sound declaration is that to understand Chinese history you must know the people. Knowing them, he has built up, step by step, a succinct history of China from its early days down to the uprisal of the "Boxers." I shall not undertake in this introduction to review, page by page, the contents of this volume, but simply to draw attention to the starting-point and the successive stages of historic lore which, in admirable sequence, are brought to our attention.

At the beginning it is asserted that the characteristics and peculiarities of the Chinese must be understood in order to judge them aright, and then follows a succinct, but complete description of these characteristics. Lying at the bottom of Chinese character is respect for "face." The foreign resident of China knows that he must not reprove his "boy" before strangers, that he must not unjustly punish him. Once, on one of our men-of-war, when a servant, as the other servants believed, was wrongfully discharged, every Chinaman aboard the ship left. The author illustrates this underlying principle by many examples, and

he carries his observance into the highest realms of governmental polity. I well remember that the members of the Tsung Li Yamen complained that some foreign representative made them lose "face" by pounding on the table and bawling at them. The portion of the book which discusses "face" is somewhat new in its treatment, and should be carefully considered, because it furnishes an explanation of many events in Chinese history which, before, were obscure.

To the Chinese, as Mr. Wildman intimates, "face" takes the place of patriotism. The discussion of politics, except in the secret societies, has been an unknown art in China. The struggle for existence has been too intense to waste time on the doings of the mandarins or the foreigners. Well does the author say that, in place of patriotism, you find "untiring industry, marvelous economy, filial piety, and a calm respect for law."

Americans are the most wasteful people in the world. I look out now from my window over thousands and thousands of acres on which the tall corn is waving its silken tassel. When October comes the harvesters will drive wagons along the rows, and they will pull the ears only, and leave the shuck, the fodder, and the stack untouched. Cattle will be turned in to feed on

these during the winter, but they will destroy more than they eat. In China each blade of grass is uprooted and put to some use. At Swatow once there were many refugees, Christians, who had refused to contribute to the fund for the gods and the temples. The missionaries were paying the adults for their support a Mexican dollar a month — then about seventy-five cents of our money — and it sufficed. But the author has told of this better than I can.

The dress, the manners, the customs, of the Chinese are described with a master's hand. On this plan of picturing the common every-day doings of his countrymen Macaulay wrote his history.

Ancestral worship — the fundamental principle of Chinese policy — is well and forcibly explained. Chinese conservatism, which has held China fixed as the northern star, while the nations around her have tottered and fallen, is thoroughly elucidated.

Having pictured the Chinaman as he is, the author takes up the history of China from the remotest period, and brings it down to the present time. It is not necessary for me to follow him through the various dynasties whose chronicles are touched on sufficiently to fill out the great picture of China. From the reign of Fuh-hi, 2852

B. C., the contemporaneous history of China commenced, and thenceforward the historical records are complete. The author pays admirable tribute to Confucius. Nowhere is there a more correct estimate of the character of the sage. Through the great invasion of the Mongols, who conquered China in 1276, and the conquest of the Manchus in 1644, the book goes on, reading like the pages of a historical romance. Names that you have barely heard in your life, for instance, those of Kublai Khan, Marco Polo, the Chaus and the Hans, stand out here in interesting portrayal. It is wonderful what a mass of information has been collected in this book. Incidentally we learn about Burmah, Korea, Siam, Tonquin, Thibet, Japan, in fact the whole of Asia. It cannot be expected that I should agree with everything that the author says; but as I am not reviewing his book, I do not feel called upon to specify the points wherein I differ with him. They are not many. He treats, I think, the missionaries rather cavalierly, and does not give them as a class the credit they deserve. It is strongly brought out in this book that China has never lost its individuality. Indeed, the Chinese have absorbed their conquerors. Nominally the Manchu dynasty reigns to-day; but the fate of China will be deter-

mined by the people, and, excepting twenty millions of Manchus, they are Chinese.

On the opium question the author is lenient. It will not do to compare opium with alcohol. The drug is always simply brutalizing, and deleterious. All things are either good or bad, and the use of opium is unquestionably bad. It is the curse of China. I cannot too highly commend the author's history of what may be called our own times in China — say from 1842 down to 1900. A correct and most interesting account is given of a period which has been treated with accuracy by Williams, but to whose treatment Mr. Wildman has added the touches of glowing and sparkling style. He has brought out many new facts, and his chronology of events is perfect. In the sweep of this panoramic book, we come at last to the reign of Hienfeng, the Taiping Rebellion, the making of the treaties of 1857, the advance on Peking in 1859, the repulse of the allies at Taku, the renewal of the attack in 1860, the taking of Peking, the ratification of the treaties, the induction of China into the family of nations, and the outbreak of 1900. A fund of anecdote and character painting is found in these pages, much of which is absolutely new. Alas, in some respects, books

about China will have to be rewritten! Japan "turned a new leaf" when she taught the sleeping giant what modern fire-arms could accomplish. Mr. Wildman describes Eastern diplomacy with many touches of satire, but recent events have changed its tone. New men are coming on the stage; and if China is not to be partitioned, she will demand the rights which international law insures; then there will be no more pictures of vacillation, evasion, trickery, but a stand-up fight for justice, in which the conscience of the world will be at her back.

Books on China are greatly confined to disquisitions. The "tenderfoot" seems driven to advising China. He sees at a glance how necessary are schools, railroads, trained soldiers, and especially is he conscious of the bad morality of the Chinese officials. When a gentleman, who wanted to sell something, once gave me a splendid essay, showing up all Chinese corruptions, and asked me to translate it and send it to the Yamen, I inquired whether, if he wanted to sell locomotives in England, he would prepare an elaborate attack on the House of Lords, and primogeniture, and the Prince of Wales and all the officials. He said he did not think he would, and then I asked him why he did this thing

in China. He did not have any satisfactory answer.

Mr. Wildman has not fallen into this error. The book is valuable, because it tells you accurately, with dates, things you know, and many things that you do not know. From 1860 to the summer of 1900 the history is minutely accurate. The old, spectacular, historic Li stands out in his well-known lineaments, and the Semiramis of China, the Empress-Regent Tzi Tsu, fills some pages of description. The treatment of Korea, the episode with France, the Japanese war, are all told of, with many side-lights which illumine the bare facts. At the last we have the account of the seizure of Chinese territory by Germany, Russia, England, and France, and a luminous recital of the conduct of our Government touching the "Open Door," and we are brought down to the beginning of the "Boxer" movement. With this uprisal for a text, some future writer will unravel the tangled skein of the Chinese situation.

Mr. Wildman's position as consul at Hongkong has given him great facilities to acquire knowledge as to trade, and the steps necessary to secure it. His chapter on that subject will be worth the price of this book to the merchant.

Trade is a field which the ordinary tourist leaves severely alone. There is more competition in China than in almost any land on the globe. The syndicates of many nations are on the ground, and, since the appearance of the Germans in the arena, prices are cut to the lowest figure. China is overrun with articles marked, "Made in Germany;" but goods of English and American make excel them in quality. Labels are counterfeited, but I always found the Chinese officials ready to arrest and punish the offenders. There was, at Tientsin, a notable case involving the putting of "Indian Head" labels on cotton cloth made in China.

One of the most readable and most accurate chapters in the book is the one on Canton. This bewildering bazaar city is described in the most pleasing style. It is a vast show-shop, where silverware, jewelry, articles in ivory, embroideries, rare furniture, everything that the mind can conceive of, is made under your very eye. You may stand in a street six feet wide, and watch the evolution under the workman's hand of the most precious curios, and when they are finished you can buy them at reasonable prices.

Canton is the most interesting city in China, or, perhaps, in its own realm of the manufacture of

objects of art, in the world. It is the typical city of the empire as Peking is its metropolis. A chapter on the capital city of China, supplied at Mr. Wildman's request, embodies my own study of Peking, and will, it is hoped, fall in line with the other descriptive matter.

This book is a splendid production. It does honor to the learning, the faculty of composition, and the indefatigable industry of the author.

Charles Denby

Evansville Indiana
August 2, 1900

China's Open Door.

UNIV. OF VIRGINIA

I.

A WORD AT THE OPEN DOOR.

CHINESE HISTORY becomes interesting when you know, or think you know, the Chinese. Even a superficial acquaintance explains many things in their national records that on first introduction strikes one as both inane and impossible. Chinese history cannot be compared with that of other nations any more than you can parallel the character of the Chinese with that of any contemporary race. It is a repetition of itself, many times repeated. The same causes have produced the same effects for four thousand years. The causes lie in the character of the Chinese, and are seemingly unchangeable. The Chinamen of 3000 B.C. are the identical Chinamen that greeted us at the opening of the Treaty Ports. A story like Mark Twain's delightful "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court" would be impossible from

a Chinese standpoint. If Confucius had returned to China a thousand years after his death, he would have found everything substantially as he left it. The greatest change in Chinese life was wrought by Confucius himself. He remodeled the entire system of thought, and gave his countrymen an intellectual life, — a feat that, to one who has lived among the Chinese and daily experienced their inertia, suspicion, and conservatism, seems little short of the miraculous.

It is not necessary, however, to personally know the Chinese to admire and marvel at their history when taken as a grand result, an accomplished fact. Since the dawn of history China has been a civilized and religious nation with a written history. She has had a continuous national life, and has never been driven from her "Garden of Eden." She has had wars as sanguinary, as admirably conducted, and of as great magnitude, as any of the nations have had from Egypt to America. Her arms have generally been successful; but if she were conquered it meant the absorption of her conquerors. There have been good kings and bad kings in tiresome rotation; there have been famines and floods; but there has been no permanent decay or death in her national life up to the coming of the European. And who knows

but that the "break up of China" will be but another case of Chinese history repeating itself, and that she will absorb the white man as fast as he gains admission to her walled cities, and so establish within the next century — and what is a century to China! — a new dynasty that will insure her existence as a nation for another thousand years.

Why have not other nations of the past discovered the secret of China's everlasting life, and modeled their own upon it? It is because the secret lives in every Chinaman's face, in his every act, a secret only to those who will not see. The Egyptian, the Persian, and the Greek would have to be born a Chinaman in order to take advantage of this — the so-styled secret; they would have to possess fully the Chinese character, which is as different from their own in every point of contact as is the atmosphere of Mars from that of the earth.

If Chinese character can be given an individuality and pictured so that the reader will know and see the Chinaman as we know and see him in China, then Chinese history will have a throb and Chinese life a fascination. We will be standing before China's slowly opening door with one foot within the threshold.

II.

AS TO THE PROPER READING OF CHINESE HISTORY.

THE Westerner must assume a new view in attempting to understand the history of China. He must first know of Chinese peculiarities and characteristics, and this, of itself, is a new study. For instance, to the Occidental the performance of saving "Face" is a comedy. We attend its rehearsal on the street and in our own compounds until its plot becomes so familiar that it fails to arrest our attention unless we happen to remember that the impassioned actors are giving us an object lesson that typifies one of the all-controlling features of Chinese life. When there is bad blood between Ah Ming our "boy" and Chung the "Cookee" they do not come immediately to blows, which would be dangerous. They go into the street, and commence to revile each other and each other's ancestors at the top of their voices. As a crowd collects they grow more intense, and every minute

threaten to spring at each other's throat. When they have worked themselves up to a pitch of maniacal delirium that promises apoplexy, two men step out of the crowd, and grasp the boy and the cookee by the arm. Both go through a fierce theatrical struggle for freedom. Then they turn the phials of their wrath on their peacemakers, and to the simple on-looker it would seem that the keepers of peace would be killed for their pains. In the meantime Ming and his peacemaker, and Chung and his, are some rods apart, and separated by an interested crowd. Then with a final appalling burst they tear away from their guardians, and depart calmly on their separate "pidgins." They have let their bad blood preserve their "face," and, save for mutual hoarseness, are unhurt. Time and again I have watched one of these theatrical exhibitions. In the gathering crowd will often be one or more native policemen. No one smiles, unless some mishap occurs, then every one will scream with laughter. No one thinks of interfering until the right moment, and every one knows exactly what the end will be. It is purely a forensic contest. A boat-woman whose husband has corrected her in the morning and put her in a temper, will wait until he is out of sight, and then go to the most crowded spot along the wharves,

ascend a pile of lumber, and commence to revile her daughter-in-law, who is not present, or any member of the crowd who may address a scoffing word to her. She will go on for an hour, jesticulating, running through the entire gamut of the Delsarte school, until the audience leave, or it is time for her to get back to her boat. She has asserted her rights to the free speech which her husband denied her, and said all the things to the world at large that she would like to have said to him. Her "face" is saved. The saving of face starts at the Pink Palace at Peking, and goes all through Chinese life. It has changed history, wrecked dynasties, remade religions, and caused a multitude of law-suits. Its complexities and ramifications are beyond the comprehension of the Westerner. An Occidental synonym might be prestige, in its commonest definition. A Chinaman who loses his face loses his credit, his standing, his prestige among his fellows, and becomes the laughing-stock of the meanest coolie. In 1796 Lord Macartney was sent to Peking by the British government to try and open diplomatic intercourse. The Emperor Chien Lung feared to refuse to receive the ambassador; but he saved his face before his people by flying over the vessel on which the noble lord ascended the Peiho, a flag,

which read in Chinese "Tribute Bearer from the Country of England." In June, 1873, the Emperor Tung Chih, to the gratification of the foreign ministers, graciously condescended to receive them in audience. It was looked upon for the moment as a triumph of Western diplomacy and firmness until it was discovered that Frederick E. Low, the American minister, and the ministers for England, France, Russia, Netherlands, and Japan, had been received by the Son of Heaven in the Pavilion of Purple Light, where his majesty received the envoys of tributary states. Again the Chinese face had been saved. The suicide of gallant Admiral Ting, after the occupation of Port Arthur, was but the last of a long succession of like cases of saving face by means of death. This characteristic is not confined to individuals; it governs the attitude of one village or clan towards another, and the strife that takes place to preserve the balance of face often becomes a vendetta that lasts for generations. The history of China, when read in the light of a knowledge of this national characteristic will reveal the reason for many acts that before seemed without sense or rhyme.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this struggle to preserve face is not to be confounded with patriotism or love of country. There is no

National Face that the 400,000,000 of China are sworn to protect with their lives. With them it is every man for himself, and the country for itself. I will wager that the Japanese-Chinese war, a historical fact, is not known to one-tenth of the population of China; and if they did know of it, they would not feel any more interest in it than did those who were supposed to have taken an active part in the campaign. Public spirit is absolutely wanting. In its place is a deep-seated indifference, that is tempered with a calm respect for law and power. The law may be bad and the power tyrannical, but that is no business of those who have to obey. The life of China has been preserved through the centuries by moral rather than physical forces. Early in 1898, just after Russia had occupied Port Arthur, Germany Kia Chou, England Wei Hai Wai, and France Kwang Chowan, and it looked as though the dismemberment of China was at hand, a delegation of rich merchants from Canton waited upon me by a previous appointment, and proposed to buy from the viceroy of the Two Kwangs, and from the individual owners, all the property on the Honam side of Canton, build wharves, reclaim the waste land, and then remove all their big mercantile interests there. In fact, they proposed to create a rival to

Canton, and then cede it to the United States if we would give it the protection of our flag. If we deemed it not feasible to go into inland China, they further proposed to buy a large island adjacent to Hong Kong and make it their emporium. In reply to my many questions they showed no love for their own flag, or interest in the "break-up" of China, further than it affected their persons.

I was in San Francisco during the Chinese-Japanese War. The little colony of Japanese in that city raised a patriotic fund, and offered their services to their fatherland, while "Chinatown," numbering over 70,000 souls and representing many millions of capital, did nothing nor made any pretensions. The Chinaman pays his taxes, and submits to all the "squeezes," and rightly considers it as so much money lost, as it never reappears in roads, canals, or public buildings. He does not even have police protection or justice for it. There is no such thing as politics in the empire outside the court, where it is nothing more than intrigue. Appointments to office are either the result of literary examinations or court favoritism. Even the claim of a successful candidate at a triennial examination has to be backed by a substantial kumshaw at Peking

before he obtains the coveted official appointment. The salaries of all officials in China are merely nominal, and in themselves would not be worth the endeavor of an honest man to obtain. The government is in a sense patriarchal, and like all patriarchs is supposed to be old enough, wise enough, and strong enough to do without the advice of its children. In the war of 1860 between England and China, the invading army employed Chinese not only for carrying baggage and throwing up intrenchments, but a corps of several thousand strong was carefully drilled to plant scaling-ladders and handle ammunition; and at the storming of the Taku forts it showed unexpected bravery and an exultant pride in the success of its new master. Patriotism in its native land was an unknown quantity, while rations and good pay were something that every Chinaman could understand. Curiously enough Chinese officialdom did not look upon the members of this corps as actual traitors, and the only punishment they received was to have their queus cut off. The Chinese government itself, the moment the war was over, turned around and begged of their conquerors the loan of a number of English officers to drill their men so that they would equal this corps of, what the world would style,

traitors and renegades. When Kublai Khan was struggling for the conquest of China, he found his progress stopped by the strongly fortified city of Siang Yang on the bank of the Han River. His general, Ashu, soon discovered that its capture without the aid of ships would be impossible. He set about the construction of a fleet of war-junks. The Mogul soldiers were, however, not sailors; and proclamations were posted all over the enemy's country, offering good wages and good rewards for men who were able to manage ships. More than 70,00 Chinese responded, and enlisted to fight their own fatherland under the banners of its most inveterate enemy.

China has no national air!

The very absence of patriotism shows again that comparisons with China are only possible by contrast, and that patriotism is not necessary to insure the existence of a nation. There are other characteristics that take its place, among which are untiring industry, marvelous economy, filial piety, and, as has been before said, a calm respect for law. No Occidental can comprehend the full significance of Chinese economy. Economy to the Chinese is more than a moral principle. It is an art and a science that has been perfected through the centuries. They realize better than we that the

Lord made nothing without a purpose, and they have discovered what we have not — the purpose. The animal and vegetable kingdoms are as open books to the most ignorant villagers. Every weed has its use, and no part of the animal goes to waste. Two cents a day is a fair estimate per head of what it costs to feed 390,000,000 of China's 400,000,000. Rice, beans, garden vegetables, supplemented with any kind of fish, make up their daily diet; and as simple as this is, often ten mouths have to be fed from a little plat of ground the size of a New England farmyard, and the water with which to irrigate it brought from a long distance. Again, the soil has to be often literally made, and when made, held in place by embankments for fear that during the rainy season it will be washed over on a neighbor's land. They rake the seas with the same untiring thoroughness with which they cultivate the land; and I often wonder when I see them returning with a catch of fish — none of which are larger than a corkscrew — if any ever escape to become respectable in size. The moment the tide goes out — no matter what the hour — the muddy ocean reaches are swarming with delvers for mussels, crabs, and seaweed. Men, women, and children, each armed with a board

AS OLD AS CHINA.

The Wheelbarrow, a mode of travel in use for ages in China.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

skate, that will bear the weight of one leg while they propel themselves over the mud with the other, explore every inch of space for anything that can be eaten. I have watched them on a cold, bitter morning thus gleaning, the women carrying their month-old babies on their backs by the side of their bags of sea-plunder. The chilling water was up to the children's bare feet, and a wind was blowing in shore that made me turn back on my bicycle, and ride a mile to get warm. A pagoda stood against the sky above a bunch of low-spreading banyans, and a little colony of junks swung idly on the incoming tide, their great matting sails slowly drying in the early morning sun. It was a picture for the artist and the political economist. The grinding industry and dwarfing economy of it all was, however, horribly revolting. If any one benefited by these hardships, in this generation or the next, there would be some hope for the betterment of the race; but the Chinese coolie lives and dies by rule as his ancestors have been doing for six thousand years. If all our missionaries in all our treaty ports could teach them, by precept or example, that cleanliness is next to Godliness, they would do more for China than even Confucius did. They would bring about a reform in the lives of Chinamen and in the body politic that

would mean the opening of China's ports to Western civilization and Western trade. As long as the Chinese are content to live in huts with their pigs and their fowls, and sleep and eat in their own filth, it is hard to open their eyes to the desirability of a clean heart or of American-made prints. I have been in country districts of China that were almost idealic in their beauty; every inch of cultivatable land was blooming with generous crops, dotted at intervals with workers, their backs bent over a paddy-field, and on the lands of the foot-hills which were non-productive stood the stone huts of the population. From a distance the houses looked substantial, clean, and inviting. A group of a half-dozen would be sheltered by the branches of a guard of massive trees. The whole scene was charming; but, as you drew near, the beauty of the place faded away into a picture of such unnecessary uncleanliness and squalor, that you were conquered by the usual disgust. There was no reason for it, as all about there were hundreds of dry acres, and scores of clumps of trees.

The land could be had rent free, and the soil is healthy; and yet they would all huddle together, — men, children, pigs, and fowls, with possibly a shaggy China pony and a half dozen mangy curs. Under these conditions it is not long be-

fore even a sanitarium would become a pest-hole. I have been in a mandarin's palace that cost a lac of dollars, and had him point out to me with pride his artificial fish-pond, supremely unconscious that a dead hen and a decayed cat were floating on its surface among the lily pads and lotus blooms. In the great central hall — the hall of his ancestors — he pointed out priceless stone pictures, thousand-year-old vases, and exquisite black-wood carvings, while I held my nose over a pool of malarious filth that was oozing from under the steps ten feet away. The result is plague, smallpox, and enteric fever. In Hong Kong it is a fight day by day to keep the Chinese houses in any thing like a sanitary condition. Chinese who have lived a dozen years under British laws, and Chinese who were born under them, and have seen each recurring scourge of the plague, and are fully aware that it breeds in filth, yet practice every deception to relieve themselves of the "house-to-house" brigade. They know that the plague seldom attacks Europeans, and never invades the clean European residential districts. They know the efficacy of chloride of lime, of whitewash, and of pure water, and still every day the English Magistrate's Court is crowded with Chinese who have been trying to

evade the simple sanitary laws of the colony. If a Chinaman is taken with the plague the fact is concealed from the authorities, and the sick man is smuggled on a Canton boat, and conveyed to his native village, where, to his great satisfaction, he is permitted to die like a dog. He has thus saved his Hong Kong domicile from fumigation and lime-washing, and has reduced the cost of his funeral expenses by taking himself to his family burial lot. The fact that plague germs are in the house, and that the lack of fumigation may cause the death of his sorrowing wife and children, is neither considered by the living nor the dead, as it conflicts with their system of economy.

Comparisons are odious surely as between the Chinese and any other nation. It is the old proposition of "teaching your grandmother to suck eggs." The Chinese have no idea of our standard of comfort. We wear a hat in all seasons of the year. They ask why we should wear a hat any more in summer than heavy gloves. If the sun is too hot and you are delicate, there is always the umbrella; if it is too cold, there is always the hood. Ah Choy, the consular shroff, goes down to the Chinese gold-shop to change our gold coin into silver, in the heat of the day.

The thermometer registers 100°. I do not believe he feels it, but if the sun gets in his old eyes he holds up his fan. His poll is cleanly shaven every morning, so there is no hair to protect his shining skull. At first I never expected to see him return alive from one of these expeditions. I wear a cork helmet and an umbrella, but since, I have discovered that the only time he ever protects his head is when it rains. He may wear a rimless cap in the office or house to do some one honor, but never in the street. After thirty-five years' association with the Europeans of Hong Kong, Ah Choy still wears cotton clothes, sleeps on a wooden pillow, eats with chop-sticks, uses paper-soled shoes, and continues to be just as uncomfortable as any native of the Sun On district who has never been in an English colony, or an American consulate. It is this absolute absence of any standard of comparison between the Chinese and the American that makes it impossible to hold him up to scorn. When the child starts in life wearing a pair of bifurcated bags filled with sand in the place of diapers, one cannot but despair of ever teaching the parents that "cleanliness is next to godliness" in their homes, even if you could dismiss for the time their inherent ideas of economy. In discussing

the economies of the Chinese, there is no place where you can stop. After eleven years of experience I am amazed every day at some new example. Nothing is lost. Every animal is eaten, regardless of the cause of his demise. The sardine and fruit cans that we extravagantly throw into the dump are born again as tin cups and cooking utensils. The weed that cannot be eaten is used as fuel to cook the weed that may be edible. In the autumn the leaves of trees are gathered by children who are too young to labor, and pounded into bricks, and dried for their winter fuel. Even the exploded firecrackers that are used at Chinese New Year and on religious festivals are collected for the same purpose. If they burn any oil at night, it is simply a taper suspended in a tumbler of peanut-oil and water.

It may be put down as an axiom that there are no idle people in China. A visitor in Canton or Peking may be struck with many cases of coolies or shopkeepers sleeping in the street or in their stalls regardless of the deafening babble that surrounds them. It is not idleness, however; it is a habit, that is responsible for much of the endurance of the people.

A coolie is sent with a load of soy or fish from one part of the city to another. He may

have been twelve hours struggling under its excessive load through the congested alleys. When he arrives at his destination, and his burden has to be weighed, measured, and fought over, and haggled for, all of which is no business of his, he squats in an unoccupied space, and goes immediately to sleep. It may be for ten minutes, or it may be for an hour. There is very little difference between day and night in Canton. The deep hum of its million workers never ceases. The Chinese sleep when they have nothing else to do; and they sleep the sleep of the just where a well-bred European dog would not be able to get a "cat-nap." They can sleep or work in any position, and keep it up for hours at a time. A nervous Chinaman I have never seen, and an exhibition of "nerves" among either gender is unknown. He is never known to take exercise for the sake of exercise. My shroff, or cashier, Ah Choy, has been sitting, bent over a little desk, for thirty years, making out consular invoices. He handles columns of figures, running up into the millions, on his abacus, making the most delicate calculations, while a jabbering, pushing, spitting mob of coolie runners from the big hongs crowd his elbows. He works calmly on, day after day, in the same cramped position, on the same

uncomfortable bamboo stool, utterly unconscious of his surroundings, never losing his temper, and seldom making a mistake. I know he never took a walk for any purpose other than to save chair-hire, and yet in the four years of my term of office he has never been away from the consulate for a day on acount of sickness. Shortly after I arrived a wave of pity went over me for Ah Choy; and I spoke to his superior, the interpreter, about his cramped position and long hours of service; suggested that the Government could afford a respectable office-chair and that the consulate closed officially at five o'clock, P.M. I even intimated that Ah Choy had better take the balance of the day for exercise and rest. Interpreter Chinn smiled, and promised to speak to Ah Choy. Choy thanked me, but put it all down as an idiosincrasy of his new chief. This ended my missionary labors in my own office. Why should he walk when the Government paid for two coolies to do his walking for him? Why should he take a stated hour to rest when he could sleep at odd minutes with his head cramped down sidewise across a pile of invoices in a position that would strangle a man with "nerves." It is the absence of nerves that enables the Chinese to endure pain as well as toil. Every missionary doctor or hos-

pital surgeon who has worked among the Chinese relates incidents of operations that have been performed without the use of chloroform that are hardly conceivable. Yet in almost every case the Chinaman seemed to experience little pain, and to recover almost immediately. No nation in the world has invented such tortures as the Chinese. Simple punishment, such as confinement with hard labor diversified with twenty strokes of the bamboo before each meal, would be considered a kindness by the coolies so long as the "chow" or food was equal to the poorest of our prison fares. This absence of nerves and ability to suffer is a God-given gift, and makes the Chinese equal to an existence that would blot out the European civilization in two generations. One cannot but wonder if, in the struggle for the possession of the earth that is now taking place, the white man of "nerves" may not in the end go down before the yellow man without "nerves."

If to the American the thought that there is no public spirit, no love of country, no patriotism, among the Chinese is abhorrent, what must the Chinaman, the follower of Confucius, feel when he is told that there is no such thing as filial piety, as defined by his classics, in America? It is little wonder we are looked upon as "Barbarians" when

the Chinese are told that, when our sons grow up, they leave the roof-tree, go out into the world, marry, have families without consulting any one, go to distant countries without the parents' consent, are not responsible for their father's debts or deeds; their wives do not become the servants of their husband's mother; that there is no three-year term of mourning, etc.; for any one in China can tell you that, "of the hundred virtues, filial conduct is the chief; that a defect of any virtue when traced to its root is a lack of filial piety." Broadly speaking, filial piety takes the place of patriotism. The worship of ancestors calls upon the descendants to protect, worship, and visit the tombs of the ancestors. It requires that the parents should be served while they live, and be worshiped when dead. It makes sacred any soil in which the dead rests. One of the most dangerous mobs that ever occurred in Singapore, while I was there, was caused by the British authorities legislating to remove a Chinese burial-ground for municipal purposes. The government was to do it at its own expense; but this did not meet the objection, for no one in Singapore knew who lay in hundreds of the graves. A son, however, in Australia, Borneo, or America knew; and when he returned in one year or three to worship at the

tomb of his father, or possibly to convey the ashes to his ancestral temple in Honam, how was he to identify his dead among the hundreds that were removed? His "face" would be lost, his luck gone, his ancestors angry. A wealthy Chinese merchant from Chicago, who spoke English and had lived since 1882 in the United States, came into my office one morning to see if I could aid him to get his father out of prison in Wuchow. After a long conversation I discovered that some returning Chinaman from Chicago had boasted to the Wuchow mandarin of the wealth of his old schoolfellow in Chicago. The mandarin was evidently envious; so, when one of the numerous clan fights occurred in which several onlookers were killed, he ordered that the father and brother of the Chicago Chinaman should be imprisoned for complicity in the murder. They were, however, notified that on the payment of one thousand taels they would be released. My informer had immediately sent the money from Chicago, but it had had no other effect than a summons from the mandarin to appear before him to answer the charge of having incited the murder. He dared neither refuse the summons nor appear in the mandarin's Yamen. In the first instance all his family would be executed, and he would not be permitted

to worship, or to have his body deposited in the ancestral temple; and in the second instance he was perfectly sure he would never be allowed to leave the Yamen until he had been "squeezed" of every cash, and then the chances were that his sacrifices would avail him little. This case is but a sample one of dozens that have come under my observation, and is a fair example of the tremendous hold that Chinese officialdom has upon the people through this mistaken idea of filial piety. For three thousand years of Chinese history officials were supposed to be promoted in government service for their filial piety and the purity of their characters. Mencius ruled that "There are three things which are unfilial, and to have no posterity is the greatest of them." Hence the custom of child marriages comes naturally, and is followed by the custom of divorce and concubinage when a wife fails to present her husband with a son. A discharged sailor of Dewey's flagship was married in my presence to a comely Chinese girl. He left her a few months later, and the young wife came to me with her sad tale. She kept mentioning her children, and asking how she was to provide for them, as they were large enough to go to school. At last it occurred to me that it was strange that she should be the mother of full-

grown children, and I asked her if she had been married before. She replied quite unconcernedly in the negative. In my position of father confessor I inquired "How you catchy children?" She answered, "My buy two piecy boy long time." It seemed that the girl had not married until she was twenty years of age. Having practically given up all hope of marriage, she had bought two baby boys and adopted them, as she naively explained: "No got son, how can get chow when my get old." The boys were her insurance policy for this life and her hold on the next, for she was preserving the line of her ancestors. She, like thousands of others, had no particular means with which to provide for the babies when she adopted them, and now she had still less; yet some how she would struggle along until her boys are grown, and then the heaviest yoke in China would fall on their shoulders, and they would have to take up the burden of filial piety in all its ramifications. The worship of ancestors is the true religion of China, and is to a greater extent responsible for the uninterrupted progress of China's national life than any other one thing. It chains the generations of to-day to the generations of the Shun dynasty. It creates a fatherland of tombs that never releases its sons, and calls them from New

York, Rio de Janeiro, Paris, and from my servants' quarters in Hong Kong, to render the same obeisance to the shade of the dead as the worshiper expects from his son when his bones rest in the ancestral temple.

The famous general, Chau Pau, was sent by the Emperor Ling Ti, in A. D. 177, to reduce the fierce Sienpi. On the march his mother was seized; and when the two armies confronted each other, the Sienpi placed the old lady in the front rank, and threatened to murder her unless the son submitted. Chau Pau had to chose between his emperor and country and his mother. His loyalty to the emperor prevailed, and his mother was barbarously murdered before his very eyes. Chau Pau won the battle that followed, but he had lost all hope of happiness in the next world. He died shortly afterwards of grief and horror at his position, saying "If I had betrayed my country, I should have been disloyal. I have been the cause, however, of my mother's death, and so I have been unfilial. I bartered my soul for the applause of my king." Nearly seven hundred years later, during the Tang dynasty, a man was tried for the murder of a man who had killed his father. The judge decided: "If we put him to death, there is the danger that we shall do a grievous injury to the

filial sentiment in men, and deter them from doing any thing to avenge the wrongs done to their parents. On the other hand, if he is not punished, we shall encourage violent acts in the community, and men will be taking the law into their own hands, and filling society with bloodshed." The case was compromised by the filial murderer's banishment, and thus the teachings of the Confucian classics were reconciled to the laws of the land.

The Chinese may be styled a religious people. In a large way they recognize a supreme being; but, as has been said, ancestral worship has blotted out the face of God, and made gods of dead relatives.

We use the term conservative and conservatism in America, but until you live in China they have no real significance. Chinese conservatism means that everything is done by rule, and in most instances the rule is from two thousand to six thousand years old; hence it is hallowed by age and association. You will not be long in China before you discover that your ways and the ways of China do not run along parallel lines. On the first day of November all your servants go from white into blue clothes. Ask the reason, and you are informed that cold weather has come, although

the thermometer may stand 85° in the shade, or it may be that it has been cold enough for grate-fires for ten days. On the first of May the blue is discarded for white, and hot weather has arrived in spite of your own winter clothes. The head of the house offered our laundryman fifty cents a month extra if he would sprinkle her clothes with his hands instead of with his mouth. He accepted the fifty cents gladly, but continued his good old ways. An offer of one dollar a month had no better effect. Since the Spanish-American War American mercantile firms have sent out their agents to try and capture a portion of the presumably large trade of China. The Chinese merchants received them politely, and gave them permission to consign any and all goods they wished to on commission. It made no difference whether the goods were steam-engines or curling-irons; they would be received if the freight were prepaid, but as for actually buying the things, or helping to introduce any new American product or invention, that was not to be thought of. It was not long before the ambitious American exporter discovered that he must either open his own agency, or give up all hopes of entering the field. Chinese conservatism they found was an unsurmountable barrier. The literary man

ranks all other professions in China; but, unlike our literary men, he is very seldom a producer of original literature. He is merely a student of the classics. Conservatism in literature is even more pronounced than in trade. The writings of Confucius and Mencius, commentaries on them, the book of historical documents, the "Shoo King," or "Book of History," are the same to-day as they were five hundred years before Christ, when Confucius made them to please his own fancy. They comprise the curriculum of the universities, and the winner of the Bachelor of Arts Degree at the time of Christ would still be able to earn his degree at the triennial examinations at Canton or Peking to-day. Yet one has no right to laugh at a conservatism in literature that has moulded a race and built up a system of government that has lived to see the civilization of Egypt, Greece, and Rome decay. You never hear of a "lost art" in China. It took a complete overturning of China, and changed the dynasty, to introduce the queue, and it will take a revolution and a change of dynasty to abolish it. The American firm that wrote me they were sending out a representative "to introduce their superior table cutlery" did not realize that their representative should be accompanied by a line of battle-ships and an army

of invasion. When the knife and fork supplant the chopsticks, a new dynasty will sit on the dragon throne, and China will have entered upon a new chapter of its history. Mahomet might have made Mahommedanism the state religion of China with the aid of the cimeter, but once established it would require the modern missionary with a maxim gun to displace it. Christ has commanded that we shall go forth to preach his gospel to all the world. The Christian missionary in China has to fight with Chinese conservatism rather than Chinese infidelism or paganism. Buddhism came to China by royal invitation, and soon made a place for itself by the side of Taoism; and the two religions ran along side by side on the most friendly terms. The Chinaman is entirely impartial in his choice of religions. If his prayers are not answered in the Buddhist temple he will simply step across the street and burn twice as many joss-sticks and paper prayers in a taoist. With all their superstition, their running after strange gods and ancestral worship, the Chinese believe in a Supreme Being, and their history from mythical and legendary periods is filled with noble examples of self-sacrifice and religious fervor, many of which parallel the acts of the Old Testament kings. Tang, who ruled

1776 years B.C., delivered his nation from a most grievous drought by offering himself as a sacrifice to the Supreme Being if his people might be saved. After praying all night in a mulberry grove his faith was rewarded, and a copious rain fell for hundreds of miles over the dying country. In memory of God's goodness he composed, like the old Israelite kings, an ode of thanksgiving, which is known as "The Great Salvation." The Emperor Kung (B.C. 1401–1373) removed his entire capital from Kingtai in Chihli to Yin, a town north of the Yellow River in Honam, because the country was not prospering, and righteousness was declining, and he wished to commence over again, and seek purity on virgin soil. Wu Yih, the emperor who first introduced idols as well as the worship of mountains and streams, was struck dead by a shaft of lightning while hunting; and all historians agree that it was a just punishment by Heaven. The introduction of western medicine, in spite of its ability to recommend itself by cures which to the Chinese looked like miracles, finds itself defeated by this selfsame hide-bound conservatism. In Hong Kong the enlightened Chinese merchants have established a hospital in which the patients can choose between Chinese and Western science, and

be treated by either free of expense. Yet not five per cent of the inmates will permit an English doctor to treat them, even after the Chinese doctor has given them up. Sir Henry Blake, the governor of this colony, said in November, 1899, at the laying of the foundation stone of the woman's ward: "The record of the Tung Wah Hospital shows that the proportion of cures effected by western methods over Chinese is fifty per cent."

My "Number One Boy" was looking very sad one morning as he served our breakfast. The mistress asked him if he were sick. "No," he replied in Pidgin English, "my wife he die two hours." By further questioning, we found that the Chinese doctor had given his wife up, and that he was expecting every moment to be notified of her death. The consular surgeon went immediately to the bedside of the dying woman, and found that she was suffering from a simple stricture of the bladder, and that the Chinese M.D. had been dosing her with Ginsing tea and other nostrums that were only hastening the end. An ordinary surgical operation relieved her, and in a few days she was as well as ever. We congratulated ourselves that we had at last made one convert to Western science, as the "boy" was most grateful and complimentary. A few months later

the same boy announced that his baby, a dear little tot, was about to die, and that the Chinese doctor had given it up. We were disgusted, and told the boy what we thought, — among other things, declaring that he was little better than a murderer. The child was not too far gone to be saved by earthly aid, and the education of science triumphed again.

The fashion in mandarin's clothes and insignia was introduced by Topa in A.D. 404, and the fashion has never changed. King Topa might imagine himself in his own court should he return to-day. The civil mandarin of the first rank is known now, as then, by the square embroidered patch on the back and front of his robe, bearing the cunningly worked figure of a Manchurian crane, and by the red coral knob on the top of his cap; the military mandarin by the unicorn and coral knob, and so on down to the tenth or lowest mandarin rank. The fashion in the clothes of the now dominant Anglo-Saxon race has somewhat modified since 404, as has its religion and its social ceremonial!

An American going to France studies and strives to master French rules of ceremony and politeness. He may not approve of or see the sense in all that is required of him; but when he

is among Romans, if he has common sense, he strives to do as the Romans do. A foreigner, however, never takes the trouble to acquaint himself with Chinese social procedure. It is not necessary or possible to know the three hundred rules of ceremony or the three thousand rules of behavior that are laid down in the classics; but a few general principles would save us from much of the scorn that is attached to the term "barbarian," and go far toward lubricating the hinges of the "open door." The punctilio of the Spaniard is yet in its childhood as compared to the code of hoary China. Every act of daily life is governed by well-established forms. I fear that there is little sincerity or heart in many of them; but at the same time, when the Spaniard tells you that his house, and all that it contains, is yours, it never occurs to you to actually dispossess him. A Chinese merchant comes to the consulate to ask for information, and brings you a box of cigars as a present or as an acknowledgment of the trouble he has placed you to. The cigars are Manilas, of the cheapest quality. He is perfectly aware that you will never smoke one of them; he would not himself; but he expects you to accept them. You had no right to expect anything, as what you did was part of your day's

work; but he has done the polite thing, and relieved himself of all obligations to you. At a wedding the friends of the groom will send baskets of impossible cakes or the smallest dried ducks, or half of a pig that has died of disease. The recipient is bound by all the ceremonials of polite behavior to accept them and look grateful, but both parties know that the gifts will be thrown to the beggars as soon as the groom has taken the bride to his home. When calling upon a Chinese mandarin, it is your fault if you do not know that it is time to go when the tea is handed round. If you are not aware that it is a mark of disrespect for your servants to come into your presence with their queues twisted about their heads, so much the worse for you.

A Chinaman is intensely curious, but at the same time he "minds his own business." In America, minding one's business is considered a virtue; but in China it is one of the defects of the Chinese character, personal and national. The Chinaman is absolutely lacking in sympathy, charity, and is utterly indifferent as to the fate of his neighbor, the neighboring city, or anything in the body politic that does not actually touch him. The history of China is filled with examples of disasters, brought on by this un-

sympathetic system of minding one's own business. It has made every rebellion possible, and been a great factor in the overthrow of dynasties. It encourages piracy, and protects dishonest officials. What is somebody's business is nobody's. A general raises the standard of revolt and captures a city. A city ten miles removed looks on with absolute indifference to the horrors of the occupation, knowing full well that its turn will come next, and also that if the two cities had united their forces they could have put down the rebels. With his reënforcements the victor moves on the next city in his way, and so on until he is master of an entire province. The adjoining province minds its own business; and when the rebel has perfected all his plans, he marches into it, and reduces it city by city. It is not until his power has become formidable that the throne deigns to notice him; and then, if he cannot be bought off with a dukedom or secretly assassinated, a battle is fought that generally decides in one day the fate of the dynasty. The Taiping rebellion could have been crushed in its infancy, had it been any one's business to have done so. When the Chinese fleet surrendered to the Japanese after the battle of Yalu, one of the Chinese men-of-war asked to be exempted from the surrender as

it belonged to the Southern division, and was in the fight by mistake, which was literally none of its business. A Chinaman snatched the watch of a Portuguese in Glenealy Road, two minutes' walk from the consular building. There were dozens of coolies passing at the time; but no one interfered, and the thief paid no more attention to them than if they were wooden images. The victim heard one of the onlookers remark as he was passing, "That was a bold thing to do!" In crossing the Johore Straits I saw a sampan upset, and the occupant, who could not swim, slowly drown in the presence of a half-dozen passing sampans. Of course there are always other reasons than that of "minding one's business." Chinese reasons are many, and not always clear to the Occidental. The rescuer might have been interfering with fate, or the man might have wanted to die, and the rescuer would have become responsible for his support during the rest of his natural life.

The struggle for existence is too intense, too real, for one man to devote any time or sympathy to the business or sorrows of another. From the throne to the hovel it is always a question of the survival of the fittest. The weak perish, and do so resignedly. It is fate. Outside of the imperial

circle, there is no such thing as politics in the empire. The voice of the people is nothing, simply because the people will not raise their voice. They are in a sense as cruel to themselves as they are to one another. The triennial examinations at Canton are public exhibitions of the endurance, conservatism, and cruelty of the Chinese to themselves. Boys twenty years of age and old men of ninety are huddled together in a thousand stone cells or stalls not fit for a cow, eating, sleeping, or working on cold or hot, wet or burning stones as the case may be, cramped and uncomfortable, taxing their mental and physical endurance to the breaking limit; coming out haggard, disheveled, many prostrated, and some as corpses, a pitiful expose of the lack of human kindness in their characters. The "prize-man" may later become viceroy of Canton, but he does nothing to better the condition of the examination hall. He suffered, let others do the same. This cruel indifference on the other hand has been of the greatest protection to travelers and missionaries in China. As a general proposition, the missionaries have been left too much to themselves by the surrounding population to make success in their profession possible. Missionaries have been massacred and missions burned, but nine times

out of ten it has been on account of some form of insane fear rather than from pure cruelty. The Chinese have been told that missionaries eat children or dissect them, or that their presence is responsible for a flood, a famine, or a plague. In California I have seen all the Chinese driven out of a town by a civilized mob, because they worked cheaper and lived cheaper than the members of the mob. White men are never stoned or deported in China for commercial reasons. Last year the viceroy of the Two Kwangs forbade the importation of kerosene-oil in the West River district, and for a time killed the industry. The crops failed that year, and the farmers believed that the soil had been poisoned by the spilling of the new barbarian oil on the ground. The entire population went back to the use of peanut-oil; but they soon realized the difference by comparison, and now kerosene-oil has obtained a foothold from which it can never be dislodged.

The Chinese have a remarkable sense of humor, even if it takes a cruel form. Ask a Chinaman the best of two roads to a town and he will invariably recommend the worst and longest, and consider it a good joke. A workman falls from a bamboo scaffold and breaks his leg. Immediately every other workman will stop and laugh,

as though it were the best joke of the season. Lieutenant Kirkpatrick Brice, who was of General Parsons's party in surveying the line of the Canton-Hankow Railway, told me that when they stopped at a village at night the natives gathered round by the hundred interfering with their work and movements; they soon found that it was dangerous to try to drive them back, but, instead, one of their party would suddenly seize upon one of the villagers, and pitch him into a mud-hole or a stream. This would cause a tremendous laugh, and afterwards every one was good-natured. A deformed Chinaman is the subject of endless jokes and ceaseless mirth. The colliding of two Chinese rickshaws is a standing joke in the Treaty Ports; while a hawker being led to jail by his queue becomes a target for all the wits along the entire route. The lamentations of Jeremiah would have been impossible in China. They would have been preserved as an example, by some humorous Confucius, of his nation's superior method of ridiculing someone else's misery.

To one who has lived in China for ten years or more there is practically no limit to an article dealing with the character of the Chinese. One thought suggests another until the entire book is

too short to chronicle what one sees around him from day to day. Whoever attempts to write a chapter on Chinese peculiarities can feel perfectly certain that it will be skipped by the old residents of China, with the comment that it is superficial; and the writer's only hope is that this brief essay will, in some measure, form as an introduction of China to a nation that is rapidly becoming one of the great factors in international diplomacy.

III.

FROM FUH-HI TO CONFUCIUS.

[2852 B.C. TO 478 B.C.]

THERE is an indefiniteness regarding the first thousand years of Chinese history that I fear has proven a temptation that most tellers of China's story could not resist. Even the exemplary Confucius was unable to withstand the opportunity to create out of this legendary period a few chapters from which he could point a moral and adorn a tale. The Chinese historical writers knew the full value of having their "novel" open so as to catch the public attention. The emperors, Yau and Shun, who reigned from B.C. 2356–2205 are as familiar personages in the daily conversation of every Chinese school-boy as are Washington and Lincoln in that of the Americans. Their deeds and lives stand out as shining examples to emperors and peasants. They were blessed with every virtue, and were credited with the highest administrative abilities. They "never told a lie," and as far as

we know they never made a mistake. They may be considered historically the founders of the Empire of China, as they are so accepted by Chinese historians. Yet outside of the mere fact that these two worthies actually lived and ruled wisely, they are both the clever creations of Confucius and his distinguished disciple Mencius. Confucius was a worshiper of ancestors; and as long as he had the opportunity of fitting out his nation with ancestors, it is certainly commendable that he gave them such respectable ones. In doing so he also gave his people a "Golden Age," and quite properly placed it so far back that no one outside of China could dispute it, and no one in China would dare.

Following in the footsteps of Confucius, I think it only fair to start the sons of Shem from the rich basin of the Euphrates, the mother of all races, and allow them to gradually work northeast to the richer basin of the Yellow River. Like the Chaldeans and the Israelites they were a pastoral people; but as they found the country preëmpted by "squatters" of other races, which necessitated fierce wars, they were soon forced to cultivate the soil; and three thousand years before Christ we find records of the weaving of garments from flax, the planting of mulberry-trees, and the establish-

ment of fairs where the farmers could congregate and barter.

The period which barbarian historians have profanely styled the mythical commenced with the hewing out of the earth and the heavens by the hard-working, but very homely god, Pan-ku. He is the hero of the Chinese cosmogony; and his statue, which is to be found in every Chinese home, represents him with an ax in one hand and a chisel in the other striking at the dome above. Three dynasties followed, each reigning for eighteen thousand years, and each of these labored to develop Pan-ku's masterpiece and make it habitable.

Contemporaneous history of China commences with the reign of Fuh-hi, 2852 B.C. Thereafter the kings were men, and the mythical developed into the legendary. The fables of this early period are not as cleverly pictured as those of corresponding periods in Egyptian, Greek, or Roman history, but they are characteristically as interesting, and in many particulars strangely similar. Fuh-hi instituted the laws of marriage, taught men how to fish with nets and to rear domestic animals. He invented the lute and the lyre that his people might be charmed with music, and so enabled them to bear more cheerfully the burdens of life. He established family names, and devised the system of

writing by Chinese characters. His modesty forbade him to claim any credit for these beneficial inventions, and he gave full glory for them to a dragon-horse that came from out the Yellow River bearing a scroll on its back. Hence to this day the imperial insignia is the dragon, and the imperial throne is known as the "dragon throne."

It is pleasant to linger over the records of the kings that succeeded Fuh-hi, as the good they did has lived after them, and the evil has been buried in their tombs. They worked singly for the upbuilding of their people, and whatever evil acts are recorded of them serve only the more vividly to bring out the disinterestedness of their lives. During the reign of the Great Yu (B.C. 2205–2197) occurred the tremendous overflow of China's sorrow, the Yellow River, of which Yu recorded "how destructive are the waters of the inundation. They envelop the mountains, and rise higher than the hills, and they threaten the very heavens, so the people complain." This is a description which the vast stream has lived up to ever since. The discovery of the manufacture of wines caused this old sage to remark after he recovered from the effects of his first spree: "The days will come when some of my successors through drinking this will cause infinite sorrow to the nation." Where-

upon he promptly banished the unfortunate discoverer from the country as a dangerous character.

Whether it was the too frequent use of this new-found drink, or simply despair of ever being able to live up to the high standard set by Yu, it is sufficient to know that his sixteen successors degenerated with mathematical precision. Had the succession to the throne remained as before the death of Yu, a reward to the most distinguished and best qualified man, without regard to rank or family, it is possible that the dynasty of Hsai would still be on the dragon throne. As Yau chose Shun, one of the people, to succeed him, so Yu desired that his place be taken by Yih, a man of vast ability and probity; but the feudal princes voted to place Ki, the son of Yu, on the throne, and the hereditary principle was established.

In spite of the cruelty and debauchery of Yu's successors the people did not rebel. It remained, however, for a woman, Meihi, wife of the Emperor Kwei (B.C. 1818–1766), to pile on the straw that broke the camel's back. Meihi, the peerless, was the daughter of the chief of Shih. Her beauty was of the queenly type that conquered men's minds and their passions also. She seldom smiled, but when she did it was with a purpose; and no man could stand before the longing that possessed

him. The soldier was ready to die to win one more smile, one more glance, from the veiled eyes. The student forgot his books, and considered them worthless, as they revealed no charm whereby he might win one sign from the parted lips. Yet morally Meihi was more base than Cleopatra. She loved no man; she used all; and she wrecked a dynasty.

The emperor was her slave. He built her a palace of jade, onyx, and gold, surrounded it with splendid gardens, filled with every costly flower and shrub and rare animal that his empire contained. There were grottos and dells, artificial lakes and waterfalls, baths of scented waters, bits of wild forest in which spotted deer roamed and birds from all climes sung. The orgies of this fairy-land filled the nation with disgust. At night the trees would be lighted, a lake filled with wine, shrubbery hung with confections, and thousands of naked, dissolute men and women would sport about the grounds, dance to the lyre and the lute, or rush into the lake of wine, and drink until drunk or drowned. Because the prince of Shang remonstrated, the emperor built an underground palace, where for a month at a time his dissolute court would disappear, and indulge in the wildest debauchery. Finding words

and warnings vain, Tang, the prince of Shang, resorted to sterner methods, and placed the crown on his own brow, thereby founding the Shang dynasty, which ruled for over six hundred years (B.C. 1766–1122), and which, curiously enough, was wrecked by a woman under almost similar circumstances to those just narrated.

The virtuous Tang was succeeded by twenty-eight emperors, who, with two exceptions, tried to excel each other in cruelty and wickedness. One of them, Wu Yih, has the distinction of introducing idols (B.C. 1199–1194) into China. He did this to show his utter unbelief in God and all religion. Then, to show his contempt for these figures of wood and clay, he ordered the bonzes to fight with them to prove that the gods whose counterfeit presentment they were could not protect themselves.

The Nemesis of the Shang dynasty was Taki, the companion of the last emperor, Chow Sin, and the most beautiful woman in Chinese history since Meihi. If the historical accounts are true, Takai exceeded Meihi both in beauty and general wickedness. She was more than licentious, — she was cruel for the pleasure it gave her. She was Cleopatra, Lucretia Borgia, and Catharine in one. Her beauty was so great that when it was ordered

that she should pay the penalty of her sins, no one could be found who could stand up before her eyes and carry out the sentence. The victorious General Fa sent soldier after soldier to her prison; but each returned, declaring that he could not raise his hand to disfigure such divine beauty. Fa was afraid to trust himself, and at length dispatched an aged councilor, who covered his own face, and dealt the fatal blow. The popular belief throughout China to-day is, that she was a human incarnation of a wolf-demon. Many of the licentious songs of the Chinese are reputed to have been composed for Taki. The emperor built for her the famous "Stag Tower," which afterwards became his funeral pyre. It took seven years to erect the Stag Tower, which was more than a mile square, and was surrounded by a vast park. He built other palaces, that taxed the empire to the very limit, and in the building of which thousands of lives were sacrificed through overwork and privation. Watching the workmen in one of the parks, the empress noticed that in fording an artificial stream of cold spring water the young men seemed to feel the cold more than the old. Taki argued that the reason for this was that the young men had more marrow in their bones. The emperor was not convinced; and

to satisfy himself he ordered his guards to seize a number of both young and old and break their legs so that his doubts might be at rest. All the orgies of Meihi were imitated and exaggerated by this precious couple.

The punishment for such crimes and abuse of power was not only death, but the loss of throne; and as the end of every Chinese dynasty has been brought about through the cruelty or weakness of its representatives, so the inauguration of each new dynasty has for a time meant reforms and good times. The founder of the Chow dynasty (B. C. 1122–255) ranks with the great founders of the Hai and Shang dynasties. The Emperor Wu Wang, the first of the Chows, if on the dragon throne to-day, would settle the perplexed question of China's future. With a man of his caliber, activity, and honesty at the helm backed by a united empire, there would be little need for international interference. One of the sages has remarked that the king is the dish, and the people the water; if the dish is round so will the water be. Wu Wang found the nation in much worse straits than Kwangsu, the present emperor, found it when he mounted the throne. The people, however, soon discovered that Wu Wang was honest in his reforms, and that his laws

were for the great as well as for the small; and they united to hold up his hands and second every act. Wu, like William the Conqueror, established the feudal system in China by dividing his kingdom among his lieutenants, and bestowing upon them titles of nobility. He subdivided these estates into allotments on which ten families should reside, and to meet the expenses of the empire put in force the tithing-system. He established free schools, built homes for the aged and infirm, and carried out reforms with a firm but just hand in every department of his vast empire. His fame spread beyond his dominions, and ēmbassies from Korea and Cochin-China waited upon him, and the wild tribes of Tartary and the frontier sent him tribute.

In sweeping the augean stables of the last of the Shang kings, Wu accomplished what is considered, in the case of the present dynasty, impossible, by the concert of civilized nations. He proved that the dwarfed and stunted tree of national life could be made to blossom and bear good fruit if intelligently and patiently watered and nurtured. China's history is forever repeating itself, and it is possible that the regeneration of the China of to-day will come from within rather than from without. Fortunately for the nation Wu

was succeeded by an able son, who for thirty-eight years worked with his famous uncle, the great duke of Chow, to carry on and finish the work of his illustrious father. Wu, however, made one great fatal mistake, in the establishment of the feudal system; a mistake which in China, as in Europe, has caused more bloodshed, oppression, and misery, than any other one institution in the world's history. It created an excuse for wars that had not before existed, distracted and disruptured the empire, destroyed what little national patriotism there was, and quadrupled the taxation of the people. Emperor after emperor was forced to enter into treaties and compacts with his own vassals in order to save his throne from the grasp of some ambitious vassal, or he was forced to sit quietly by while the great dukes of Chow or Tsin or Sung made unrighteous wars on a weaker duke or princeling, or by *force major* absorbed his territory and confiscated his revenues. From time to time there would be a strong emperor like Chau Sing who would reduce the factious and rebellious princes to a state of masked submission, but it was a fight, veiled or otherwise, that only ended with the death of one or other of the contestants. There were centuries when the emperor of China was merely a man and a name, whom the powerful

princes indifferently tolerated, and whose title they would protect or attack as it suited their interests. Following the reign of Mu (B.C. 1001–946), to whom belongs the honor of further debasing the morals of the people by introducing a regular scale of prices for crimes in the place of the penal code, the feudal princes, who styled themselves kings, became the real power, and the empire was little more than a confederacy of loosely bound states.

The feudal times of Europe were reproduced in China; and the great lords raised up and threw down emperors, took the reins of power into their own hands, and made the history of the epoch the narration of their own petty quarrels and bickerings. In China as in Europe feudalism developed great captains and daring robber-barons. It created a so-called age of chivalry, but ground down the common people, fostered ignorance, and hindered progress. One of the heroic characters of this age was the duke of Shau, who, when the cruelties of the Emperor Li caused the people to rise in rebellion and demand the life of the crown prince as penalty for his father's crimes, took his own son and heir, dressed him in royal robes, and delivered him to the mob, who tore him to pieces believing him to be the heir apparent. Li employed a wizard to point out persons in his court and on the street

who spoke disrespectfully of him behind his back. Every denunciation meant death. The people were reduced to such a state of terror that they dared not address each other on the merest subject, and almost universal silence reigned at the capital. The emperor sneeringly remarked to the Duke of Shau, "I have stopped the profane talk of my people, and given them a lesson in good manners."

"You have only dammed up the words in their hearts," he replied, "and that is a dangerous thing even for a king to do; when the waters of a river are obstructed, they will by and by carry every thing before them."

In the midst of times like those of which Mencius writes, "the Royal Ordinances are violated, the people are oppressed, and the supplies of food and drink flow away like water," Confucius was born. His birth in the year B.C. 551, was the most momentous event in all Chinese history, as the birth of Christ was the most momentous event in the history of the world. I would not presume to compare the works and teachings of Confucius with those of Christ, neither can there be any just comparison between Confucius and Mahomet. Like Moses and Solon, Confucius was a lawgiver; and yet he was more than a mere lawgiver; he was a practical philosopher of the Benjamin

CONFUCIAN TEMPLE. HALL OF CLASSICS. IMPERIAL PAVILION.

Forbidden City, Pekin.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Franklin type, a greater leader than Peter the Hermit, and a teacher second only to Christ. Beyond a few fabulous stories about his birth, there is nothing mythical or legendary in the life of Confucius. His is the one strong, masterful figure in Chinese history, that stands out clear-cut and distinct against a vast background of mediocracy and of mythical heroes. His words cannot be judged by our standards, — for their influence appears out of all proportion to our interpretation, — but must be respected in the light of the wonderful changes for the better they have wrought in Chinese life and character. It is almost impossible to select from the books of Confucius quotations expressing to the Chinese all that the Bible does to us, or that commend themselves to our minds as either simply instructive or deeply profound. Personally I prefer "Poor Richard's Almanac," which only proves the utter hopelessness of reconciling Chinese methods of thought to American standards. "Virtue," he teaches, "is the basis of good government." All nations admit this axiom, but the question has always been as to how virtue is to be cultivated. "Virtue," Confucius adds, "consists, first, in procuring for the people the things necessary for their sustenance . . . the ruler must also think of rendering them virtuous,

and of preserving them from whatever can injure life and health." As to the duty of the people he says:

"The services of love and reverence to parents when alive, and those of grief and sorrow for them when dead, these completely discharge the fundamental duty of living men." He saw a woman weeping by the roadside, and sent a disciple to ascertain the cause. "You weep," said the messenger, "as if you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow." "I have," said the woman. "My father-in-law was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also, and now my son has met the same fate." "Why, then, do you not move from this place?" asked Confucius. "Because here there is no oppressive government," answered the woman. Turning to his disciples, Confucius remarked: "My children, remember this, oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger." A very natural deduction, and one that commends itself to the experience of every Chinaman who has been unfortunate enough to get into a magistrate's yamen. Confucius had himself been a magistrate, and knew whereof he talked. As a magistrate, he reformed not only the entire judiciary of his state, but introduced most drastic moral reforms, and made laws in reference to both the living and the

dead. He arranged that the dependent aged should be cared for, and that all labor should be allotted according to the physical strength of the workers — the weaklings might braid mats, while the strong carried bricks — so all men labored according to their capacities and strength. He ordered that men and women in walking on the public roads should take different sides, so that there should be no promiscuous mingling of the sexes. He decreed that valuables that might have been dropped by the way should not be picked up by the passer-by, but be left to be found by the owner. He would not permit bad work or shoddy materials to be exposed for sale in the market, and reduced the burdensome and lavish expenditure at funerals. His reforms proved so efficacious that other magistrates imitated him, and after one year Confucius was promoted to minister of justice to the Duke Ting. Not only as a reformer and administrator did Confucius shine, but he showed the highest diplomatic ability. He averted a war between the rival states of Lu and Tsi, stopped numerous internecine outbreaks, and made it impossible for ambitious mandarins to raise the standard of revolt by issuing an order that no yamen should contain coats of mail, and that the walls of numerous turbulent

cities should be reduced in height. Later, as prime minister, he exercised almost royal powers, and made the Dukedom of Lu the model and envy of the entire empire. Unfortunately, Confucius was not a god, nor even a king; and it was not long before his patron, the Duke Ting, grew tired of being good, and the ungrateful people became weary of the golden rule. The old rival state of Tsi decided to tempt the virtue of the model duke, and sent him as a present eighty beautiful women and one hundred and twenty blooded horses. Confucius vainly urged his duke to refuse the gift, and subsequently Confucius resigned his office, and retired from court. Thereafter he devoted himself to compiling, editing, and annotating the literature of China, and of writing out at length his own teachings and philosophies. He died in B.C. 478, a natural death — a happiness that rarely came to a public man of the times. A cup of poison or a silk cord, with the compliments of the duke or king, was the usual end of nearly if not quite all the famous statesmen of China to within the last three hundred years.

Confucius was a sensible, practical, brainy, hard-working statesman and scholar, — a statement that cannot be applied to the long line of emperors that insisted on deifying him. He did not

strive to build up a religion, or to pose as a god or the prophet of a god. Confucianism became one of the mighty religions of the earth through neither the wish nor the fault of the man from whom it derived its name. It became a religion because Confucian philosophy was so much higher, nobler, and purer than the teachings of Buddha or Laotze. The common people understood Confucius as the fishermen of Galilee understood Jesus, and they saw that Confucius practiced what he preached. It was a most natural evolution whereby Confucius became a god and his written words a religion, although he himself did not recognize the existence of a living God, and his teachings contained no hint of a future life, either in heaven or in hell. When asked his opinion of death he said, "How can one know death when one does not know life?"

"The teaching of Confucianism on human duty," says Dr. Legge, "is wonderful and admirable." It is not perfect, indeed; "but on the last three of the four things which Confucius delighted to teach — letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness — his utterances are in harmony with both the law and the gospel." "No people," says Mr. Medhurst, "whether of ancient or modern times, has possessed a sacred literature so completely ex-

empt as the Chinese from licentious descriptions and from every offensive expression. There is not a single sentence in the whole of the Sacred Books and their annotations that may not be read aloud in every family circle. Again, in every other non-Christian country, idolatry has been associated with human sacrifices and with the deification of vice, accompanied by licentious rites and orgies. No sign of all this exists in China."

Beautiful as are these tributes, they might with equal justice be applied to Emerson's "Essays." Both philosophers recognized the practical utility of the golden rule as a national policy, but neither promised anything further, or tried to direct anything beyond the mind and heart. Confucius made no promises, like the Bible, of future reward for doing good, or held up glittering prizes like Mahomet. He was only a teacher, and taught as best he could the doctrine of sympathy and benevolence, whereby man might live righteously in this present life, be at peace with his neighbors, and enjoy the happiness of a good conscience. He wrote only of what he knew, or of what he or others had experienced. He had nothing to say of miracles, superstitions, or manifestations, as did the early writers of the Roman Christian church. When questioned regarding supernaturalism, he

replied: "A superior man does not talk about mysterious powers and supernatural spirits." Confucius, however, believed in good and evil spirits, like all the great scholars of his age, although he would not teach or talk of them. He exactly predicted his own death, because of a report that a unicorn had been caught during a hunting expedition of the duke, which he considered an evil omen.

The wonder of Confucianism is the hold that it has taken on the Chinese race, and on all other races that have come directly under its influence. Even the barbaric Mongols from the wild steppes became easy converts; and seven hundred years after his death we find the immediate successor of the great Kublai Khan issuing an edict to hold the memory of Confucius in the highest reverence, while the next Mongol emperor ordered that the Confucian classic on "Filial Piety" should be translated into the Mongol language.

To-day the child in China learns his characters from the Confucian classics, and the old man dies with a volume in his hand. The consular interpreter is a graduate of Yale, and has lived for ten years in the United States; and yet his little son of eight has a private tutor, who comes every day to instruct him in the writings of the master.

He will learn English later, but nothing must interfere in his being thoroughly grounded in the Confucian classics.

I may be repeating myself, but I cannot help impressing upon the minds of American students that as Shakspere is the greatest of English writers, so Confucius is pre-eminently the greatest writer of another civilization; that he was no pretender or sham, or even revolutionist, — he was simply one of the great actual characters of history, and is no more mythological than his contemporaries in the religious and philosophical revival that was at the time sweeping over the pagan world, led by Pythagoras in Greece, Ezekiel and Daniel among the Jews, Gautama in India, and Zoroaster in Persia. America and Europe will become better acquainted with China and Chinese history in the next generation, and then Confucius will be better understood and honored for himself rather than for the so-called religion of which he was unwittingly the founder.

IV.

FROM THE TSIN TO THE TANG DYNASTIES.

[255 B.C. TO 656 A.D.]

THE example and repeated warnings of Confucius did not save the Chow dynasty. It had become too debased, too licentious, and too effeminate to do more than carry on court intrigue, and plot its own destruction. It, however, will forever remain famous as having produced the three greatest minds in Chinese history, — Laotze (B.C. 604), the founder of the Taoist philosophy; Mencius (B.C. 371), who as a writer and thinker stands only second to Confucius; and Confucius. Around these are grouped a list of distinguished names in war, diplomacy, and literature, whose deeds are still sung, and whose words are still honored.

There is little of interest in the records of the short-lived Tsin dynasty (B.C. 255–206). Its doings were but a repetition of the acts of the last of the Sungs, — rebellions, murders, court cabals,

and wars along the frontier. The Emperor Chung shocked the court ceremonial of his age by taking to himself the editorial "We" and "Us" in speaking of himself; and when it was pointed out to him that none of his famous predecessors had arrogated such pompous titles, he modestly replied that he considered his virtues and achievements equal to any three of the quondam sitters on the dragon throne, and consequently it was only right that he should address himself in the plural. Because the scholars persisted in drawing invidious comparisons between himself and the illustrious Yau and Shun, and proved their comparisons by quotations from Confucius and Mencius, Chung issued an order that all the classical works in the empire should be burned; that if two scholars were found talking together about the classics they were to be put to death; and that if they were heard expressing their belief that the ancient books and customs were superior to those of to-day, they and their families were to be executed. Soon after, finding that the scholars had not implicitly obeyed his orders, he decreed that four hundred and sixty of the most eminent be decapitated as a gentle reminder, — an example of press censorship that leaves the newspaper men of the Spanish-American war something to be thankful

for! Chung, or as he called himself, Hwang-ti, was a hot-headed, sturdy ruler of the General Jackson type. He believed that the way "to resume specie payments was to resume;" and when the Tartars became extremely troublesome on the northern borders it occurred to him that it would be less worry and expense to employ his army to erect a wall along the entire frontier than to decimate it in meeting the hardy Huns in the field. The wall was completed in five years. It is fifteen hundred miles long, and broad enough for six horsemen to ride abreast. As the builder of the great wall, which has been accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, Chung has written his name by the side of the architects of the pyramids and the hanging gardens of Babylon.

With all his intellect and superb force of character, Chung had his weak points, but he was strong even in them. He had no desire to mount the dragon chariot, and become a guest on high, and he therefore prosecuted the search for an elixir of life with a fierce determination that was worthy of a better cause. He took all kinds of decoctions, and must have been a gold-mine to all the quacks and priests in his dominion. The only result was that Chung commenced to see visions, and discovered his nerves. He called a consultation of doctors;

and they decided that he was pursued by malignant spirits, and that he must arrange to spend his nights so that no one should know in what part of his palace he intended to sleep. Chung did not believe in half-measures; so he built a palace of a thousand bedrooms, one for each wife, with a great central hall that would seat ten thousand persons. Seven hundred thousand criminals and prisoners were employed in its erection. The scheme worked splendidly, and Chung was able to evade his ghostly pursuers by this game of hide and seek. Unfortunately, however, he grew overbold in time, and took a tour through his kingdom, during which he became a guest on high in spite of his costly precautions.

It is to be regretted that none of the vast palaces and mausoleums of which we have record were not allowed to remain like the pyramids of Egypt. Each dynasty or, often, each new emperor signalized its or his advent to the throne by destroying all the buildings and monuments of his predecessors. It was done as a protest against the extravagance of a former reign, and as a promise for the future. The son and successor of Chung built a palace under ground for the reception of his father's body. It was luxurious in the extreme, and adorned with gold, silver, and precious stones.

When completed several hundreds of the most beautiful of Chung's concubines and their attendants were buried with the royal corpse. The building of this vast mausoleum was the last straw that broke the people's back, and the first act of the rebel who overthrew the Tsin dynasty was to plunder and burn both the palace and the tomb.

The famous Han dynasty, that directed the destiny of 400,000,000 people for 427 years (B.C. 206–A.D. 221), came into royal power through bloodshed and crime, and went out in murder, rebellion, and weakness. The details of each reign are sickening, and a description of the inhuman cruelties becomes nauseating. It is characteristic that the court historian should have dwelt so largely on his nation's crimes, and seemed to gloat and revel in the record of blood and misery. It is only incidentally that we learn of worthy deeds, great inventions, and kindly actions. The one glaring picture that is held up to view is always Nero and the Inquisition. Yet if we give one look and pass on, there are other pictures that shed a luster on the Han dynasty that saves one from entirely forgetting that the Chinese are human after all.

The action of the Emperor Chung was repudiated, and the edict against literature was removed.

From secure places of hiding came treasured copies of the classics, and from the memories of the old literati were written down the sayings of Confucius and Mencius. The impetus thus given to literature not only reproduced the ancient, but created a new school; and from nothing the Imperial Library in the next two hundred years amassed 3,123 works on the classics, 2,705 on philosophy, and 1,383 on poetry. In B.C. 179, the emperor, Wun Ti, established two royal mints, and fixed the value of the coins. In a succeeding reign the first property tax was promulgated, and everyone was required to submit an estimate of the value of his worldly possessions, and pay into the treasury five per cent. The art of making paper from bamboo was discovered at the end of the first century, A.D., which was quickly followed by the invention of ink. To a Han belongs the credit of having introduced his people to Buddhism, and of making it the court religion. Jesus Christ had been dead sixty-five years when the emperor Ming Ti sent ambassadors to India in search of a new religion. There was no pretense at conversion, no arguments advanced, no reasons given why all should pin their faith on the new god Fo which the embassy discovered. Ming Ti treated the subject in the same offhand manner with which he revised the criminal

law by making it possible to commute capital crimes by money payments. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls amused him, as the scale of rewards and punishments pleased his ministers, and appealed to the popular imagination as it promised a future life. So by a word it was done. Had his ambassadors gone farther, and reached Judea, the same flippant words would have made the gentle teachings of Jesus Christ the religion of China, — a thought so tremendous in its possibilities that it makes one stagger to consider it. What would have been the history of China, the history of Asia, the history of the world to-day had some traveler told the emperor the story of the miracle of turning water into wine, or of the loaves and fishes, before he had heard of the Indian sage? What would Christianity have done for the Chinese?

In war and diplomacy the Hans left an enviable record. They penetrated and subdued the nations up to the shores of the Caspian Sea. Cochin China and the now famous Liaotung peninsula were reduced to feudatories, Yunnan was added to the empire, and diplomatic relations were established with Turkestan and Arabia.

Weak as was the last Han, there was still no man strong enough, by himself, to succeed him.

The dragon throne was a glittering prize that danced before the eyes of each great feudal lord, and brought about a fierce contest that lasted for forty-three years. Like the War of the Roses and the Thirty Years' War, "the War of the Three Kingdoms" is the unfailing inspiration for poet and story-teller. It is a period full of romance and heroism and hard fighting and great generalship, that reminds one of the stories of the Iliad, and of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. There were Chinese Glaucuses and Diomeds, Hectors and Ajaxes, and the Chronicles of Froissart, and curiously enough literature walked hand in hand with war. It was a golden age for the literati, as the deeds of leaders and heroes furnished them with stirring themes and abundant materials. The names of the great rival generals, Chu Kuliang and Szemai, are to the Chinese what that of Richard Cœur de Lion is to the English, and Sobieski to the Poles. One incident of their picturesque careers has been the inspiration of as many poems and stories as English writers have found in the wanderings of Robert Bruce. Szemai had utterly defeated and cut up Chu Kuliang's army, and forced him to take refuge in the walled city of Hanchung, with only three followers. The great general was,

however, equal to the occasion. As his rival's armies appeared before the walls he ordered the four gates of the city to be thrown open, while he calmly took a position on a tower over the most conspicuous of them, and began to play the guitar. As the enemy appeared they heard with amazement the music, saw the open gates, and looked in vain for the sentinels. Szemai came personally to examine the strange sight, and listened wonder-struck, to hear his crafty old foe sing joyfully to the accompaniment of his instrument. "He seems too happy, does that man," said Szemai, "for our comfort, and he evidently has some deep-laid scheme in his brain by which he means to bring disaster upon us all." And rather than risk his freshly won laurels he hastily retreated from before Chu Kuliang and his guitar.

A nephew of the great Szemai ended the age of chivalry and blood, brought the three kingdoms under one head, and established the Western Tsin dynasty (A.D. 265–317). The new emperor established the Salic Law, declaring that, "women should not reign, nor take any part in public matters." A good law, no doubt, as Chinese historians aver, but one that the son of Wu Ti found as impossible to put into force as did Adam in the garden, or Antony in Egypt.

An embassy from the Roman emperor, Theodosius, arrived during the reign of Wu Ti, and the making of cloth from cotton was introduced. The Eastern Tsin dynasty broke down from sheer weakness. It produced but one great man, and he became the founder of the Sung dynasty. Added to the usual rebellions which distracted every dynasty, the incursions of Tartars, and "Outer Barbarians," — as all outsiders from the earliest days have been styled, — became more frequent and disastrous during the Sungs. Shau Ti, the second ruler of the Sungs, built a wall six hundred miles in length to protect his northern borders, — one of those stupendous undertakings that only the Chinese would project and carry out.

It is told that, during the wars that the Sungs waged on one of their great feudatory kings, the supplies of the royal army were cut off, and a retreat was ordered in the face of a victorious enemy. The retreat was rapidly becoming a panic, and it was only a question of days when the great army of veterans would become hunted fugitives in the wilds of Honan. To avert this calamity General Tautsi resorted to a thoroughly Chinese stratagem. During one night he kept his half-famished soldiers carrying sand in baskets,

and heaping it up by the roadside. As each man went by the officer in charge the number of loads he had carried was called out. The sound of their voices and the regular tread of the workers could be heard in the camp of the king of Wei, but no one could guess what it all meant. Spies were sent out; but the night was dark, and although they could more distinctly hear the calling of numbers and the incessant tramp of many feet, they could not satisfy the uneasiness of Wei. Just before dawn the Sung general ordered that the great heaps of sand be sprinkled with a thin covering of rice. When the sun broke out, and the Wei men saw the vast heaps of rice in the opposite camp, they were struck with amazement and chagrin. They believed that large stores of provisions, and no doubt reënforcements, had arrived from the capital; and as always with the Chinese a suspicion immediately becomes a fact, the starving Sung army was allowed to escape unmolested.

This is but one of the many incidents that are related of the gallant career of the statesman and soldier, Tautsi. His fame spread far beyond the borders of China, and he was feared by barbarians as well as by his master's unruly vassals. It is typical, however, of the Chinese character that he

went the way of all servants of the state whose services called for extraordinary rewards — murdered in cold blood for fear that he might possibly aspire to the Royal Yellow. It was as fatal for a general to win a battle as it was for him to lose it. In one case he aroused his master's fear, in the other his wrath.

The short-lived Tsi dynasty (A.D. 479–502) was wrecked by a woman. Panfei, the mistress of the Emperor Tung Hwun, the fourth and last of the line, was celebrated for exquisite grace and beauty. For her the emperor built a palace to rival in splendor anything that had preceded it. The walls were rendered perpetually fragrant by a plaster impregnated with musk. The floors were covered with the most costly designs. One room was paved with golden lilies, which was responsible for the artificial cramping of the feet of the women of China. As Panfei danced before the emperor, he was so charmed with her grace that he exclaimed, "See, every step she takes makes a lily to grow," so ever after the small foot was styled the "Golden Lily." There is a true saying in China that, "Every pair of golden lilies costs a jar of tears." Tung Hwun lived and loved, and was murdered by an outraged populace, over-taxed in order that his proud beauty might

outshine Meihi, Taki, and all the beautiful throne records of former dynasties.

The fate of Panfei, however, had little effect on the morals of the three dynasties that followed. For one hundred and sixteen years, to 618 A.D., there is little that can be recorded, except a repetition of the deplorable phases of Chinese court history, with which the reader is already too familiar. One ruler deliberately set fire to the royal library of one hundred and forty thousand books, on the approach of an enemy, because "all my reading and study have availed me nothing . . . in the hour of my extremity." Another built a wall three hundred miles in length, extending from Chihli to Shansi, in which two million people were engaged; and for his amusement he organized a gigantic debating society between the priests of the Taoist and Buddhist faiths. Being in the chair, he decided that the Buddhists had the best of the argument, and thereupon ordered the Taoists, on pain of death, to shave their heads and become bonzes. Preferring to lose their hair to their necks, they all cheerfully complied, and the emperor and the barber wrought an instantaneous conversion. Another emperor was known as the "Merry Monarch," and lived the life of a Haroun-al-Raschid. They had a beggars' village

built in the royal gardens, where the mendicants of the city were at liberty to take up their abode at night. His majesty, dressed in rags, and like the meanest of them, wandered through the streets of the capital with his straw wallet, the beggar's badge. He would also make his rounds among the mandarins in the palace, and ladies of the royal household. Whoever gave him alms he would reward and surprise with high official position or costly presents, after he had thrown off the disguise. In A.D. 852 yellow was adopted as the royal color by the Emperor Kautsu, the founder of the Sui dynasty, and the one strong character of the period. To the successor of Kautsu belongs the reputation of building the vast canal system of China, of being a patron of art and literature, and of being the most reckless and wildly extravagant emperor that ever occupied the dragon throne. Wang Ti lived a short life and a merry one; no expenditure appalled him, and no sacrifice of blood and treasure deterred him from following to the very end any of his fancies. Even the building of the canal system, that has made his name famous, was a whim for the gratification of his own pleasures. He wished to visit all the prominent cities of the empire in the most comfortable and luxurious way. He

ordered that canals be immediately dug from the river Pien, a branch of the Han, in Hupeh, to the river Sz, a short stream in Shantung; another from Sz to communicate with the river Hwai, and that the existing water-courses be widened. At the same time he ordered built forty thousand "dragon boats" for the accommodation of his three thousand concubines and immediate court. The canals were not mere ditches, but magnificent examples of both engineering and artistic skill — nothing was left unfinished to offend the critical eye of the dandy. They were one hundred and twenty feet wide, lined with cut stone, with paved roads on either side, shaded by full-grown trees. Taskmasters drove the laborers day and night, and of the million men employed it is stated that over forty per cent died. In the first royal journey from Lohyang, the capital, to Nanking, the procession of boats extended for over sixty miles, and eighty thousand soldiers were detailed to drag them. The royal barge was two hundred feet long and forty feet high, with four decks. Every district through which they passed was levied upon for provisions to support this immense host in transit. The magnificent pageant swept through the empire for eight months, the wonder and ruin of all who came within its reach. The vast pal-

aces, gardens, towns, artificial lakes and mountains, that Wang Ti the magnificent built in the short twelve years of his reign were, according to the custom of the times, destroyed by his successor; but the canals remained a blessing to the descendants of the laborers who had died in their construction. Nebuchadnezzar, the Pharaohs, Nero, and Louis XIV. were but feeble imitators of this royal Chinese spendthrift. Cleopatra's barge and Babylon's hanging gardens were duplicated on a magnificent scale by Yang Ti. He had a godlike genius for spending money. In his palace garden, which was so great that it contained an artificial lake three miles wide, and three artificial islands one hundred feet high, the flowering shrubs and trees were kept in perpetual bloom by skilled workmen, who renewed every fallen flower with such exquisite imitation in silk and satin that no one could tell the natural from the artificial at a short distance. After his death, it was discovered that he had used up all the precious metals in the empire, and that money was so scarce that pieces of leather and paper, with their values stamped upon them, had to be used in trade. He took his dethronement with the same gay nonchalance with which he had sat upon the throne. To his queen he said, "Joy and sorrow both come to every man.

Let us, then, bear each as it comes, and make the best of life we can;" and of his princely executioners he asked — politely disinterestedly — "What sin have I committed that you wish to take away my life?" "Sin," they replied, "why, what sin is there that you have not been guilty of?" "What you say may be true," answered the royal Chesterfield; "hand me the silken cord. I have had more pleasure in my life than you can have at my death."

V.

FROM WU THE EMPRESS TO THE LAST OF THE MINGS.

[A.D. 656 TO A.D. 1644.]

THE house of Tang opened a new era in the history of China, and marked the close of what might be styled "The Middle Ages." It has appropriately been called the Augustan age of Chinese literature. Each emperor strove to outdo his predecessors in the fostering of scholars and the education of the gentry. Great libraries were established, schools sprang up, and in the place of eunuchs and concubines, poets, essayists, and historians thronged the successive courts. "The complete poems of the Tang dynasty" will be found in the home of every well-to-do Chinaman of to-day. The writings of Confucius were annotated and popularized; and in 740 that deathless teacher was raised to the rank of a prince, and his statue placed above that of the famous Duke of Chow. The sixth emperor of the Tangs founded Hanlin

College (A.D. 755), the great post-graduate university of China. From its fellows most of the ministers of state have been chosen. At the time when scholars, princes, artists, priests, musicians, players of chess, actors, etc., were competing for its degrees and honors, Europe was just emerging from the barbarism into which she had been plunged by the conquest of the Gothic tribes. England was divided among Saxon princes, and France was in the rude state which preceded the reign of Charlemagne. The Emperor Kau Tsu ordered an examination of all temples and nunneries, and turned out to earn their own living fully a hundred thousand inmates who had been luxuriating in idleness and immorality, while Teh Tsung sent home a thousand ladies of his harem in order to lighten the burdens of state. War was almost continuously carried on with the so-called barbarians on the frontiers, in which the Chinese arms were generally successful, and large additions of territory were made.

The attention of Europe was called to China during this dynasty by two celebrated Arab traders, whose descriptions of Chinese life might pass for pen pictures of the country to-day. They mentioned the copper money, the rice-wine, and the use of tea as a beverage. They were followed by

envoys from the pope, who found that the Nestorian Christians had already been in the field. The most remarkable character on the throne, if not the strongest, was the Empress Wu, whose antecedents and career are almost paralleled by that of the present empress dowager. Although never officially on the dragon throne, Wu ruled China with a rod of iron for fifty-four years (656–710). She permitted no one to stand in her way, and the four emperors who came within her "sphere of influence" were mere puppets in her hands. She was cruel and immoral, and added to the subtle craft of a woman the intellect of a statesman. She made her name known and feared to the remotest corners of the empire, and avenged every outbreak with a merciless hand. The Kitans and Turcomans soon learned to dread the length and strength of her arm. She reluctantly resigned the reins of power at the age of eighty, and is known in Chinese history by the title of "Wu, the Equal of Heaven." The present Empress Dowager Tsu Tsi, who has ruled China for forty years on much the same lines as her predecessor, will no doubt be satisfied with the more modest title of "The Equal of Wu." Four of the later Tang emperors died from the effects of experimenting with "elixirs of immortality," and it would have been little loss to

the nation's history had the last half-dozen been troubled with the same laudable desire to live "ten thousand years ten thousand." To be styled one of "The men of Tang" is considered a title of honor; but the dynasty, with all its glories, went out in weakness and disgrace, as all the dynasties have, and as all probably will so long as China is a nation.

The last of the proud Tangs "voluntarily" resigned the "Yellow" to the murderer of his own father; and a period of fifty years succeeded, in which the great princes disputed the right of each fresh usurper, and a state of turmoil existed similar to that of three centuries before, when the Tsin dynasty was overthrown. Five different families were represented on the throne by thirteen emperors —an unlucky number, for most of them died unwillingly. The only event of note that occurred during these turbulent times was the discovery of the art of printing, five hundred years before it was known in Europe. It is very probable that printing from blocks was in use long prior to this date; but it is not until 932 that the Chinese historian incidentally mentions that the nine classics were printed by imperial order from wooden blocks, and sold to the public. It is curious that it was not thought of sufficient interest to record either

the inventor's name or to claim the invention for the Emperor Ming Tsung. Under the last but one of the rulers of the "five dynasties" there was a great scarcity of copper money, owing to the unprecedented casting of idols and statues to ancestors. The emperor ordered, to the horror of the priests, that these idols should be sent to the royal mint to be re-born as the root of all evil. A deputation protested against such liberties being taken with their gods. His majesty listened quietly and replied, "The man that does right and benefits his fellow men is a true reverencer of the idols. The gods have the good of mankind at heart, and therefore they will be quite willing to have their images broken up. For myself, if my death would bring happiness to my people, I would willingly give up my life for them."

Shih Tsung lived up to his noble sentiments, and died after a severe campaign against the hardy Khitans. He was unable, however, to save his throne for his son, or to effectually crush these warlike adventurers, who were destined for a time to become the balance of power in the civil wars during the Sung dynasty. In 982, during the reign of the second Sung, a deputation from a "barbarian" tribe appeared, that were later to sweep the Chinese, the Khitans, and the more

warlike Kins before them, and become the actual rulers of the empire. These were the Mongols. They came to acknowledge the supremacy of China, and they stayed to overthrow it.

China has never lacked for reformers or attempted reforms. As all reforms are pure experiments, the clever theories of plausible ministers found pliable material to experiment on among the patient hordes of the Coolie class. They bore with the royal reformers, though much like the Scotchman who was "willing to be convinced, but would like to see the man who could convince him." The so-called reforms, however, usually ended in great suffering for the benefited, with the net result that another fine theory had gone wrong.

Wang Ngan, the prime minister of the Emperor Shen Tsung (1068–1086), was a typical representative of the Chinese reformer. Some of his acts read like a page out of modern history. He had a commission appointed to tour the country districts, and report on the nature of the soil and the condition of crops, so that he could legislate for the farmer, and alleviate his condition willy nilly. In the summer of 1069 he promulgated his first interesting reform, by proposing that the entire commerce of the country should be carried on by

the state, so that the people would have nothing to do but produce. The national taxes were to be paid in produce; and the government was to buy the surplus, and transport it to sections of the country where it would be most in demand. The middle man and money lender were immediately wiped out, as predicted by Wang; but in their place sprang up an army of officials, who were charged with the carrying out of this gigantic undertaking. The country swarmed with them; and the poor farmers had to entertain them befitting their rank, and properly bribe them to obtain a good price for the produce. More and more of the yield of the empire was consumed in taxes, until at last the surplus was hardly worth selling, and it was clearly obvious that the reform needed reforming. But like the modern professional reformer, Wang was equal to the occasion. If the agriculturists had lost money by his first attempt to make them rich, he was now prepared to advance them money against their crops, which was to be repaid twice a year at the modest interest of twenty-four per cent. He modified this later by making a State Loan, compulsory both to rich and poor, at the slightly increased rate of thirty-three and a third per cent per annum. This reform came harder at first on the rich than on the poor, as the poor

borrowed with no hope of repaying; but when a drought came the officials, who were bound to deliver or pay into the treasury the interests on their loans, found that there were no crops upon which to levy, and began to torture the people; then all classes united in a wail of lamentation, that reached even the dragon throne. The reform was consequently suspended, whereupon heavy rains fell throughout the empire. Nothing daunted, Wang produced from his sleeve another reform that came near being the last straw. This was styled the "Military Enrollment Act," which divided the people of the empire into divisions of ten families, something after the old Jewish law. All able-bodied men were to continue their labor, and at the same time hold themselves in readiness for an instant call. Like the man who called wolf when there was no wolf, practice summons, or false calls became so frequent that able-bodied men by the thousands voluntarily maimed themselves, and even cut off their arms and legs so as not to be subject to the whim of the great reformer. Wang went on with a whole series of reforms, more or less ingenious, which are interesting to the reader rather than to the sufferer. If the American would-be reformer, with a bright new idea upon which he wishes to experiment, will study the history of China, the

chances are that he will find that his particular pet reform has been thoroughly tried a thousand years before he discovered it. Wang was a firm believer in himself. In 1074 the Khitans sent ambassadors, and demanded the cession of two hundred li of Chinese territory. Wang considered this very bad taste on the part of the barbarians, but advised compliance; "for," he argued, "when my reforms commence to work they will make the nation strong, and we shall demand it back again with large additions." Wang's faith, however, did not move the mountain; and the first act of the famous Empress Kau, on the death of the Emperor Shen Tsung, was to dismiss Wang from office, and reform his reforms.

The last one hundred and seventy-five years of the Sung dynasty were filled with wars within and without. The hardy Khitan Tartars went down before their more hardy relatives, the Khin Tartars; and they in turn were thoroughly subjugated by the Mongol Tartars under the lead of their famous khans, Genghis and Kublai. To the world at large there are not more than five names in all Chinese history that come easily to the lips, — these two great khans, Confucius, Mencius, and Li Hung Chang; and they belong to the world's pantheon of history-makers. Genghis easily ranks

with Alexander and Napoleon, and the territories he overran and conquered were greater than the combined areas and population of the empires of Alexander and Napoleon. His life is one of the great historical romances of the world's story, and a romance in which the chief actor never permits the interest to flag. As leader of the Mongol Tartars he swept everything from the Danube to the Pacific, from the unbroken ice of the arctic to the snow-peaks of the Himalayas, and might, with much more right than Alexander, have sighed for more worlds to conquer. It is noteworthy that of all the races with which he battled, from Cracow to Peking, — embracing forty conquered kingdoms, — the only nation which withstood his consummate generalship was the Chinese. One cannot but wonder what would have been the fate of Alexander the Great had he been told, when he stood on the banks of the Indus, sorrowing because the world was so small, that there was an empire north of his greater than Persia, and more warlike and richer than India. Genghis, "the curse of God," died at the age of sixty-six, in 1227, and bequeathed the conquest of the Manchus to his son. Okkodai was a worthy successor of a great father. He organized his armies for the conquest of China with ability and energy, and

laid siege to Kaifungfu — the Kin capital, a city of 11,200,000 inhabitants. The investment lasted for three months; and so great were the numbers and resources within, that it is a question if the Mongols could have reduced it had the Kin general been worthy of his followers. With an offer to surrender he sent to the Mongol general five hundred ladies of his king's court and thirty-seven of the royal chariots. The peace offering, however, did not touch the stern nature of Okkodai, as repeated efforts of the Chinese to reach the great Genghis, through woman's charms, had failed in the past. He gave one look at the assemblage of beauty, and ordered it and the entire city to be put to the sword. The Tartar statesman and the prime minister for both Genghis and Okkodai, — the wise Yeh-lu-chu-tsai, — hearing of the savage order, argued with the khan, "The land must have people on it, for if there are no inhabitants in the country it becomes valueless to the sovereign." His counsel prevailed, and China was saved from the most gigantic massacre in the annals of the world.

The capture of Kaifungfu, with its incalculable wealth, its vast stores and magnificent buildings, practically ended the Kin dynasty, and obliterated from history a remarkable race, who from begin-

nings almost as humble as a tribe of North American Indians, had gradually risen to such might that they had conquered the warlike Khitans, and so completely possessed the northern part of China, that the Chinese, with all their vast resources and their almost unlimited command of soldiers, had not been able to wrest it from them.

The Mongols were now free to turn their entire attention to the tottering Chinese throne. To Okkadai, as to Genghis, it seemed like an overripe fruit, that was to be had for the picking; but the Mongol soon found that he was not dealing with the Russian or the Persian, but with a race that knew neither defeat nor despair. It was not for him to give the *coup de grâce* to the Sungs. In their decay they held on for sixty years; and, had there been any unity of purpose or appreciation of events, it is questionable if even Kublai, the mighty grandson of the mighty Genghis, would have succeeded. The armies of the Sungs fought well only when they were attacked. The court was full of intrigues, and the national policy was weak and wavering. One figurehead followed another in rapid succession, and the different capital cities were evacuated as the enemy advanced. Kublai and his great generals, Ashu, Alihaiyai, and Bayan, pressed steadily on. They never

wavered in their purpose, they held every advantage, and neither Chinese valor nor Sung diplomacy could check their course. To the sitters on the dragon throne the iron khan became the very impersonation of fate. To bring the two years' siege of the great city of Fanching in Hupeh to a conclusion, Kublai sent to Persia for guns heavier than had ever been used in China, that threw stones weighing over one hundred and fifty pounds. Yuchang, Hanyang, Hankow, Chiahohow, and Nanking fell in rapid succession; and in 1276 the Mongols took the capital, Hangchow, with the emperor, his mother, his queen, and the royal household, and made the brothers of the captured emperor fugitives, the elder of whom, however, was proclaimed emperor, with his new capital at Foochou.

The duel was nearing an end. For four years the royal standard of the Sungs was driven from place to place until the last emperor, Ti Ping, was cornered at the seaport of Yaishan. The Chinese force, consisting of fifty thousand veterans and one thousand war-junks, under their famous general Chang Shih-kieh, were closely blockaded by an overwhelming force. The death struggle lasted for a month, and the Chinese fought like rats in a trap, desperately but without hope. The fate of

the empire was decided by a tremendous land and sea attack, in which the Chinese were utterly defeated, and the whole of their fleet captured with the exception of sixteen junks with which their gallant general managed to break through the lines. When the prime minister saw that the day was lost, he took the young emperor on his back, and sprang into the sea. The body of Ti Ping was afterwards picked up, and honorably buried by the Mongol general. Over one hundred thousand Chinese and Mongols were killed in this last heroic defense of the boy emperor, and the dynasty that had ruled China for three hundred and twenty years, and next to the Chow was the most famous in its annals, ended in a glorious defeat. A Chinese historian of the Sungs said they "gained the empire by the sword and kept it by kindness. Their goodness to the people was not tinged enough with severity, and so the kingdom was snatched from them. Still, through it the empire was maintained for one hundred and fifty years after it seemed to have slipped from their grasp; and it caused such men as Chang Shih-kieh and Wen Tien-siang to cling to them to the very last, and finally to give their very lives for them."

The adventures of the loyal Chang Shih-kieh

after the battle of Yaishan were in keeping with the great name he has made in Chinese history. With his sixteen junks he hastened to Wang-chow to inquire of the queen dowager if there remained any princes of the royal blood under whose standard the war could be still carried on. But the mother's heart was broken; and she followed the example of the last of her sons, and threw herself into the sea. Chang was unwilling to give up; he sailed to Cambodia and appealed to its king for troops and money; but finding himself an unwelcome visitor, he turned northward hoping to seize Canton. As his little squadron was nearing the coast, signs of an approaching typhoon caused the men to clamor that he should put into a near-by harbor and there land. Instead, he ascended a platform high up one of the masts of the flagship, and burned incense to heaven, and testified: "I have served the house of Chau to the utmost of my ability; when one emperor disappeared I set up another, and he also has perished; and now to-day I meet this great storm; surely it must be the will of heaven that the Sung dynasty should perish." So he bravely met his end in one of those fierce and terrible typhoons that haunt the China seas.

It was near the end of the Sung dynasty, and

about the time that Edward I. returned to England from the Holy Land, that Marco Polo visited the court of Kublai Khan, and gave the European world the first authentic account of this great unknown empire, and during the reign of Mangu, Kublai's successor, Catholic missionaries presented themselves at court, and made brief record of what they did and saw. Marco Polo's account of the pomp and splendor of the Mongol court, of the annual feasts and national holidays, of the industries and advanced civilization, filled Europe with wonder, and demonstrated how little the Chinese historians appreciated the true greatness of their nation and the nations that surrounded them. Even Europe did not realize the significance of Polo's story, or more justly speaking discovery. He told them of the use of bank-notes, but it took Europe four centuries to understand their value to trade. Instead of stealing China's brains, Europe only coveted her money, a mistake which Kublai did not make in the case of Marco Polo, for he made the Westerner his confidant, and drew upon him for European ideas and methods. He carefully sifted the wheat from the chaff, and planted it in fertile soil. Polo was a man of ability and action, and Kublai was quick to appreciate him. He dispatched him over his

empire in the capacity of a licenced critic, knowing that Polo, with his unprejudiced eyes, could find many administrative and political faults that were damaging the welfare of the people but were hallowed by age and custom. He was a most successful critic; for in his extended travels through the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, Szechuan, and Yunnan he corrected a vast number of abuses, and caused the removal of a number of corrupt officials, yet he managed to please alike the emperor, the Mandarins, and the people. As a reward he was appointed governor of the city of Yangchow, and might have become the viceroy of his province had he been willing to have remained in China; but after three years of gubernatorial power he grew homesick, and requested leave of absence to visit Venice. Kublai had no desire to lose so valuable a servant, and declined to grant his wish. Later, however, it happened that the khan sent him in charge of a young woman, the bride elect of his great-grandson, Arghun Khan of Persia. The Mongols were entirely unaccustomed to the sea, and in the choice of ambassadors it was Hobson's choice. Marco Polo, his father, and his uncle started out on their hazardous undertaking in 1292, and after a three years' voyage they delivered the bride to the anxious groom. If we are

to read between the lines in Marco's narrative, it is doubtful if she gave more than an unwilling hand to her royal spouse.

Marco Polo's life and adventures in China are as interesting reading as the account of a trip to the moon could possibly be to-day. China, as late as 1300, was almost as much of a *terra incognito* as the continent of America was when Columbus landed on its shores. His narrative is the first view of China through European eyes; and, unfortunately, it was considered at the time a fairy story rather than a sober recount of facts. Marco Polo's career in this unknown empire forcibly reminds one of Mark Twain's humorous adventures of a Yankee in the court of King Arthur, with the difference that Marco came in contact with a civilization that was in many respects superior to his own, and with a ruler who, other than being a feudal baron, was a statesman, a soldier, and a patron of literature. As Genghis had found it impossible to subdue the Chinese, his more famous successor and grandson, Kublai, had to acknowledge his inability to annex the Japanese Islands. Two great expeditions met with most disastrous defeat; and the ruler of Asia and half of Europe recognized that, however victorious his veterans were on land, they were useless on the

sea. In religious matters Kublai was absolutely impartial. His subjects, Mongol or Chinese, were permitted freedom of worship as long as their faith was moral; and as for himself he worshiped by turns in Buddhist, Confucian, and Mohammedan temples; Marco Polo tells us that he likewise favored the Christian religion. As for the Taoists, they were so openly corrupt and fraudulent that Kublai ordered a public examination to ascertain whether there was any truth in their writings on geomancy, necromancy, and astrology. As a result of which he ordered that all their books be burned, save one classic — "The Tau-teh, or Way of Virtue." Kublai's religious attitude might have been simply a matter of state policy; but even so, it did much to consolidate his power for the benefit of his family, which was the aim of his life. The khan profited by the experience of his many unfortunate predecessors, and acknowledged the fatality of wasting the resources of the empire on court orgies, great retinues of dependants and concubines. Instead, he built the Grand Canal (1282–1289), which connected Canton with Peking, and also a system of splendid post-roads, that were not only a lasting benefit to the people, but of great strategic value.

Once a year Kublai took a vacation, and es-

caped the hot climate of the lowlands and the enervating ceremonials of court life by a hunting expedition on the cool, bracing steppes of Tartary. He was a fearless hunter and a most skillful hawker; and he kept his muscles hardened and his health unimpaired to the day of his death, at the age of eighty-three, in 1224. He was succeeded by his grandson, Timur, who inherited an empire that extended from the China Sea and the Indies to the northern extremity of Siberia, and from the eastern shores of Asia to the frontiers of Poland — the most magnificent heritage that ever fell to man.

For seventy-three years the Mongols ruled China; but the successors of Kublai lacked his knowledge of men and measures; and their attempts to trample out Chinese customs, and deprive them of their share in the government of the country, soon alienated the friends made by the founder of the Yuen dynasty; the country was quickly filled with rebellion, and the court with intrigue and corruption. Shunti, the ninth and last of the Mongols, reigned from 1331 to 1366. He left the actual administration of government to his ministers, and gave himself up to the joys of doing nothing gracefully. He even neglected the annual hunt, and was a typical

sample of the usual end of a dynasty. The logical time seemed to have arrived for the overthrow of the Tartars, and all that the sporadic rebellion needed was a leader to make it succeed.

In the province of Nanking the son of a poor laborer, who had taken priestly vows, was watching the trend of events from his monastery cell. He soon realized what the Chinese lacked, and made up his mind that he was the man chosen by God to deliver the country from its oppressors. Casting aside his cowl for the sword, he sprang into the breach, and organized a rebellion that swept every thing before him. With Nanking as his capital, he gradually stripped the Mongol emperor of his possessions, until he was able to march into Peking practically unopposed. He declared himself emperor, under the title of Taitsu, in 1368. Shunti fled to Tartary, the home of his great ancestors, and the Ming dynasty (1368–1644) was ushered in.

Like the founders of each successive dynasty, Taitsu, or Hung Wu as he was better known in history, was a strong man and an eminent ruler. He had not only to effectually crush the Tartar power, quell local disturbances, but what was more serious, replace Tartar laws and customs with the original Chinese. On the whole he was

successful. He commenced in the orthodox way of razing the most magnificent buildings of his predecessors, reducing the size of his harem, and cutting down all unnecessary expenses. He encouraged education, and made literary degrees essential to official promotion instead of military renown as under Mongol rule. He reëstablished Hanlin College, and made it in fact what it is in name to-day, the Oxford of China. He decreed that women should no longer become priestesses to Buddha and that no man should take monastic vows under the age of forty. Hung Wu reigned thirty-one years; and although the last few years were tarnished by unjust and savage acts, the glory of his name is safe in Chinese annals. There is no fixed rule of primogeniture among the Chinese. An emperor is supposed to know more about the ability and character of his several sons and grandsons than any one else, and he is left perfectly free to choose his successor. This practice, as proven by the history of China, has little to recommend it, as the choice is either made in the emperor's dotage, or is forced upon him by intriguing ministers or concubines. The founder of the Ming Dynasty, instead of securing the stability of his own house by nominating his warrior son, the Prince of Yen, succumbed to the

cabals of his court, and chose his sixteen-year-old grandson, Hwei Ti, his successor. There are only two ways to the throne in China, revolution or birth coupled with luck; but the favorite way to reach royal power has always been the securing of the appointment of children to the royal yellow. The mother then is doubly empress: she commands the king through her motherhood, and the people by means of her regency. The boy emperor is as much her slave as his meanest subject. The Prince of Yen, however, had no intention of seeing the throne go uncontested to his young nephew, and he himself become the subject of his sister-in-law. The young emperor was no match for the fearless soldier; and within four years Peking was in the hands of Yen, the queen cremated in her own palace, and the boy emperor a refugee in a Buddhist monastery in Yunnan, where for forty years he remained undiscovered. A weakness for writing poetry, however, caused his recognition; and he was transferred to Peking, where he died a state prisoner. It is unfortunate that his poetry was not equal to his theme; for the glories and miseries of his own strange career supplied a subject that with skillful handling might have made his name imperishable, and would have been of untold value to the historian.

The Prince of Yen, who took the name Yunglo, changed the seat of government from Nanking to Peking. In spite of his early cruelties and barbarous reprisals, he was, on the whole, a strong character, and his country prospered at home and abroad. He has left, however, the reputation for great moderation and justice in administering the affairs of government. In the field he was always the soldier, grim and unforgiving. The Tartars learned to fear his northern marches, and he added Tonquin and Cochin China to the empire. Under his direction a commission was appointed to compile the first encyclopædia of literature. It was completed in 1407, and consisted of 22,877 books, besides a table of contents which filled sixty volumes. Two years previous died the most dangerous enemy of the dynasty, the Tartar Khan Timour, or Tamerlane ("Timur the Lame"), whose conquests almost equaled those of the resistless Genghiz. He was at the time of his death organizing a vast army for the reconquest of China, and it is questionable whether Yunglo the Ming emperor would have been able to withstand his hardy legions and consummate generalship.

Timour is to-day a greater hero in Mongol eyes than either of his two great predecessors. About the fire, when a dozen Mongols are gathered to-

gether on the wild steppes, their bards still sing his praises —

"We live in our vast plains tranquil and peaceful as sheep, yet our
Hearts are fervent and full of life; the memory of the golden age of
Timour is ever present to our minds. Where is the chief who is to place
Himself at our head, and render us once more great warriors?
O great Timour, will thy divine soul soon revive?
Return, return; we await thee, O Timour!"

Timour's death relieved China forever from fear of Tartar subjugation, but never during the entire Ming dynasty was the nation free from the ravages of these daring freebooters. They were often successful, and at one time slaughtered over a hundred thousand soldiers, and captured the Chinese Emperor Changtung. While the Chinese were battling with their hereditary enemies, and the history of the vast empire was doing little more than sluggishly repeating itself, Columbus was discovering America, and the Portuguese were rounding the Cape of Good Hope. Rafael Prestello, a lieutenant of Albuquerque, landed, in 1516, at the mouth of the Canton River, a few miles from the present site of Hong Kong. His was the distinction of first flying a European flag in Chinese waters. Prestello, however, was more

modest than his contemporary Spanish, Portuguese, and English discoverers in America, and failed to take possession of all the countries washed by the ocean that lapped the coast in the name of his august sovereign. It was a momentous theatrical opportunity lost. With perfect impunity he might have unfurled the Lusitanian banner on Chinese soil, raised his trusted blade above the damp plumes of his helmet, and laid claim to an empire greater than all Europe, and containing more wealth than the newly discovered Indies. Instead of writing himself immortal, Prestello sailed calmly back to Malacca and simply reported favorably on the prospective trade opportunities of the new land. This led to the dispatch of Perez de Andrade for Canton with a squadron of eight vessels. His arrival and subsequent trading operations were of much more importance to China in European eyes than it was to the Chinese, in fact his arrival is not even noted in Chinese history. The behavior of himself and his nationals was such that the new comers were rightfully styled "foreign devils" — a term of opprobrium that is still applied to all foreigners. They rifled tombs, invaded temples, robbed, pirated, and acted upon the same lines as did Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru; but unfortunately for them they

soon found that they were dealing with a race that knew how to treat "Tartars," and the pirate Andrade was arrested, and beheaded at Peking by the order of the Emperor Chiaching. Four hundred years of commerce and intercourse with European nations have not been sufficient to correct the impression of foreigners that was obtained from these early Portuguese "navigators." The career of Fernan Mendez Pinto richly merits the castigation it received from the pens of Cervantes and Congreve. These Christian pirates virtually closed the door in China; and it has taken four centuries, with an expense of millions of treasure and thousands of lives to force it open ever so little. It certainly seems like a judgment that little Macao, with its shallow harbor, should represent all that Portugal realized from its vast primal opportunities. The Chinese empire was not originally a hermit nation. It was never a seafaring one; it had for centuries carried on free trade with all the nations that touched its frontiers, and would have welcomed the European trader and enriched him had he but come honestly, and respected the laws and customs he found. An empire of four hundred millions, trained in war, and inured to every form of military service, was no mark for a few shiploads of piratical adven-

turers. The Chinese promptly punished them for their misdeeds; and the Portuguese embassy of 1520 was sent under custody from Peking to Canton, where Perez, its chief, was thrown into prison, and ultimately disappeared. The Portuguese government did not resent this high-handed act, and as a result the numerous foreign embassies that humbly knocked at the gates of the "Pink City" were treated with contempt and cruelty.

The Portuguese were permitted to exist on the rocky peninsula of Macao, much as a pariah dog is tolerated at the back-door. It was not until 1887 that Macao was formally recognized as Portuguese territory by China, or more than forty years after the occupation of Hong Kong by the British. To-day the beautiful old city, which resembles a page out of the Spain of Columbus, is hardly more than a health resort for the busy merchants of the near-by British colony. The modern steamer cannot get within three miles of its picturesque roadstead, and the grotto of the poet Camoens and the fantan tables are of more profit than its custom-house. In all these centuries it has not added one acre of ground to its holdings, and the ancient wall across the narrow sandy isthmus still separates the vegetating civilization of Portugal from the vegetating civilization of China.

It may be that there were good Portuguese in China besides the famous missionary Xavier and Michael Roger, but if so they suffered for the iniquities of their compatriots. It was not until the great Ricci, missionary, scholar, and clock-maker, arrived in 1582 that any foreigner was permitted to enter the walls of Peking. Spanish missionaries from Manila attempted without success to impress the Chinese with the falsity of their native religious belief; but after one visit they gave the project up, and returned to their more congenial field. They found it quite a different thing to convert a nation by argument than to convert them at the point of the sword. They were unable to put into operation in China the revival methods practiced by the holy Catholic church in South America, Mexico, and the Philippine Islands. If we are to judge from results in comparing the condition of the Chinese with the Filipinos of to-day it is perhaps fortunate that the Spanish missionaries did not obtain a foothold in the Celestial empire. If there be any choice I prefer an honest pagan to a lying Christian; for it was not long before the Spanish in the Philippines gave the Chinese an object lesson that must have made them smile at the white man's creed of "Peace on earth, and good will towards men."

For no other reason save the Spanish fear that too many Chinese were settling in their islands, they ordered a general massacre of the unoffending settlers, and slaughtered over twenty thousand of them at one time. It is little to be wondered at that in the face of the action of the so-styled Christian Spanish, and so-called Christian Portuguese in Malacca, that even the brilliant John Adam Schall, who was revered by the Ming emperors for his astronomical learning, made little headway in enlisting converts. From 1628 to the day of his death in prison, 1666, Schall worked with untiring zeal for his faith, and never missed an opportunity to preach the word to all who would listen. "Why do you so much trouble yourselves," the Emperor Kangsi asked him, "about a world which you have never entered?" and intimated that he had better devote his time to "making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness." Under the leadership of such men as Ricci and Schall the Catholics would have made some permanent progress had the different religious bodies been content to work together for the general good; but this seemed impossible. Jesuits and Dominicans quarreled openly, and spent their opportunities in undermining each other's efforts, until Kangsi seemed justified in asking them to

make up their own minds as to their own teachings before trying to become teachers.

China has always been a favorite ground for missionary endeavor. Save at exceptional periods the perils of life and health are no greater in China than in other sections of the earth, while the pleasure and comfort of living is immensely superior to most parts of Africa, to the Western territories of the United States, or the frozen regions of the arctic. Missionaries of all denominations live in well-built houses, and are waited upon by native servants who are learning the English language. They take trips home every two or three years, at one-half the regular passenger rates, and manage to lay aside a little money. Their own children are often educated at the expense of their home societies, but the great difficulty to their progress has always been an inability to live contentedly with one another. They can make friends with the Chinese, but for members of two rival missionary bodies to mix seems impossible. Even while writing this book I had a case reported to me from Swatow, where the quarrel between the Protestant American missionaries and the Chinese French missionaries had become so intense that we considered the advisability of sending a war-

ship to Swatow and asking Minister Conger to lay the case before the Tsung li Yumen, or foreign office of China. When the missionary, like Ricci, devotes himself to translating works on Western science into Chinese, or like Schall rearranges the Imperial Calendar, and instructs the literati in the use of geometrical and astronomical instruments, or like the modern medical missionary sets a leg or preaches sanitary law, then the missionary soon makes a place for himself, and the amount of good he can do is only limited by his ability for hard labor. Such men are the scouts of civilization, the "drummers" of commerce, and deserve every encouragement and help; but there is a class of missionary that spoils the field, and brings contempt upon the nation sending them forth to Christianize. They are forever quarreling with the Chinese, thinking more of standing on "treaty rights" than of obtaining the good-will of the people about them, insisting on erecting a chapel on ground that is sacred to some ancestral temple, trampling upon old customs, appealing for protection, and sending up, through missionary journals, long wails over their trials and hardships. Every American and British consul in China can supply dozens of cases on both

sides of the shield to verify my experience, but we have long since found that it is useless to publish them. We can only hope that the devoted labors of the many earnest men will triumph in the end, and that Christianity will be a mighty factor in settling the vexed Chinese question.

In 1566 Chiaching became a guest on high in spite of his vain attempt to obtain immortality by means of elixirs and Taoist charms. His life had not been so agreeable that one would think he would have wished to perpetuate it. His reign of forty-five years was filled with domestic outbreaks and wars with the Mongols and Japanese, the latter of whom at one time were so successful that they held Ningpo, Shanghai, and Soochow. Although Chiaching effectually defeated the Japanese in 1563, neither he nor his successors were able to free the coast from their periodical visitations; and in 1592 a force under the command of the famous leader and subsequent Shogun Hideyoshi invaded Korea and captured Seoul. In spite of their successes they were not destined to obtain any firm foothold on the continent, and retired to their islands much as they did in 1894, for diplomatic reasons. In fact, there are many acts and movements in the Japanese invasion of

Korea in 1592 that closely resemble their descent three hundred years later.

The reigns of the last three Ming sovereigns, from 1573 to 1644, were mainly taken up with their combats with the rising Manchu tribes. It was during this period that the Dutch made their appearance by way of Formosa. They took possession of the Pescadores, and landed at Amoy, from whence they penetrated as far as Chang Chow and Haiting. The Dutch at the time were at war with both the Spanish and Portuguese; their trading-ships went heavily armed, and sailed as much for prizes as for trade. They defeated the Portuguese armament, captured Malacca and the Spice Islands, and in 1622 made an attack on Macao. Being repulsed, with the loss of their admiral, they returned to the Pescadores in a frame of mind that led easily to a quarrel with the Chinese; and in the engagements that subsequently took place on the mainland, they were invariably worsted, and eventually compelled to retreat to Formosa. Like their predecessors the Portuguese, they left a bad impression on the Chinese mind, and by their rapacity and cruelty missed an opportunity of making Holland a world power.

In 1596 Queen Elizabeth dispatched a small

fleet under Benjamin Wood, with letters to the emperor of China, but they never reached their destination; and not another attempt was made until 1637, when Captain Weddell succeeded in reaching Macao. The expedition, however, came to nothing through the jealousy of the Portuguese and the Jesuit missionaries, who egged on the Chinese to drive the English ship from the coast. The Chinese fired without warning, and were well punished by the sturdy old mariner; but although the Chinese were compelled to permit Weddell to purchase full cargoes for his squadron, the outlook was not promising; and this fact, combined with the great hazards to shipping, because of the civil wars in England and the war with Holland, stopped all commercial ventures for a quarter of a century.

VI.

THE RISE OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY.

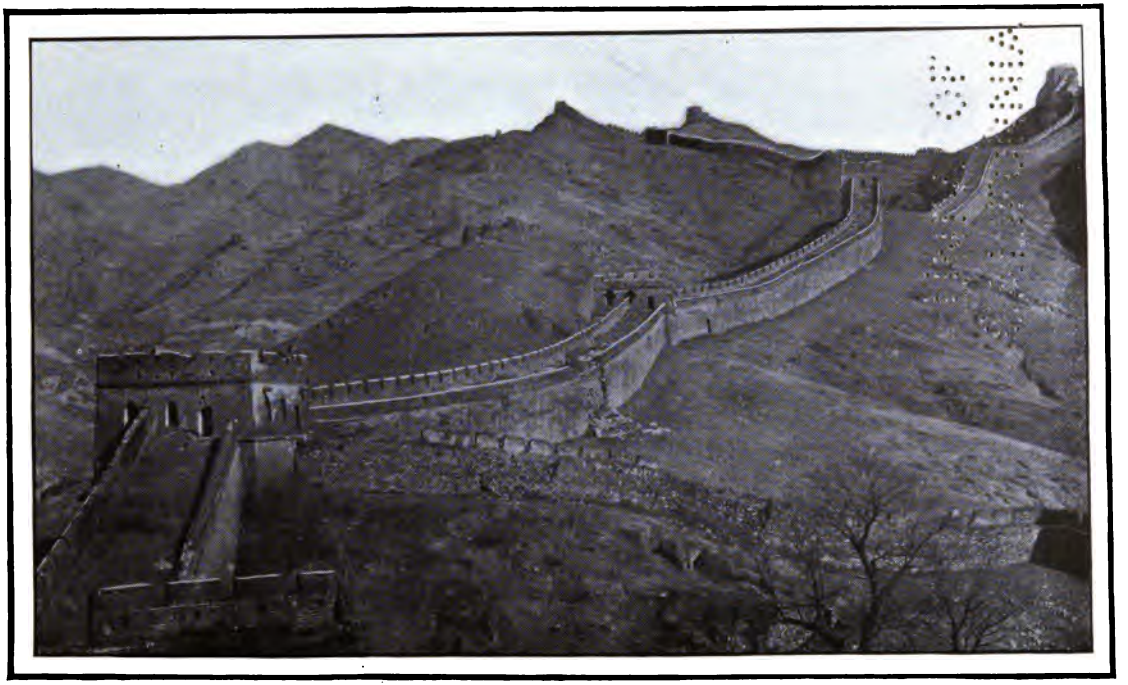
[A. D. 1676–1722.]

CHINA has never for a moment, in its long and eventful history, lost its individuality. The so-called conquest of the empire by Tartars, Mongols, and Manchus proved in the end to be little more than a forced infusion of new blood into the old and worn-out life. The Manchus, like the Mongols, the Kins, and the Khitans, came from the north. China's great walls are on the northern frontier, and all her great battles have been fought on the line between the empire as it exists to-day and Manchurian Siberia. The bones of countless armies lie on both sides of this shifting line; and the Great Wall might stand as the most gigantic gravestone in history. China has never been successfully invaded from the south. Russia is to-day in the north, France on the southern frontier. Russia is advancing on the line of Kublai Khan and Nurhachu, and who will

dare to predict what the next few years will develop?

Nurhachu was the Kublai Khan of the new power which to-day rules the destinies of the empire. Like Kublai he welded into a centralized power all the scattered tribes of his race who covered the territories from the Great Wall to the Amoor, but unlike Kublai he himself never sat on the coveted throne. His ambition probably would have been satisfied with the recognized leadership of his own people, had not the Chinese emperor, Wanli, interfered by supporting a rival chief. His first engagement with the dreaded imperial troops taught him the superiority of his own veterans, and aroused him to the fullness of his own genius. He boldly entered the Liaotung peninsula, and signally defeated an army of a hundred thousand. After successfully crushing one army after another he made Moukden his capital, where he died the following year, 1626, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

So far the rise of the Manchus had been much like the rise of the Mongols, — a small army of veterans, led by a soldier of ability with a clearly defined object, was advancing with unerring step through a half-hearted, badly organized, and poorly commanded mob. The Chinese emperor seemed



GREAT WALL OF CHINA, LOOKING NORTH EAST.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

to feel that fate was crowding him; and when the Portuguese envoy from Macao offered to come to his rescue with two hundred arquebusiers, he gladly accepted the loan. The two hundred men who were to succor an army of two hundred thousand marched across the empire from Macao to Peking, and were there told by Wanli, who had for the moment recovered from his "funk," that they might leave their guns and return, which they did at their own expense, and without a thank you. One cannot but speculate as to what would have been the result had Texeira's little force been allowed to go to the front. It was not until two centuries later that China again accepted the loan of a foreign force to save the royal descendants of Nurhachu from the rebellious Taipings. Chinese historians incidentally note that it was the custom of the Chinese inhabitants of conquered cities to shave their heads in token of submission to their new masters. This is the first mention of the now universal custom of the wearing of the queue by the Chinese.

Nurhachu was succeeded by his fourth son, Tientsung, who at once undertook the conquest of Korea, and in 1629, at the head of over a hundred thousand men, began the victorious march into

China, which ended disastrously before the very walls of Peking. The last of the Mings, Chwang Lich Ti, was, however, fated, although he did survive the Manchu chief, Tientsung, and compelled him to retire into Mongolia. Two formidable rebellions, headed by two powerful leaders, Li and Chang, were distracting the provinces. Li practically reduced the great states of Shensi, Shansi, and Honam, and felt himself of enough importance in 1644 to proclaim himself emperor of China, and organize a government. From Tung Wan, Li marched on Peking, capturing all the important cities on the way. The emperor made no determined stand; and after a feeble attempt to escape he hanged himself by his own girdle to a tree, leaving behind a pathetic note: "My virtue is small, and therefore I have incurred the anger of heaven, and so the rebels have captured my capital. Let them disfigure my corpse, but don't let them kill one of my people." The tree on which he hanged himself was afterwards loaded with chains in token of the crime it had committed in being instrumental to the death of a son of heaven.

Among the court officials who hastened to pay their homage to the usurper was Wu, the father of the celebrated imperial general, Wu Sankwei,

who commanded the impregnable fortress of Ningyuen, which had defied the power of all the armies of the Manchus, and had saved Peking from both Nurhachu and Tientsung. The son Wu, with an army of veterans, was on his way to the capital when Peking fell, when he received a letter from his father urging him to submit to Li. Sankwei was on the point of obeying his father's commands, and about to tender his allegiance to Li, when he heard that a beautiful slave-girl belonging to him had been seized, and presented to one of Li's officers. Sankwei loved the girl; and in his love he forgot filial obedience, his own future, and the safety of his family. This slave-girl, who is historically nameless, gave the present dynasty its throne. But for her the Manchus would have remained to this day a league of scattered tribes of malcontents on the frontier of China. Sankwei never saw her again; but he burned on her grave a dynasty, a city, and gave a vast empire to a small body of foreigners. The queue that every Chinaman wears might justly be claimed as a badge of mourning for the beautiful slave-girl of the general, Sankwei. In his grief and anger he wrote two letters that sealed the fate of Li and of Chinese nationality— one upbraiding his father for not protecting his mistress, the other to Dor-

gun, the Manchu regent, inviting him to join him in the subjugation of the empire. The Manchus did not hesitate, but pushed their army forward by forced marches to a junction with Sankwei. Li, astonished at the turn of affairs, and determined to crush the man who dared dispute his title, advanced rapidly with two hundred thousand picked infantry and twenty thousand cavalry. In the front line he marched the aged father of Sankwei, who by all decrees of Confucius, Sankwei was bound to obey, even to the sacrifice of his own life and honor. The father not only ordered, but pleaded with him to submit; but the vision of the outraged girl steeled the heart of his son, and he stood helpless while his father was murdered before his eyes. The battle that followed was one of the most fiercely contested as well as one of the most noted in history. Sankwei was outmatched and outnumbered, but not outgeneraled. He fought with his troops like the very spirit of the fearful storm that raged during the battle; but in spite of his terrific charges he would have been compelled to confess defeat, had not the Manchu advance guard of twenty thousand veteran cavalry thrown themselves into the breach with a rush that was irresistible. The fight, which commenced as a duel, ended in a slaughter.

For fourteen miles Sankwei pursued the usurper's disorganized forces, and butchered them by the hundreds. Li stayed in Peking long enough to strip the palace of its treasures, and to mercilessly execute all the family of Wu, and set fire to the government buildings. Sankwei, however, was close on his heels. He left the empire to the Manchus, the sacking of the city to the troops, and the bodies of his family unburied; but he swept on, tireless, remorseless, bent solely on revenge. His mistress was dead, his father murdered, his family obliterated, but Li still lived. Battle succeeded battle. Li, deserted by his followers, hunted like a mad dog, with all doors shut to him, and even the necessities of life becoming impossible, was killed by the rustics whom he was plundering for food; and Sankwei arrived only to claim the corpse of the rebel and murderer who for a few hours had dared to sit on the sacred dragon throne.

Leaving Sankwei to avenge the death of his mistress, Dorgun entered Peking, in January, 1644. He proclaimed his youthful charge emperor, and issued a proclamation to the people assuring them that he had come to deliver them, and that they might return to their daily avocations in peace. He did not, however, offer to restore the

throne to its rightful owners, the Mings, but sent post haste for his six-year-old nephew, and formally transferred the Manchu capital from Moukden to Peking. The young lord, who adopted the title of Shunchih, arrived in October, and with his advent the Manchu or Tsing dynasty came into being.

Shunchih reigned eighteen years (1644 to 1662), during which time he completely crushed the Mings, and was able to hand his throne over to his successor, free from all incumbrances and claimants. His first act was to dismiss the eunuchs from all posts of honor, and debar them for all time from participating in affairs of state. While the official class and the common people about Peking accepted Manchu rule gladly, the southern districts of the empire remained true to the legitimate, if dissolute, Mings. Fu Wang, an ignorant, drunken grandson of Wanli, was proclaimed emperor at Nanking, and Shih Kofa, a man of incorruptible virtue and great influence, undertook the hopeless task of winning back his throne for him. Dorgun first tried to open negotiations with this grand old man. He pointed out the impossibility of ever reinstating the worn-out Mings in the affection of the people, and offered amnesty to all, and great honors to Shih, if he

would give up the struggle. But it was all in vain, and the regent ordered his armies to advance. The Manchus were uniformly successful; city after city fell, the brave Shih lost his life at the fall of Hangchow, and within a year from the commencement of hostilities Nanking was in their power, and Fu Wang was a prisoner. It need hardly be recorded that Fu Wang was not long called upon to endure this disgrace. He was executed with the usual neatness and dispatch. Fu Wang's successor had the pleasure of being called emperor for three days, during which time he distinguished himself by opening the gates of Hang Chow to the enemy. Tang Wang, a descendant of Hung Wu, in the ninth generation, next attempted the imperial rôle without success; and after losing Ningpo, Shanghai, Wenchow, and Taichow, he fell into the hands of the conquerors with the usual unpleasant result.

Probably the most famous character of this period was Koxinga, variously styled pirate, patriot, admiral, and king. On the ascension of Kwei Wang to the so-called throne, Koxinga, who was in command of the fleets as well as sole proprietor, became the main hope of the falling cause. Koxinga was the son of Admiral Chang, whose career made a fitting prelude to the more remark-

able one of his son. Chang was a native of Fuhkin, and in early life professed Christianity to the Catholic missionaries. He was sent to Macao, and from there went to Manila, and later to Japan, in which last clime he married a Japanese. Koxinga was the fruit of this union. Chang's next move was not exactly in line with his religious training. He induced a relative of his wife to intrust him with a rich cargo for the Chinese market. The proceeds of the sale of this ship and cargo, which he promptly appropriated, enabled Chang to fit out a fleet of piratical junks. By skillful management he amassed a colossal fortune, and became such a power that the Emperor Shunchih conferred on him the rank of admiral, and kept him an honored but unwilling guest at Peking. The son, Koxinga, declined with thanks the emperor's invitation to join his father in his gilded cage, and assuming command of the fleet, which had grown to over a thousand war-junks, repaired to the Pescadores and espoused the Ming cause. He was, however, as expensive an ally as he was a troublesome enemy. The Manchus could not meet him on the sea, and never knew when he was going to strike on the coast. Shunchih gave up the attempt to guard his great coast-line, and issued an edict commanding the natives

of the littoral provinces to retire four leagues inland. The order was carried out to the letter, although it turned fishermen into agriculturists, and changed the diet of several millions of people. It furnishes a curious example of China's historic negative policy.

The cause of the Mings under the leadership of Kwei Wang prospered for a time, and Canton fell into his hands; but his successes were only momentary, as the relentless Wu Sankwei never for a moment gave him a breathing-spell. After a series of hard-fought battles the Ming was driven through the provinces of Kweichow and Yunnan, and was forced to beg the protection of the king of Burmah. Had it not been for the murdered slave-girl he would have been permitted to remain there; but Sankwei paid no attention to his pathetic letter, reminding him of the honors he had received from the last of the Ming emperors, and begging for his life, but demanded from the king of Burmah his immediate surrender. The king was easily terrified by the famous general, and handed over the prince and his entire family. Despairing of his life, Kwei Wang strangled himself with a silken cord, in May, 1652, thereby once again cheating Sankwei of his vengeance.

In 1656 the Russian Emperor Alexis, the

father of Peter the Great, sent an embassy to China, with a view to establishing commercial relations. The Russians, however, were not prepared "to do in Rome as the Romans do," and positively refused to perform the kotow before the Manchu emperor, a ceremony which is the equivalent to an acknowledgment of vassalage, and consists in making nine prostrations, touching the ground each time with the forehead. The Russians were dismissed. Shortly after the Dutch sent a similar embassy. Profiting by the example of the Russians, the Dutch submitted to whatever was required. The Chinese emperors hold their levees at daybreak; and the ambassadors were huddled into a cold outer apartment in their court dresses, and forced to rub shoulders throughout the night with the tributary envoy of a prince of the southern Tartars, in a long crimson sheepskin coat, great boots, bare arms, and cap surmounted with a horse-tail; with an ambassador of a Mongol khan in a blue dress covered with embroidery; a representative of the Grand Lama, in yellow robe, cardinal's hat and beads; a Korean and a Burmese. The Dutch made the kotow with the rest, and delivered their presents. In payment for their debasement they received a letter from the emperor, which read: "You have asked leave to

come to trade in my country; but as your country is so far distant, and the winds on the east coast so boisterous and so dangerous to your ships, if you do think fit to send hither, I desire that it may be but once every eight years, and no more than one hundred men in a company, twenty of whom may come up to the place where I keep my court."

Shunchih died a natural death, and was succeeded by his second son, Kanghsi, one of the greatest of Chinese monarchs. He was eight years old when he ascended the throne; and the first problem that confronted him was the suppression of the pirate king, Koxinga. In 1663 a combined naval attack of Chinese and Dutch had made untenable Amoy, his last stronghold on the mainland; so Koxinga embarked an army of twenty thousand soldiers, and sailed for Formosa, where he was joined by large numbers of Ming émigrés. He demanded the surrender of the Dutch forts. A series of desperate battles followed, in which the Dutch were worsted, and compelled to retire to their colonies in Java. Koxinga assumed the sovereignty, and was recognized by Europeans as king of Formosa. He was not content, however, to reign quietly, but kept up his descents on the maritime provinces of

China, an finally, irritated by the conduct of his son, he became mad and died, at the age of thirty-eight, from self-inflicted injuries. His demise closed the career of the premier pirate of all history. He was succeeded by his unfilial son, Ching Chin, who continued his father's policy of ravaging the coast. The Chinese fully realized that they were no match for the veteran pirate, and gave up the struggle when they deserted the coast-line. On the other hand, the pirates were never able to maintain an equal fight on land. Formosa is an extremely fertile island, and had Ching Chin's followers been willing to become agriculturists, the line of Koxinga might have become the recognized reigning house; but unable to resist a call to arms which promised plunder, the Formosan king threw in his lot with the famous general and prince, Wu Sankwei, in a rebellion that might have wrecked the Manchu dynasty had Sankwei lived to direct it. Rightfully or wrongfully, Kanghsi did not feel secure on the throne that Sankwei had won for his father, so long as that veteran general had such tremendous power in the empire. He was the prince viceroy of the great provinces of Kweichow and Yunnan, besides possessing the prestige of being the most able general in Chinese history. Broad-

minded and generous as was the emperor, it may have been impossible for his Chinese mind to free itself of the suspicion that he would never be first in the eyes of his subjects while Sankwei lived. Kanghsi first asked for a son of Sankwei to reside in court. This request was instantly complied with. Next, the emperor invited the prince to present himself at the capital. Sankwei diplomatically pleaded old age, and begged the emperor to accept his compliments and excuse. The emperor foolishly pressed the point, and ordered a commission to report on the condition of Sankwei's health. The martial spirit of the old lion was aroused at the insult; and he turned on the commission: "Tell your master, whom I made emperor, that I will come to Peking, but it will be at the head of eighty thousand veterans." Sankwei knew how to strike, and to strike hard. He organized his viceroyalty into a separate state, and in 1674 all of Southern China fell an easy prey to his superb military genius. Kanghsi realized his mistake, and tried to open negotiations; but, unfortunately, in the meantime Sankwei's son at Peking had been beheaded by imperial order, and the stern old general scorned his advances. However, the emperor was a foeman worthy of Sankwei's steel; and although, like Napoleon, Sankwei

was always victorious when he led in person, the Manchu forces were able to hold his generals in check, and the Formosan king was unable to make any headway on land. Still, it was not until the death of Sankwei, from paralysis, in October, 1678, that the Manchu dynasty could feel that it was finally in possession of the empire. For three years more the fighting continued, but it was ineffective. Kanghsi tarnished his fame by having the body of Sankwei disinterred, and his bones scattered through the provinces, and by issuing a decree debarring forever his descendants from entering literary examinations or becoming mandarins. Kanghsi missed the great opportunity of his reign to ennoble his name forevermore, by erecting a temple of honor to the grand old general and to the dead slave-girl who had placed his family on the throne.

With the suppression of the rebellion Kanghsi decided to crush the Formosan pirates, so called, who, during the rebellion, had possessed themselves of the cities of Amoy and Haiting. A force of thirty thousand men and three hundred ships dislodged Ching Chin, and compelled him to retire once more to his island capital, where he died six months later. In July, 1683, the Chinese fleet set out for Formosa, and the fate of the buccaneer

kingdom was decided in a desperate two days' land and naval battle. The Manchus were successful; and although Koshwang, the Formosan king, might have held out indefinitely, and have tired the invaders out by carrying on a guerilla warfare, he preferred the title of duke and a life pension with a residence in Peking to a precarious existence in the mountains. Thus ended the record of the greatest and most successful purely piratical adventure in history, with the possible exceptions of the Cortez expedition in Mexico and that of Pizarro in Peru. Its fate is an example of the impossibility of building up an independent, self-respecting nation from its criminal classes.

The missionaries played a rather important rôle during the long reign of Kanghsi. The emperor, personally, had a perfect contempt for all religions; but he was absolutely tolerant, and in spite of the opposition of his officials he permitted freedom of worship, but forbade proselyting. "As we do not restrain the lamas of Tartary," he said, "or the bonzes of China, from building temples and burning incense, we cannot refuse these having their own churches, and publicly teaching their religion, especially as nothing has been alleged against it as contrary to law. Were we not to do this, we should contradict ourselves.

We hold, therefore, that they may build temples to the Lord of Heaven, and maintain them wherever they will; and that those who honor them may freely resort to them to burn incense and to observe the rites usual to Christianity." Père Verbiest, a Dutch priest, who was famous for his scientific and philosophic learning, was employed to revise the Chinese calendar, and discovered that it was an entire month too fast. He was made president of the Astronomical Board, while two Jesuit missionaries, Gerbillon and Pereira, stood equally as high in the emperor's confidence, and in 1689 had the honor of concluding China's first treaty with a European power. They might have done their religion a vast amount of future good had they been more careful of the treatment of the corrupt officialdom around them; but they believed that it was their mission to expose fraud in high places as well as low; and in the end they made so many powerful enemies that the missionaries who followed them, and who were not great savants, were made to suffer for their impolitic acts. It was also unfortunate that the different Catholic orders could not live in harmony with each other. They quarreled so fiercely over the proper Chinese character for the name of God, that the viceroy of Canton, in 1716, petitioned

the emperor that he might be empowered to forbid them to live in his province. The story of the disputes of the rival orders is very interesting from a scholastic point of view, but they were responsible for the almost utter wreck of the Roman Catholic missions in China.

The invasion of Galdan, the chief of the Eleuths, a Kalmuck tribe, with a formidable force, determined Kanghsi to settle forever the status of his troublesome neighbors beyond the great wall; and the larger part of the years from 1680 to his death in 1723 were filled with battles with these hardy adventurers. Galdan, the greatest of the Central Asian leaders, was eventually driven to suicide; and his successor, Tseh Wang Putan, who was made chief by Kanghsi, was afterwards dethroned, with the loss of all his territory. It was in these sanguinary wars that cannon first came into use, and they were quite as effective against the wild fighters of Tartary as they afterwards became against the savage warriors of North America.

Kanghsi died near the close of 1722, of a cold contracted while hunting. He had reigned sixty-one years, and he left a name in Chinese history that ranks him alongside of the great Yau and Shun. He was a man of great natural ability, a

wise ruler, and a distinguished scholar. His dictionary is still the standard one of China, and his "Sixteen Maxims" is part of the course of study in every Chinese school. During his reign a regular trade in tea sprang up, and in 1699 a factory was established in Canton. In 1703, over one hundred thousand pounds of tea were exported from Canton, and in 1715 the trade had become so well established that a regular line of British tea-ships was placed in commission. Quite a foreign settlement sprang up on the Honan side of Canton, and large fortunes were made, in spite of the jealousy and persecution of the Chinese officials. The little colony complained bitterly of its precarious situation and the humiliations it had to stand; but as long as the trade was so lucrative the European nations temporized with the Chinese rather than risk the possible breaking off of commercial relations. In the end, however, commerce had to pay dearly for its early weakness and timidity.

Yungching, the fourth son of Kanghsi, succeeded to the throne. His rule of fourteen years was uneventful, save for the usual number of rebellions and the annual picnic excursions of the Tartars into the northern provinces. The quarreling Catholic missionaries were formally banished

from the empire, and more than three hundred churches were destroyed. In 1727 Portugal sent an envoy to Peking, which, as usual, resulted in nothing. The same year a Russian embassy was more successful, in so far as they obtained permission for a number of their young men to reside in Peking to study the language, and that Count Sava managed to place his credentials directly in the august hands of the emperor rather than on the table before the throne. At the time this was considered a great diplomatic triumph; and as petty as it may seem, it may be looked upon as one of the steps that led to China's eventual recognition of the equality of all nations. The last step in this whimsical procession towards the throne was taken last year by Prince Henry of Prussia, when his personal call on the Emperor of China was returned in person by the Son of Heaven.

VII.

FROM CHIEN LUNG TO HIENFUNG.

[A.D. 1735–A.D. 1851.]

WHEN Chien Lung ascended the throne in 1735 at the age of twenty-five, he made a public vow that, "should he, like his illustrious grandfather Kanghsi, be permitted to complete the sixtieth year of his reign, he would show his gratitude to Heaven by resigning the crown to his heir, as an acknowledgment that he had been favored to the full extent of his wishes." Not one person who was present at the Hall of Imperial Ancestors when the vow was made, lived to see it fulfilled; but it was thus kept to the very hour and minute, and it is the only example in Chinese history where a monarch voluntarily laid down the royal yellow.

It was not in longevity alone that Chien Lung resembled his great sire. He was a strong character, a great ruler, and a patron of education. His reign was disturbed with rebellions and foreign

wars; but the rebellions were not aimed at his administration, and the wars with Nepal, Burma, and Turkestan were not of his seeking, although he never turned aside when once engaged until he was indisputably master of the field. He was harsh with the Catholics, but, as he said, no more so than the Catholics would be with the missionaries of the Grand Lama of Thibet, should he send them to Europe to proselyte and stir up strife. His court and table were always open to missionaries of ability; and Jesuits like Castiglione and Attiret, who were artists and skilled workers, were treated with the greatest distinction. One of the most remarkable and romantic incidents of his long reign was the return of the self-exiled tribe of Tourgots from the steppes of the Kirghez in Russia, where they had fled to be free from early Mongol invasion. The return of this tribe of six hundred thousand people to their fatherland in 1772 is a most thrilling story, as told by De Quincey in his "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe."

In his war with the Gurkhas of Nepal, it seems that the British in India made a demonstration that very much aided and gratified the Chinese, and the British Government thought this a good time to try to obtain some concessions that would

relieve the deplorable situation at Canton. Lord Macartney, late governor of Madras, at the head of an imposing suite, and carrying an entire ship-load of presents, arrived at Canton in 1793. He was received by the Chinese with the greatest distinction, and by the governors of all the cities on his way to Peking. His reception at the capital and at the emperor's summer palace at Jehol was most flattering; although the fact that the flag on the vessel on which he voyaged up the Peiho bore the legend, "Tribute-Bearer from the country of England," marred the joy of the occasion.

All English histories of China devote more space to a narrative of the account of this mission than they do to the rest of the sixty years' reign of Chien Lung; but other than being a most gorgeous picnic excursion for Macartney, and a vast expense to the English government, not one single thing was gained, commercially or diplomatically. Macartney was dismissed with sweetly bland contempt, and his vast array of presents were accepted in the same spirit that Chinese emperors had been accepting presents from tributary states since the days of Shun and Yau. Europe was still valuing China at its own estimate; and it is curious how small an excuse in the beginning of 1800 would lead to war in Europe, and yet what

gross insults the same nations would submit to from this haughty Asiatic empire.

In 1796 Chien Lung abdicated on his diamond anniversary, although he had three years yet to live, long enough to discover that he had made a great mistake in his estimate of the character of his son and successor, Chiaching. For the first time in Chinese history an emperor was able to turn over to his successor an empire that was at absolute peace, although its boundaries extended from the northern steppes of Mongolia to Cochin China, and from Formosa to Nepal.

It is a wise father that knows his own son, and Chiaching was not long in demonstrating this axiom. He evidently believed that the Tsing dynasty had made such a reputation for ability and virtue during the reign of its three sovereigns that it would permit him to enjoy life with perfect safety and as he saw fit. He surrounded himself with actors, bon vivants, and flatterers, and throwing all questions of ceremonial etiquette to the winds, made wine, women and song, the controlling influences of his court. His orgies did not rival those of many of his predecessors in magnificence or costly outlay; but he was always the buffoon, and never the king, and he even carried his comedians with him when he offered

sacrifices at the temples of heaven and earth. Sung, one of his ministers, dared to point out to his royal master the disastrous effect it would have upon the nation if its high priest made sport of the holy of holies. The only impression this reproof made was a peremptory summons for Sung to appear in court, and state what punishment he deserved. "A slow and ignominious death," which meant quartering, replied the stout-hearted old statesman, who evidently thought that as long as he must die, he might as well ask for the worst. "Choose again," thundered the astonished emperor. "Let me be beheaded," was the answer. Chiaching paused for a moment in deep thought, and a third time put the question. This time Sung's face beamed with joy, for he believed that he was to be permitted to die an honorable death; and he almost shouted in his relief, "Let me be strangled." Immediately the emperor dismissed the brave courtier, and made him governor of the province of Ili, or Chinese Siberia, where he could exercise his great talents in battling with the frontier marauders rather than with the emperor's shortcomings.

It is sad to chronicle that Sung's reproof had no effect. With such a state of affairs in court, it is little wonder that rebellion and insurrection

sprang up throughout the empire. China has always been a fertile soil for the growth of secret societies. Their object is primarily purely philanthropic; but in a time like the present reign, when the official class was given free license to squeeze the people, they became a theater for ambitious schemers and the base for a revolution.

The insurrection of the White Lily sect swept the provinces of Honan, Shensi, Kansu, and Szechuan, costing thousands of lives, the greatest suffering, and an outlay of over a hundred million taels. Naturally piracy took advantage of this season of terror and the weakness of the central government, to scour the seas, and ravage the coast-towns. At one time their force was estimated at seventy thousand men, with eighteen hundred junks; and their chief, Chai, made for himself a name almost as terrible as that of the great Koxinga. The imperial navy was so helpless that the emperor had to petition the despised English in Canton to send the war-ship "Mercury" to safeguard the transport of the Siamese tribute from Bangkok to the imperial coffers. The European tea-ships gained nothing, however, by this action, and not only had to protect themselves from the pirates, but had to submit to all the petty exactions of the imperial guard-ships.

In 1802 the English occupied Macao to protect it from seizure by the French; and again in 1808 Admiral Drury landed a force to assist the Portuguese in case the French made the threatened descent; and yet in spite of the obligations which both the Chinese and the Portuguese willingly placed themselves under to the English, both nations vehemently protested and threatened when H. M. S. "Doris" brought in 1814 the American sailing-ship "Hunter" into Macao as a prize. The Chinese even threatened to shut up the port of Macao to foreign trade unless the English took their men-of-war off the coast.

The Russians were no more fortunate in their attempts to open a door into China. In 1805 a Russian embassy reached the great wall, when they were informed that they might save themselves the trouble of journeying farther unless they intended to do the kotow. Count Goloyken declined, and immediately retraced his long and toilsome journey. In 1816 George the Third, not satisfied with the result of the Macartney picnic, decided to try once more, and dispatched Lord Amherst at the head of another one. Immediately on the arrival of Amherst the question of "to kotow, or not to kotow" was raised; and as Amherst was firm in his refusal, he also had to

turn back without gazing on the countenance of the Son of Heaven. As England did not resent the failure of the Macartney expedition, the Chinese did not think it worth while to be even polite to Amherst; and as the historian of the expedition puts it, the embassy was treated with "brutal rudeness and insulting demeanor." When it is remembered that England at this time had won the battle of Waterloo, and was mistress of the seas, one cannot but wonder at her supineness in dealing with the licentious Peking court. Chiaching died in 1820, at the age of sixty-one, mourned by none, and execrated by all. It is remarkable that the consequences of his reign were not more serious, and that more sanguinary outbreaks did not occur, as the imperial power was little stronger than that of one of the great viceroys.

The one natural human act of Chiaching's career was his choice of his own son, Taokwang, as his successor. The choice was in the nature of a reward. In 1813 the palace was invaded by a band of armed men bent on the assassination of the emperor. The attempt would have been successful but for young Taokwang, who sprang to his father's rescue, and in a hand-to-hand fight killed two of the leaders, while a relative shot a third. The emperor thus describes the affair:

"My imperial second son seized a matchlock, and shot two of them. For this deliverance I am indebted to the energies of my second son."

In one particular the reign is famous in China's long history, as during it the official class learned more surprising things than are found in the philosophy of Confucius. It was an iconoclastic era, in which the most revered idols were ruthlessly broken by the despised "outer barbarian." To the horror of the "Son of Heaven" he discovered that the sons of earth not only dared to dispute his preëminence on this globe, but were prepared to assert their equality. The hermit nation was forced into the world, and the "tributary nation" fiction and the kotow bugbear were swept into limbo without regard to their hoary antiquity or eminent respectability. The outer barbarian proved to be a veritable bull in a China shop. Taokwang went on to the dread throne of the centuries, actually believing himself to be the king of kings, and the most awe-inspiring object on earth; he died a much wiser but sadder man, with his throne at the mercy of a few English frigates, and his august self the sport of a thousand English soldiers. Taokwang might well have believed that "after me the deluge;" for no man in all history ever took a fall from such a height in so brief a

time; and the joke of it was that with Taokwang it was so unexpected, and so contrary to the teachings of the classics, that he really never understood what had happened to him up to the day of his death. No comic opera was ever half so entertaining as his career.

The first years of the new emperor's reign were disturbed by wars with the tributary tribes of Turkestan, with the Miautze, — the highlanders of China, — and with the Formosans, in all of which the Chinese were successful, in spite of the fact that justice was on the side of the rebels. Until April, 1834, all commercial intercourse between England and China had been through the East India Company; and while the position of the virtual rulers of all India was most humiliating in China, still their wrongs were strictly individual, and not national ones. This state of affairs was not satisfactory to the merchants; and on the expiration of the East India Company's charter, they insisted on holding the home government responsible for the redress of their injuries, rather than their late employers. To meet this new condition of affairs, and to provide for an official representative, the English government sent out in 1834 Lord Napier as chief superintendent of trade. Napier refused to communicate with the viceroy through

the usual form of petition, but insisted that his credentials be received as they were written and prepared under the direction of his queen. He proceeded to Canton without asking for a passport at Macao, where he remained three months without being officially recognized further than being officially expelled in August, 1834. As a hint to hasten his departure, all trade was suspended with British subjects, Chinese servants were withdrawn from the European settlement, and an embargo placed on provisions. After a hundred years of humiliation, the British at last made up their minds to resent this last insult, and the British frigates "Imogene" and "Andromache" were ordered to Canton. On the way up the river they silenced the supposedly impregnable Bogue forts with about as much difficulty as they would have experienced in knocking down a Malayan stockade.

With the frigate's guns covering the factories at Honan, life and property for the time were safe, but trade was dead, and provisions were scarce; and Lord Napier, believing that discretion was the better part of valor, withdrew to Macao, and the impertinent frigates were ordered down stream, or as the mandarins boastfully expressed it in a memorial to the emperor, the "barbarian eye" (Napier) has been driven out, and the two war-

ships "dragged over the shallows and expelled." Napier died at Macao shortly after his arrival; and the diplomatic victory for the moment remained with the Chinese, who were openly boastful, and despised the English for sacrificing their honor to protect their trade. But they only dimly appreciated the true character of the men with whom they were dealing; and Confucius had neglected to include among his stories the tale of the last straw that broke the camel's back.

The Chinese government, however, had two complaints against the foreign trade in China which they brought forward with more or less show of reason. They complained of the vast amount of silver that was lost to the empire consequent upon the trade with Europe, which amounted to over sixty million taels annually, and also of the illicit trade in opium, "foreign dirt, which was fast growing to vast proportions."

One of the so-called crimes which has been laid at Britain's door was this forcing of opium upon China. It is a long story, and both sides have been ably handled by eminent writers; but after a careful study of all the causes that led to the first and second wars in China, and the opening of the treaty ports, I think that England stood strictly within her rights, and that opium was only an

incident rather than the cause of the final clash. Had the Chinese been in earnest in their desire to prohibit the importation of opium from India, they would have forbidden the cultivation of poppy in their own provinces.

While I am an enemy of any drug or liquor that destroys manhood, I must assert that opium is less harmful to the Chinese than alcohol is to the Anglo-Saxon; a pipe of opium taken after a hard day's work seems to be beneficial rather than destructive. The opium trade was a problem which cost the British government quite as many sleepless nights as it did the Chinese. Lord Palmerston and all the members of his cabinet thoroughly disapproved of it, and officially let it be known that English subjects carried it on at their own risk. It had, however, become so mixed up with legitimate trade that any drastic measures for its suppression would cause great hardships, and bring ruin to many of the pioneer English hongs in China. If the English government persisted in driving their own people out of business, it simply meant that the Dutch, French, and Americans would become their heirs. Sir G. Robinson, who succeeded Davis as superintendent of trade, became so exasperated at his inability to satisfy either the Chinese or his own people, that in

February, 1836, he wrote Lord Palmerston suggesting that the growth of the poppy should be discontinued in India. The failure of the English to keep opium out of China is about similar to our attempts to keep "fire-water" from the American Indians.

In 1836 Captain Elliot, R.N., was appointed superintendent of trade; and although he was a much stronger and more able man than his predecessors, he weakly consented to petition to the viceroy for permission to reside outside of Canton, thus for the time surrendering the point which had caused Lord Napier's downfall. The viceroy rightfully considered this as a great diplomatic victory, after England had demonstrated her superiority in war, and in his dispatch to the emperor said that the troubles with the barbarians were over, and that, as an inferior race, they would henceforth meekly occupy the position which they ought to be content to accept. In the meantime the opium question had caused much wrangling in the Peking cabinet. Some were for legalizing the drug, others were for its total exclusion. In 1839 the anti-opium party became supreme, and Lin was appointed with full powers to suppress the traffic. Eight days after his arrival in Canton (March 18, 1839) Lin ordered that all opium in

the foreign factories should be delivered to him. Following up his order, he surrounded the foreign godowns with his braves, lined the water-front with war-junks, and ordered the Chinese servants to again withdraw from the service of the barbarians. By the 4th of May, there being no alternative, 20,283 chests of opium were handed over to Lin; but every concession made by the Europeans for the sake of trade only brought with it fresh humiliation. After obtaining the opium and partially destroying it, the wily Lin overreached himself in demanding that sixteen of the leading merchants should be turned over to him for punishment for having engaged in illegal trade.

The English declined, and left Canton in a body for Macao. Here, however, they found that they were unwelcome guests; and on the 26th August, 1839, they, with all they possessed, departed for the rocky, inhospitable, pirate-invested island of Hong Kong. This was, however, going a step farther than Lin had intended, as he had no wish to actually lose the lucrative English trade. He promptly entered into negotiations with Elliot for the return of the obstinate barbarians to Canton, where it would be easier for him to "squeeze" them to his heart's content. The English were foolishly about to consent to

STREET SCENE IN TIENTSIN.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

return, when Lin again overreached himself by insisting that the English merchants should sign a bond consenting to come under Chinese law, and to be tried and punished by it. On receipt of Elliot's refusal, he and his fugitive colony were ordered to leave Chinese soil within three days. Having nowhere to go, they decided to once more appeal to arms. An engagement took place between Lin's fleet of war-junks and fire-ships and H. B. M.'s "Volage" and "Hyacinth" on November 3, 1839, at Chunpi, in which the Chinese were badly worsted. Lin was in no way shocked at the result, but immediately placed a price upon Elliot's head. By this time the English government at home had discovered that if it ever intended to do anything to protect its interests in China, it must commence at once or give up the struggle.

In 1841 Sir Gordon Bremer blockaded Canton, occupied Tinghai on the island of Chusan, and then proceeded to the mouth of the Peiho, where Captain Elliot was met by Kishen, the imperial commissioner, who was successful in inducing the fleet to return to Canton. Here the talk continued for six weeks with no result, until on the 6th of January, 1841, Elliot grew tired of the diplomatic delays, and did the only thing that

Chinese statesmen understand — sent an ultimatum, and demanded an answer within twelve hours. No reply being received, the English ships opened fire on the forts at Chuenti and Taikoh, reducing both places in an hour, and inflicting a loss of five hundred killed and two hundred wounded, and the destruction of sixteen war-junks. This proceeding was a great shock to the Canton officials; and they made haste to enter into a treaty whereby Hong Kong was ceded to the English, six million dollars paid for the opium destroyed, and they graciously condescended to recognize English officials on terms of equality. Canton was also to become an open treaty port.

When the Son of Heaven heard of this treaty he was thunderstruck. Kishen was promptly arrested, and carried a prisoner to Peking. The treaty was disavowed, and fifty thousand dollars was placed on the heads of Captain Elliot, Sir Gordon Bremer, and Mr. Morrison. This time the English did not hesitate. They stormed and took the famous Bogue forts, and the guns of the squadron were trained on the city of Canton. This was going too far; and rather than have the match touched to them, the Chinese officials were willing that their august sovereign should be thunderstruck the second time. Another treaty

was entered into; but it soon became clear to the English that the maintenance of peace was impossible until the Chinese were thoroughly convinced of the superiority of the European methods of making war. What had taken place in Canton most profoundly shocked his majesty, but he ascribed the defeat of the Chinese to the incapacity of his leaders; then, Canton was a long way from Peking, and the impression made by the foreigners was not near enough at home. To correct this fault the British fleet sailed northward on August 21, 1842, taking Amoy on the way, and retaking Tinghai. They next reduced Chenhai, to the great surprise of Viceroy Yukien, and occupied Ningpo without firing a shot. The emperor and his hide-bound cabinet were beginning to grow nervous; but it was not until Wusung and Shanghai had fallen that Taokwang commenced to think seriously of effectually crushing the impertinent barbarians.

On the 3d August the fleet started up the Yangtse-Kiang for the ancient capital of Nan king, and on the 9th the debarkation of troops began. The imperial commissioners, Ilipu, Kiying, and Niukien, seeing that the game was up, asked for an armistice; and another treaty was signed which was genuine, and the first war with China

came to an end. This treaty of August 29, 1842, opened to the world the great ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai; gave Hong Kong to the British, along with a war indemnity of $20,000,000.

On July 3, 1844, a treaty of peace, amity, and commerce was concluded between the United States and China by Caleb Cushing for the United States, and Tsiyeng, "of the imperial house, a vice-guardian of the heir apparent, governor-general of the two Kwangs, and superintendent-general of the trade and foreign intercourse of the five ports," on the part of China. The treaty was, however, not signed without the usual attempt of evasion and procrastination. When Mr. Cushing arrived in February, 1844, on the United States ship "Brandywine," he took up his residence in Macao. He was at once informed, in a most solemn and impressive manner, that he would on no account be allowed to proceed to Peking, as the United States had never yet sent tribute to the Son of Heaven, and could not therefore be included among the tributary states.

This impertinence came a little late; and although negotiations were impeded by a riot, in which an American killed a Chinaman, the treaty was finally concluded without the United States

having to acknowledge the superiority of the Chinese emperor. However, on account of the bad blood that had arisen over the matter, President Tyler conceded the withdrawal of Mr. Cushing, who left Macao for the United States on August 27, 1844.

He was succeeded by Alexander H. Everett, who was taken ill on the way, and returned immediately to the United States. During his absence, Commander James Biddle, U. S. Navy, and Peter Parker, were in charge of the legation. Mr. Everett returned to China in October, 1846, and remained until June, 1847. Mr. Parker was again in charge of the legation, from that date until the arrival of Mr. John W. Davis, August 24, 1848. In 1844 United States consulates were established at Hong Kong and Canton, with Thomas W. Waldron and Paul S. Forbes respectively as consuls.

On October 23, 1844, a treaty was signed between China and France, similar to those entered into by England and the United States. The Chinese officials at Canton, however, did not take kindly to the provisions of these treaties, and mobs and murders were quite the order of the day. The Bogue forts had to be, for the third time, reduced. It is worth recording here, that in July, 1844, a Chinese mob at Canton would have

burned the foreign factories, but for the interference of the American frigate "St. Louis," which went to their relief from Whampoa, — a port of call distant fifteen miles from Canton. The English at the time had a strong fleet at Hong Kong, but for some reason they took no interest in these repeated calls for protection from the Canton merchants. However, before the death of Taokwang, in 1850, the empire had begun to accommodate itself to the new state of affairs, and the "foreign devils" had made themselves quite at home within the five treaty ports.

From this date on, China may be considered as belonging to the sisterhood of nations, and her history a part of the world's history. Although from an international point of view the most interesting event of Taokwang's reign was the struggle that led up to the opening of the treaty ports, it must not be understood that it was free from internal rebellions, secret societies, insurrections, and court cabals. In fact, the seeds of the great Taiping rebellion, that shook the empire to its very center, were sown and nurtured during the last years of his reign. The murder of the governor of Macao, M. Amaral, which was incited by the Canton viceroy, was the means of losing to China the suzerainty of the Portuguese colony.

The American trade to China commenced shortly after the Revolutionary War. The first recorded facts regarding it date from the season of 1784–1785, at which time two American ships, the "Empress of China," John Green, master, with Major Samuel Shaw of Boston, late aide-de-camp to General Knox, as supercargo, and the "Pallas," which was consigned to Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were loaded at Canton for the United States. Among the other cargo they carried 880,100 pounds of tea. The next season there was only one vessel at Canton, which exported 695,000 pounds of tea. In 1786–1787 there were six ships engaged in the trade; viz., "Hope," "Experiment," "Grand Turk," "Jenny," "Washington," and "Asia," which carried tea to the extent of 1,181,860 pounds.

During the season of 1832–1833 there were fifty-nine American ships at Canton. The cargoes they brought are rather interesting, as they show to a certain extent what demand had developed among the Chinese for American goods. The principal items were quicksilver, lead, iron, copper, tin-plates, opium, ginseng, rice, broadcloth, camlets, chintzes, cambrics, velvets, bombazettes, fancy handkerchiefs, linen, cotton drilling,

yarn, and prints, sea-otter, fox and seal skins, pearl shells, sandalwood, cochineal, music-boxes, clocks, and watches. If we add to this list American flour and kerosene oil, it will cover all our exports to the China of to-day. Evidently these early Boston merchants had a keen eye for Chinese peculiarities, and, unlike many of our modern merchants, did not waste their time and money in trying to sell them something they did not want.

The growth of trade between the United States and Canton was steady and encouraging. In 1805 American sailing-vessels brought into the country $5,326,358 worth of American goods, and bought $5,127,000 worth of tea, silk, camphor, etc. In 1833 these imports had increased to $8,362,971, and the exports to America to $8,372,-175. Mr. Forbes remained consul at Canton until 1855, when he was succeeded by Oliver H. Perry of Massachusetts.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the first official commercial trade report on China that was ever submitted to the United States Congress was written by Major Shaw, the talented supercargo of the "Empress of China." His ship arrived in New York, May 11, 1785, and shortly after Shaw addressed an able and very interesting

history of the voyage to John Jay, secretary of state, and an earnest worker for American development. Mr. Jay laid the Shaw treaty before Congress, and that body resolved: "That Congress feels a peculiar satisfaction in the successful issue of this first effort of the citizens of America to establish a direct trade with China, which does so much honor to its undertakers and conductors."

VIII.

FROM THE TAIPING REBELLION TO THE CHUFOO CONVENTION.

[A.D. 1857–A.D. 1876.]

WHEN Hienfung came to the throne he found himself confronted with probably the last of the old-fashioned rebellions that will ever devastate all China. To-day all parts of the empire are connected by the telegraph, steamers force the currents of the swiftest rivers, and a small body of ill-paid imperial troops, with modern arms in their hands, would soon, if they did not decide to join hands with the rebels, quiet a mob of peasantry armed with scythes and gingalls. Before the introduction of the telegraph a leader like Hung Hsiutsuan, the "Heavenly King" of the Taipings, could collect about him a few thousand malcontents, swoop down on a city, add it to his force, and continue without much opposition until one or more provinces and an army of 200,000 men stood at his back, before

the imperial ears at Peking had received a hint as to the disturbance. It will be noted that nearly all Chinese rebellions originate in a frontier or remote province. The neighborhood of Canton has always been a fertile germinating ground. The *raison d'être* for a rebellion is always plunder; the excuse, reform, and the overthrow of the ruling dynasty.

The Taipings' cry was, "Down with the Tartar." Their platform was "purity"; and their leader professed to be a Christian, and to receive revelations direct from God. He called his sect the "Association of the Almighty." Starting in the neighborhood of Canton, the rebels occupied the cities of Lienchow, Yunganchow, and Nanking. The Viceroy Yeh of Canton was thoroughly alarmed, and prepared for a vigorous defense; but Hung feared to risk a set-back, and marched from Kwangtung province into Hunan, and on March 8, 1853, established himself in Nanking, which he made his capital. Hung proclaimed himself emperor, and by the same authority created five of his chiefs princes of the new Taiping dynasty. The luxury of the palaces of Nanking proved too much for this son of the soil and fanatical dreamer, and as a factor in the subsequent events he was lost. Two months later a force was dispatched

to storm Peking, for without possession of the imperial city no rebel king could stand before his followers as a king in anything more than name. It was a perilous undertaking, and Hung and his generals ought to have been contented with one-half of the empire. The distance was over one thousand miles; and even if the imperial troops were paralyzed with fear, there were great rivers to ford and mountains to cross without pontoon-trains, engineer corps, or commissariat.

The march was a daring one, yet it reflects more discredit on the imperial forces than on the invaders. In six months' time the rebels had traversed four provinces, taken twenty-six cities, subsisted on the enemy, and finally intrenched themselves near Tientsin, within a hundred miles of Peking. Here, however, they found their Capua, and seemed to lose all desire to possess the capital. For two years this vast army gave itself up to raids and wholesale robberies, at the end of which time it drifted back to Nanking a disorganized mass. It was at this time that the now celebrated statesman, Li Hung Chang, first came on the scene as colonel of a volunteer regiment. He did not, however, have an opportunity to make a reputation as a soldier.

Not satisfied with the lessons that had been

taught them by the first real contest with Western arms, or deterred by the victorious march of the Taipings, China rushed blindly into a war with England and France that revealed to the world all her rottenness and sham.

The day the allies entered Peking, and put the torch to the emperor's palace, the carefully built up prestige of China departed; from her high estate she fell to the level of her tributary nations of Korea, Burma, and Turkestan. For two hundred years she had treated the Occidentals as the dirt under her feet, and had looked upon all the earth as little more than barbarian frontiers. As in her previous wars with the Kins, the Khitans, and the Mongols, the Son of Heaven was not permitted to be disturbed in his fancied security until his sacred person was in actual momentary danger; and then, as usual, he ignominiously fled, and permitted events to take their own course. The English soon discovered that taking and retaking the defenses of Canton, the occupation of small tracts of territory like Hong Kong Island, or the placing of a ransom on the provincial capital itself, made little impression on the imperial court, and if they ever expected to be fully recognized as an equal, and be protected in trade, the final battle must be fought in Peking itself; so in 1856 and

1857, when the Viceroy Yeh of Canton, under instructions from the Peking government, inaugurated a high-handed and brutal policy in his dealings with the foreign merchants, the British government did not rest with the capture of the Bogue forts, the occupation of Canton, and the banishment of the haughty Yeh. The time had come when China must be forced to enter into a treaty that forever safeguarded the rights of all foreigners, or fight. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, representing the English and French forces, addressed a letter to Yu, the first member of the Privy Council, demanding that a commission should meet at Shanghai to discuss conditions of peace.

Mr. William B. Reed, American minister, and his Russian colleague, wrote the council in the same line. The reply was, as might be expected, evasive and unsatisfactory. The British fleet, early in May, 1857, under the command of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, proceeded to the Peiho, reduced the Taku forts, and anchored before Tientsin. The ease with which the impregnable Taku forts had been knocked to pieces by the English guns caused great consternation in Peking; and the emperor made haste to conclude a treaty with Lord Elgin, whereby the English were permitted to have a resident minister in

Peking, the ports of Newchwang, Tengchow, Formosa, Swatow, and Kienchow were opened, and the opium traffic was legalized. The treaty was signed on June 26, 1857. The United States, France, and Russia completed similar treaties immediately after.

The Chinese, however, considered that the treaty had been wrung from them by force, and its ratification was evaded and delayed. In Canton mobs were incited to murder foreigners, and a reward of thirty thousand dollars was placed on the head of the British consul, Harry Parks. As a last resource, the wily Celestial tried to induce the English and French to have their treaties ratified at Shanghai instead of at Peking; but Messrs. Bruce and Bourboulon declined, and ordered their allied forces to assemble off the mouth of the Peiho. The Chinese, finding that evasion was no longer possible, determined once more to try their fortunes on the battlefield. The allies soon discovered that, while they had been making useless treaties, the enemy had been working day and night on the defenses of Taku, and blocking the river with massive booms, iron stakes, and rafts. On the night of June 23, 1859, one of the booms was blown up; and the next day the British fleet, under Admiral Hope, attempted to force the pas-

sage, while a force of six hundred marines and engineers stormed the forts. Both attacks were unsuccessful, and the British were repulsed with very severe losses. It was during this engagement that the now famous phrase, "blood is thicker than water," was born. The American commodore, Tatnal, was present at the engagement; and seeing that the battle was going badly for the English, and that their gunboats were being rapidly disabled by the heavy fire from the forts, was unable to stand calmly by and see the men of his own flesh and blood mowed down. He ordered his flagship to tow the English boats into action, and to remain under fire as long as there was anyone to rescue. When called upon for an explanation of his conduct, he replied that "blood was thicker than water."

The initial success of the Chinese was the very worst thing that could have happened to them. It convinced them that their former reverses had been simply the result of bad leadership, and confirmed them in their determination to repudiate the treaty. Mr. John E. Ward, who in 1859 had succeeded Mr. Reed as American minister, was invited by the governor-general of Chihli to come to Pehtang, who promised to send him in safety to Peking, where the ratifying of the treaty could

be discussed. The viceroy was as good as his word as far as sending him to Peking was concerned; but it was done only to amuse the people along the route by making a spectacle of one of the hated barbarians. Not a word was said regarding the ratification of the treaty; and after being made grave sport of by the imperial commissioner at Peking, he was returned "right side up with care," to Pehtang, where he foolishly consented to ratify the treaty on August 16, 1859.

It was a weak and unnecessary concession on his part, as he should have stood out with the English and French plenipotentiaries, and ordered, if necessary, the American squadron to join with the allies in forcing the Celestials to abide by the strict letter of the law. A ridiculous rumor, illustrated by appropriate pictures, respecting this journey, was circulated in Paris, to the effect that Mr. Ward and his party were conducted from the coast in an immense box, or traveling-chamber, drawn over land by oxen, and then put on a raft to be towed up the river and imperial canal as far as the gate of the capital. Fortunately for the future of trade in China, the English and French ministers would not submit to the indignities enjoyed by Mr. Ward; and in March, 1860, the English minister, Bruce, presented an

ultimatum, demanding reparation for the treacherous attack at Taku, and an immediate fulfillment of the treaty. The ultimatum only provoked a sneer from Peking; and by August 12 of the same year a force of thirteen thousand English, under Sir Hope Grant, seven thousand French, commanded by General Montauban, and two thousand five hundred Cantonese Coolies, advanced from the land side on the Taku forts.

The attack was without precedent in Chinese military science,—certainly it was only the fair thing for the barbarians to attack as they had before, on the river front. The Chinese general, Sankolinsin, was thunderstruck when he saw the allied force on land, and marching rapidly on the undefended side of his forts; but like a good Chinese general he immediately wrote his imperial kinsman and master that the barbarians had landed with his full knowledge and consent, as he wished to entice them away from their ships, and then overwhelm them. The Son of Heaven readily saw the astuteness of the scheme, and Sankolinsin might have won a peacock feather and a yellow jacket had the last part of his plan of campaign worked as well as the first. Unfortunately for him, however, he did not take the allies into his confidence; and they, not understanding his wily strat-

egy, never stopped in their march until the Taku forts were in their hands. The battle was a stubbornly contested one, the Chinese standing to their guns manfully, even after their officers had deserted. The allies occupied Tientsin, and declined to receive any overtures from the imperial commissioners as long as the Chinese forces were preparing to resist their advance to the capital.

On the 9th of September the allies left Tientsin for Tungchow; and on the way they were met by Tsai, prince of I, who was most convincing in his protestations that the Son of Heaven was anxious for an honorable peace. Unfortunately again for Chinese diplomacy, Consul Parkes, on an early morning ride, discovered that the troops of the amusing Sankolinsin were so disposed in ambush that they would be able to fire upon the allies' next proposed camp from three sides. Parkes dispatched his companion, Loch, to warn Sir Hope Grant, while he hurried to the quarters of the Prince of I to demand an explanation. His temerity cost him his liberty and nearly his life; and the Chinese forces, throwing off all pretenses of peace, fought the battle of Changchiawan, in which they suffered a crushing defeat. Sankolinsin made a last stand at Palichiao on September 21, but he was not able to turn the allies from

Peking. In the meantime the emperor had fled to Jehol, and left his brother, Prince Kung, in command. Kung informed Elgin and Gros that he had full power to conclude a treaty, and asked for an armistice. The commissioners, however, had had quite enough of Chinese diplomacy, and declined to cease hostilities until Consul Parkes and his associates were released. No answer was made; and the order was given to march on Peking, and occupy the emperor's summer palace, Yuen-Ming-Yuen. This had the desired effect, as far as such of the prisoners were concerned, as had been fortunate enough to live through the hardships, brutality, and tortures of their prisons.

The sight of the sufferings of the survivors of the original thirty aroused such indignation throughout the allied army that the commissioners in addition to the one hundred thousand pounds that they demanded as an indemnity for the families of the murdered men, decided to destroy the beautiful summer palace. This was done after the occupation of Peking. The game was now entirely in the hands of the allies; and it is hardly necessary to state that the Tientsin treaty was ratified within the sacred walls of Peking, in spite of the theatrical raving of the imperial coward at Jehol. A convention was also signed whereby

PANORAMA OF HONG KONG.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

China paid eight million taels for war expenses, and ceded to Great Britain the Kowloon coast-line, directly opposite to Hong Kong. The English were entirely too modest in their demands in this cession. Had they taken ten times as much territory on the mainland, it would have saved them much future trouble. The size of the cession, however, was controlled by the range of the cannon of 1860, the best of which would carry little farther than across the strait which separates the mainland from the island of Hong Kong.

With this narrow strip added to the colony, the English military experts of the time announced that Hong Kong was strategically secure. Less than twenty years after, it was discovered that Hong Kong was at the mercy of the modern guns of a fleet lying perfectly protected by a range of intervening mountains seven miles distant. The result was that England was forced in 1898 to ask, or rather demand, the lease of an additional area of territory embracing Mir's and Deep Bays. Any demand for territory after the fall of Peking would have been speedily met by the emperor, and England might have added half the delta of the Pearl River to her list of colonial possessions. Even in the cession of the last four hundred square miles England erred in taking

either too little or too much. For military purposes half the territory would have been sufficient, and easily defended; for agricultural purposes, two hundred square miles additional would have made the new territory self-supporting. However, the Englishman is a thorough-going colonist, and a believer in "good roads;" and the ink was hardly dry on the so-called lease before a small army of Chinese coolies were cutting a great turnpike through the very heart of the sterile peninsula, and the forestry department was planting trees by the thousands over the barren red hills. In April, 1898, my big tug-boat, the "Fame," was nearly wrecked in trying to carry dispatches to Dewey's fleet, which lay in Chinese waters but seven miles away as the crow flies, but fifty miles by sea. Within three months after the occupation of this mountainous, roadless stretch of land, I rode my bicycle in an hour to the shore of Mir's Bay, over a broad macadamized road. Yet we refuse to take advantage of England's colonial experience in solving our troubles in the Philippines.

In passing upon Russia's course in China from the same date (1860) no like hesitancy or lack of policy can be laid at her door. From the day when she obtained her foothold on the uninhabited steppes between Usuri and the ocean, she never

wavered in her unmistakable determination to obtain an open seaport on the Pacific. In the beginning Russia may not have appreciated the wealth and possibilities of the land that she was absorbing from year to year, but that was a question that she could well afford to leave for future investigation. She expanded on the line of least resistance, and all was fish that came to her net. Neither did Russia worry herself regarding the populating or improving of these vast tracts, and until twenty years ago the land remained as she found it. Her clearly defined policy has always been to never look a gift-horse in the mouth, and to thankfully receive every thing that came her way. The freedom of the serf, which at the time was looked upon as the harmless fad of an amiable emperor, supplied the wanting population. The freed peasantry of Russia eagerly accepted government aid to get away from their former masters, and the traditions of their old land of bondage; and in a surprisingly short time they transformed Siberia from a penal colony to a prosperous dependency that is fast becoming to the empire what Australia is to Great Britain.

The net result of this onward policy to-day is the practically completed trans-Siberian railway and the acquisition of Port Arthur and Tailewan;

to-morrow it may be Peking and the Yangtsze valley. Great Britain, Germany, and France lease a few hundred square miles each; and while they are arguing over the terms, Russia quietly extends her frontiers to cover half the province.

The fortunes of the Taipings rose and fell from year to year. They were at high tide in 1860; and the Manchus, despairing of ever regaining their sway, appealed to the foreigners with whom they had lately been at war to come to their assistance. At the suggestion of Li Hung Chang, now viceroy, the Chinese merchants of Shanghai organized themselves into a patriotic association, raised a fund, and engaged two Americans, Ward and Burgevine, to form a foreign legion, for the protection of the city, and conduct operations against the rebels. Under the able leadership of Ward, the "ever victorious army" of four hundred adventurers, of all nationalities, captured a number of cities, and obtained as their reward a large amount of plunder; but in spite of high pay and rich pickings, Ward found it necessary to lead every attack in person in order to make his rabble fight; and in the storming of the city of Tzuki he was mortally wounded. He was succeeded by his lieutenant, Burgevine, who made war upon the

purse of the patriotic association rather than upon the common enemy, and ended by being dismissed from his command before he had fought a battle. He was replaced by Major Gordon, who was lent by the British general, Stavely, and new life was given to the discordant element of the ever victorious army. Gordon's first point of attack was Fushan, which fell an easy prey, and brought about the capitulation of Changshu. Li Hung Chang was naturally delighted with his allies, and the emperor conferred upon Gordon the rank of general in the Chinese service, a distinction of which Li would like to have relieved him a little later, in company with his head.

The capture of Taitsang and Kunshan opened the way to the important city of Soochow. On a promise from Gordon that all the lives of the rebel commanders would be spared, the city capitulated. Li, however, paid no attention to his subordinate's plighted word, and had them all promptly executed. When the report of Li's bloodthirsty treachery was brought to Gordon, he was so enraged that he grasped a rifle, and started for head-quarters. Li, however, did not await his call, and precipitately decamped before Gordon arrived. Gordon was not a philosopher, and not being willing to overlook Li's act as an interesting

Chinese characteristic, sent in his resignation. I thought of this episode in Li's checkered career as I talked with the famous Chinaman one day in Hong Kong, when he was on his way to Canton to act as viceroy of the Two Kwangs. Li had been descanting for an hour upon the injustice we were doing his countrymen by excluding them from the Philippines. His last words to me were, "Tell General Otis that Li Hung Chang asks him to be kind to the Chinese." I could not but smile at the pathos in his voice in the light of his history.

For the fall of Soochow, Li received from the emperor the "yellow jacket" that he lost at the close of the late Japanese war. He was also ordered to hand Gordon ten thousand taels and the military button of the first rank. Li did as ordered, and his envoys were received by Gordon with a walking-stick, and were soundly thrashed out of his tent. Li humbled himself, and begged Gordon to consider his resignation. In a short campaign Gordon reduced the Taiping king, and stripped him of all his possessions save Nanking. The imperial army under Tseng Kwofan, the father of the late Marquis Tseng, who afterwards represented China at the court of St. James, took that city by assault. The "heavenly king"

poisoned himself with gold leaf, and his heir was beheaded in an attempt to escape. The great Taiping rebellion was at an end, but China had learned nothing. Li disbanded the ever victorious army in June, 1864, in spite of Gordon's protest; and when the Japanese war broke out they were as absolutely unprepared to meet the conditions as though they were still living in the pastoral age.

Li's name as a statesman was made by General Grant, who stated that Li and Bismarck were the two greatest minds that he met during his trip round the world. Li, however, has never shown any great ability save as a "trimmer." To-day as viceroy of Canton he is not able to suppress the petty piracy on the West River, but looks to England for police protection for his inland trade, and plays fast and loose with promises of protection to imprisoned ministers and beleaguered foreigners. It is small wonder that for the safety of the legations shut up in Peking the British government seriously considered holding the crafty old viceroy as hostage in Shanghai for the safety of the fugitives in Peking.

The Chinese have added the bust of Marco Polo to their pantheon of five hundred idols in Canton, but alongside of Confucius and Polo they should place Gordon and Ward. The present dy-

nasty owes more to these last men than they can ever repay, although during their lifetime they tried systematically to detract from their glory, and rob them of all credit. Ward gave up his life in their cause, and Gordon refused the proposal of Burgevine to turn the "ever victorious army" against the imperialists, and acting with the Taipings grasp the tottering throne for themselves. They could have done it, and Gordon knew it when he was tempted. Burgevine knew the Chinese character better than Gordon, and did not permit any qualms of conscience to stand in his way. Had Gordon consented, the entire Chinese problem would have been solved without the aid of the so-called diplomacy of the western nations. Gordon declined, and died a dog's death in Khartoom. Li lived to profit by Gordon's honesty and generosity.

Hienfung did not return to Peking after the ratification of the Tientsin Treaty. He was too badly upset by the impertinence of the barbarians; and although strongly urged by Prince Kung to do so, he remained at Jehol until his death, on August 22, 1861. As his heir was only six years old, Prince Kung, who had come to an understanding with the empress, was left practically supreme in the conduct of affairs, although he formed a

Council of Regency, in which he was associated with the two empress dowagers, — the widow of Hienfung, and the mother of the young emperor, — a concubine, but the ruling power in China in 1900.

Until the young emperor, Tung Chih, reached his sixteenth birthday, all questions as to the right of foreign ministers to be received by the emperor, according to the terms of the treaty, were foolishly held in abeyance. The war of 1860 had taught the Chinese that they were powerless in the hands of the barbarians; and yet before the ink was dry on the treaty, secret instructions were issued to the provincial government to disregard it as far as possible, especially the clause that, "the Chinese authorities shall at all times afford the fullest protection to the persons and property of British subjects." In diplomacy the Oriental has always, in the beginning, been more than a match for the Occidental. Metternich or Talleyrand might have met Li Hung Chang, or the smooth oily talkers of Aguinaldo's cabinet, on equal terms, but I doubt it. The Oriental's idea of diplomacy is to fool his adversary for the time being, regardless of the future. The Chinaman goes through life trying to fool his God with simple devices, and to draw the

wool over the eyes of his superiors. There is only one kind of diplomacy that either the Chinese or the Filipino understands, and that is brute force. You may temper it with justice, but the force must be plainly in evidence. Sweet words and assurances of esteem are not believed by the Orientals, and are accepted as an indisputable evidence of weakness. This phase of diplomacy is unexpected and childlike, and it does not take the Occidental diplomat long to value it at its real worth; but by the time he comes to understand the Oriental, he is withdrawn, and a successor arrives who has to commence in the Kindergarten class, much to the delight of his interested opponents.

The real reason for the establishment of the Tsung li Yamen, or Foreign Office, was to provide an air-cushion against which the missiles thrown by the foreign ministers at the "August Lofty One," would be received with the least amount of friction. It is the same to-day in the Philippine Islands. Each new general or commission cannot believe that the Filipino is as black as he is painted by those who know him best, or that he is an absolute stranger to the truth, and his argument commences on that basis. By the time he finds that he has been making a fool of him-

self, and that the sweet-spoken little Filipino is as unconverted as ever, his tenure of office expires, or he resigns, and goes home in disgust.

It was right in line with this class of diplomacy that Prince Kung, in 1867, persuaded Mr. Anson Burlingame, the United States Minister at Peking, to resign, and accept a mission to all Europe, whose object really was to tell the world how foolish it was to expect the Chinese to carry out to the letter the obnoxious Tientsin Treaty, and also to inform Europe how wise, generous, and high-spirited the dear Chinese really were, and how sadly they were misunderstood. He was also to promise that if they were left alone they would, of their own sweet will, do far more to improve friendly relations than if they were continually brow-beaten and made to live up to their promises. Mr. Burlingame was a man of much eloquence and great enthusiasm, and was fast making converts in high places, when in June, 1870, the terrible Tientsin massacre occurred, which was so revolting in its details that what little progress the mission had made was irretrievably lost. On account of a rumor that children were put to death in the French Foundling Hospital, for the sake of their eyes, which were made into opium, a mob burned the hospital, outraged and mur-

dered the Sisters of Mercy, burned the French Consulate, shot the consul, and murdered in the most cruel manner eighteen Frenchmen and two Russians.

One would think after paying for this outrage an indemnity of half a million dollars, and sending an embassy to France to make a public apology, that the Chinese authorities at least would have published in their Official Gazette the fact that foreign Sisters of Mercy did not manufacture opium out of children's eyes. And yet, strange as it may seem, they took exactly the opposite course, and encouraged the fanaticism of the common people. This attitude resulted in the deplorable murder of Mr. Margary, of the British consular service, on February 20, 1875, at Momein. With the full consent of the Chinese authorities, and supplied with proper passports, Mr. Margary and Colonel Brown were traveling through Yunnan, reporting on the trade possibilities of the country after the ravages of the recent Mohammedan rebellion. Their mission was distinctly a peaceful one, and they were neither spies nor were they accused of being such. Their murder was the simple outburst of the fanaticism of the Chinese; and had the latter been Apaches, instead of a "refined, intelligent, and

civilized nation," according to Mr. Anson Burlingame, they could not have behaved in a more barbarous manner. British remonstrances were met by the Peking officials with prevarications and delays; and it was not until Sir Thomas Wade lowered the Legation Flag, and started to leave the country, that the Tsung li Yamen awoke to the idea that their bluff was about to be called. Further than this, the mother of Tung Chi had no desire to once more flee from Peking to escape the guns of the hated foreigner. Li Hung Chang was dispatched in hot haste to overtake Wade, and come to an understanding at any cost.

The results of the Chefoo Convention were the sending of a Chinese minister to England, the settlement of compensation for the murder, the opening of four new ocean treaty ports, and six on the Yangtsze. Again had history repeated itself, and the Chinese had shown that they understood the nature of an ultimatum, even if they could not appreciate the benefits of Western civilization.

IX.

TUNG CHI AND THE REGENCY.

[A.D. 1876–A.D. 1898.]

THE marriage of Tung Chi, on October 16, 1872, to Aluteh, and the attainment of his majority on February 23, 1873, was looked upon as a favorable occasion for the pressing of the audience question by the resident foreign ministers. After considerable pressure, the long delayed event took place; and on the 29th of June, 1873, the American minister, Mr. Frederick F. Low, and the ministers for Germany, France, England, and Japan, were graciously admitted to the celestial presence. The ceremony, however, was largely discounted by the fact that they were received in the "Pavilion of Purple Light," outside the palace where the envoys of tributary states had deposited their offerings from time immemorial. In order to save the august "Face," a report was disseminated throughout the provinces that Sir Thomas Wade,

the British minister, was so overcome with fear in the presence of the Son of Heaven that he fell down speechless and trembling on being addressed by the emperor. However, the door was being forced slowly open, although in a way that was not always creditable to the Europeans.

The year 1873 saw the suppression of the Mohammedan rebellion in Kansuh, and the stamping out of the terrible Panthay uprising in Yunnan. The following year complications occurred in Formosa with the Japanese because of the murder of fifty-four Japanese sailors by the Formosans. Unable to obtain satisfaction from the Chinese, the Japanese landed a force in Formosa, and war would have immediatelv followed but for the arbitration of Sir Thomas Wade.

Tung Chi did not live long to enjoy his lease of supreme power. He showed a disposition to exercise the imperial prerogative of doing as he pleased, and died conveniently of the small-pox on the 12th of January, 1875. The only person who now stood between the empress mother, Tsu Tsi, and her ambition was Aluteh and her unborn child. But Fate, which, as has often been said, is under government control in China, interposed, and the girl widow was saved many years of persecution by a premature death. Knowing how necessary

it was to the success of Tsu Tsi's policy that the young empress should die, no one was surprised, and no inconvenient questions were asked.

The transfer of the imperial yellow from the shoulders of one royal puppet to another created historically a new reign; otherwise it was an event without significance in Peking. The old triumvirate had simply chosen a new figure-head for the Junk of State. The officers, the crew, and the pilot were the same. So sure were the two empress-dowagers that Aluteh would die of a "broken heart" before the delivery of her unborn child, that they did not even wait for the event to take place, but without regard to time-honored customs chose Tung Chi's successor. The three-year old son of Prince Chun, a younger brother of Prince Kung, was raised to the unenviable position, and given the ironical title of Kwang Su,—"brilliant succession." Having now guaranteed the permanency of the Regency by this successful *coup d'état* for another term of years, Tsu Tsi felt that she was fully capable of conducting the affairs of state without the aid of her dowager consort. So, as might have been expected, that August Lady died in 1881 of heart failure, "which nobody can deny," and the ex-concubine of Hienfung became the supreme director of the empire, and as such made a

place for herself in history by the side of the great Empress Wu. Tsu Tsi's favorite, Li Hung Chang, was at once put in training to succeed Prince Kung; and in July, 1884, the trouble with France in Tonking furnished an opportunity to dispose of the veteran statesman.

Li's elevation was contrary to precedent, as the post had always been filled by a Manchu; but Tsu Tsi could not be expected to respect the customs of a nation that permitted itself to be ruled by a woman of her character and antecedents. She even called Prince Chun, the father of the emperor, to serve under Li as first minister of state, although according to ancestral rites a father cannot take orders from his son. Prince Chun accepted the post; but instead of playing the docile subject of the royal dummy, he asserted his rights as a father and an ancestor, and acquired an influence for good over the half-grown boy. In this he was assisted by the Marquis Tseng, who had just returned from the Court of St. James with his head filled with nineteenth century ideas. Together they schemed to woo the boy from the corrupting influences of the dowager and Li, and through him to inaugurate a more enlightened policy in China. The fashion of sending a dangerous noble his silken cord had become unfashionable in China since the

arrival of the barbarians; but the fashion of dying of "broken heart" and "heart failure" served the same purpose. In 1890 Marquis Tseng, in the prime of life, and while in splendid health, died, and a few months later Prince Chun passed away. The power of the Dowager Empress was not again questioned, until the shock of the Japanese war loosened for a time her grasp upon the throne.

A year after the placing of Kwang Su on the throne, the government found itself face to face with a Mohammedan rebellion. The inhabitants of Turkestan had never been happy in their vassalage, and since the last abortive attempt in 1825 to obtain their independence under the leadership of Jehangir, a descendant of their royal line, the people had been preparing for another trial. A son of Jehangir had headed a rebellion, and with the aid of his able general, Yakoob Khan, driven the Chinese out of Khokand, and for a time re-established his line. But in 1866 Yakoob deposed his king, and placed the crown on his own brow, and became known as "The Champion Father." He subdued Western Kashgaria, reduced the neighboring tribes, and created for himself an empire that bade fair to be permanent. The Russians, pretending to believe that the imperial troops were not able to re-assert their sovereignty over this section,

served notice on the Chinese government that they intended to occupy the trade routes until such time as China was able to protect them. A Russian force seized Kuldja and its tributary country, and held it until 1881, when it was surrendered to China, with the exception of a strip of territory on the extreme western boundary of the province of Ili. She also exacted the payment of a war indemnity of 9,000,000 roubles.

Yakoob Khan's example was followed by the Dunganis tribe of eastern Turkestan, which overran the Tienshan mountains, and flowed into the provinces of Kansuh and Shensi. These uninterrupted successes aroused the imperial government to the seriousness of the situation, and General Tso was dispatched with a big force to try and save western China to the empire. By the end of 1876 he had driven the Dunganis out of China, and practically ended the rebellion. The "Champion Father" did not await the Chinese attack, but advanced with his entire force, nearly a thousand miles, to meet Tso. He was completely defeated for his pains in two battles. He escaped to Korla, where he died in May, 1877. With his demise his empire came to an end. Tso was rewarded with the viceroyalty of the two Kiang provinces.

China has from time immemorial been subject to famines, and the cause has usually been too much or too little water; but until the famine of 1878, during which some 8,000,000 died, their full significance had never been brought to the notice of America and Europe. For four years no rain had fallen in the Provinces of Shansi and Shensi, and the raising of the commonest necessities of life was impossible. Li Hung Chang was deputed by the regents to take charge of the dying millions, and subscription papers were circulated all over the world. The foreign relief committee in Shanghai raised 204,560 taels, a portion of which it is to be hoped reached the masses, although peculation among the distributers was rife.

In 1881 the emperor gave Korea formal permission to contract treaties with foreign countries. Admiral Shufeldt, on the part of the United States, had, however, already entered into a treaty of peace, amity, and commerce with Korea, in 1882; Japan, in 1876; and England, in 1883. China hoped by this concession to place Korea on such a basis that by means of treaties she could in a measure enter the family of nations, and be freed from all danger of Russian aggression. The United States so far recognized Korea as to accredit Lucius H. Foote as minister to that coun-

STREET IN THE CONCESSION, SHANGHAI.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

try. In 1885 the Koreans made an attack on the Japanese legation, and drove them out of the country. Japan promptly demanded an apology and indemnity; and an agreement was entered into between China and Japan that neither should send troops to Korea without first informing the other; a ridiculous engagement that led to serious consequences.

China had barely escaped a war with Japan over one of her feudatory states, when she was plunged into a war with France over another. For fully a century France had looked upon Annam as within her "sphere of influence," and French missionaries had been working among the Annamese with indifferent success. In 1858 France seized Saigon, and made it her base for commercial operations in Cochin China. It was not long before complications arose between the invaders and the suzerain states, and in 1882 the French decided definitely to annex Tongkin. The capital town of Hanoi was captured, and the important towns of Sontay and Bacinh invested. Li Hung Chang urged the regents to make peace with France, and he was empowered to confer with Captain Fournier of the French navy. A treaty was entered into that only lacked the date as to when it should go into effect to make

it perfect. As it was, the French troops tried to take possession of Langson, and precipitated an engagement with the Chinese, in which the French were badly defeated. This led to the reopening of hostilities. No one will ever know whether the omission of the necessary date in the treaty was an oversight, or another sample of Chinese diplomacy. General Negrier captured Langson on February 13, 1885, and Admiral Courbet unsuccessfully bombarded Kelung on the northern coast of Formosa, after which he sailed for Foochow, where he utter destroyed the Chinese fleet. Returning to Formosa the French admiral succeeded, after five attempts, in reducing Kelung, and later occupied the Pescadores. In Tongking the French land forces were able to make but little headway against the Black Flags, and the war degenerated into a guerilla campaign. By this time both sides were thoroughly tired of the war. It had cost China 60,000,000 taels, and the loss of her Foochow fleet, and had been a heavy drain on the French treasury. A treaty was signed on June 9, 1885, that gave France the sovereignty of Tongking.

The year after this treaty, China lost another feudatory by the occupation of upper Burmah by Great Britain; and on March 17, 1890, China's

back door was crowded open by the establishment of a trade route from India into Thibet.

In 1884 Kwang Su was married to a daughter of the dowager empress's brother, and the foreign ministers took advantage of the occasion to press the audience question with the usual result, that in 1891 they were again graciously received by the Son of Heaven in the Palace of Tributary Nations. It was for the last time, however; as, immediately afterwards, the diplomatic corps passed resolutions to forego the ceremony rather than submit to the indignity. This was exactly the show of firmness that the Chinese needed; and in the following year, when the Austrian minister came to present his credentials, he was received in one of the minor halls of the palace itself, as a little later was the British representative. The question, however, settled itself on the conclusion of the Japanese war, with a suddenness that would have been tragic had it not been laughable. For two hundred years Western diplomacy had exhausted itself in its endeavors to be recognized; but when it became a matter of personal interest to the Chinese, the long coveted privilege was granted without the asking. China at last condescended to recognize the equality of all nations at a time when she was inferior even to

her former tributary states. In May, 1898, Prince Henry of Prussia was received by the emperor standing, and had his call returned; and I would not be surprised to be told by the next distinguished globe trotter that while "doing" Peking, he had been invited to drink tea with the August and only Son of Heaven.

A war between China and Japan was inevitable. Their hatred of each other was of no sudden growth, but had been cultivated for centuries. On the Chinese side it was an outspoken contempt for the "dwarfs"; on the Japanese it was a settled determination to avenge a long series of insult and impositions. The Chinese sent troops into Korea in 1894, without notifying Japan according to the treaty of May, 1895. The Japanese were prepared, and promptly resented this last insult by sending five thousand men under General Oshima to the mainland. The empress rather welcomed the prospect of war, as a successful one would add luster to her sixtieth birthday, which she was preparing to celebrate with unparalleled magnificence in the fall of the year. The entire empire was "invited" to contribute generously to the fête; and up to the outbreak of the war, tribute and presents from all the provinces were on their way to Peking. It was her intention to make her

birthday the most remarkable celebration of its kind in the long history of the empire. Li Hung Chang realized that China was not prepared for a war; but Tsu Tsi was determined to chastise "the insolent pygmies," and at the same time become the Semiramis of China.

The Japanese quietly held their ground; and on the 25th of July, one of their cruisers, the "Nanawa," encountered the chartered English transport "Kowshing," carrying eleven thousand Chinese troops, and safeguarded by two men-of-war approaching the Korean coast. Here, again, was an example of a contemptuous breach of the treaty of China. The captain of the "Nanawa" did not hesitate; and in less than an hour one of the Chinese men-of-war was a wreck, and the "Kowshing" had gone to the bottom with its human freight. On August 1, 1894, war was formally declared; and the Chinese had the bad taste to refer in their royal proclamation to the Japanese as "the Dwarfs." Both sides dispatched large reënforcements to Korea; and the first encounter at Asam, in Korea, was the first of a series of brilliant victories that placed Japan among the first-class powers of the world. At Pingyang, on September 15, the Chinese were defeated with a loss of over six

thousand men, and large quantities of arms and provisions were captured. The remnants of their demoralized army fled to the north, plundering and terrorizing the very people whom they were supposed to protect from a merciless invader. Two days later the Japanese and Chinese fleets encountered each other at the mouth of the Yalu River. Each fleet consisted of twelve ships, although the Chinese was supplemented with six torpedo boats. The Chinese admiral, Ting, steamed out of the harbor; and boldly engaged the enemy. The battle began about ten o'clock in the morning and lasted for six hours. It will always be historical, as being the first general naval battle between modern fleets. Ting was a brave man, and fought his ships well; but he was outmaneuvered by the swifter Japanese cruisers, and at the end of the engagement he had lost five of his ships, and the balance were in full flight. The Japanese were so badly punished that they were unable to follow up their victory, and Ting took the remnant of his fleet into Port Arthur.

With the Chinese fleet placed on the defensive, the Japanese had simply the disorganized Chinese land forces to deal with. Count Cayama arrived at Kinchow (October 24), thirty-four miles south of Port Arthur, and Marshal Yamagata hurried

northward with his victorious army, occupied Wiju, crossed the Yalu, joined forces with General Nodzu, and on the 25th of October signally defeated the Chinese at Hushan. On the 5th and 6th of November, Kinchow and Talienwan surrendered to Oyama, and so opened the door to Port Arthur. Port Arthur, which was supposed to be, and should have been, impregnable to a land attack, was carried by assault on the 21st of November, with a loss to the invaders of only four hundred men. The news was received all over the world with unbounded astonishment. Nature had fortified the fort, and Li Hung Chang had spent large sums in filling it with the most modern guns. Nothing but the most arrant cowardice or unpatriotic treachery can explain its surrender.

Oyama did not rest on his laurels, but immediately marched north into Manchuria, capturing Fuchow and Kaipingchow. The old empress by this time had all the glory of a foreign war that she cared for; and on the advice of Li Hung Chang two foolish attempts were made to turn the war into diplomatic channels by dispatching unaccredited peace embassies to Japan. Quite rightly no attention was paid to them by the Japanese; and the invaders advanced on Wei-hai-wei, which was guarded by what was left of

Ting's fleet. The fortress surrendered, and its guns were turned on the Chinese ships, while the Japanese fleet under Admiral Ito blocked the harbor entrance. On February 7 Ting realized that his cause was hopeless. He signified his intention to surrender, and then committed suicide. He was the only great character on the Chinese side during the shameful war, and had he lived he would have paid for his bravery with his life in Peking. Ito sent his remains in a Japanese man-of-war to Chefoo — awarding the just tribute of an honorable enemy to a brave man.

The Dowager Empress was now thoroughly frightened. As the concubine of Hienfung, she had accompanied him in exile to Jehol in 1860, and she had no desire to repeat the journey after her thirty years of supreme power. She ordered her favorite Li Hung Chang to proceed to Japan with full plenipotentiary powers, and to conclude a treaty at any cost. Li told Colonel Charles Denby, the American minister, that he had a presentiment that he would never return alive; and his presentiment was so far verified by an attempt on his life by a crazy Japanese. He was shot in the face, and will carry the ugly scar to his grave. On October 17 a treaty of peace was signed by the contracting powers, whereby the Liatung

Peninsula, including Port Arthur, Formosa, and the Pescadores, was ceded to Japan, and a war indemnity of two hundred million taels was awarded. Although there was a strong party in Peking that protested against the ratification of the humiliating terms, the emperor signed it on May 8, and gave as an excuse his filial love and tender solicitude for the Dowager Empress, "the venerable lady who, if hostilities were renewed, and Peking threatened by the Japanese, would have to seek refuge in flight, and have been exposed once more to the hardships of a long and arduous journey."

Russia, Germany, and France, for purely selfish motives, remonstrated so strongly against the cession of Liatung, that the Japanese foolishly withdrew, accepting in lieu a further indemnity of thirty million taels. Japan had to occupy Formosa by force of arms, and has virtually had to hold it ever since by the same means; but the war was closed, and the nations involved were left to accommodate themselves to their new conditions.

It soon became apparent why China's three European friends did not want Japan to have a foothold on the continent. Russia showed her hand first by seizing Port Arthur, although Count

Mouravieff had positively assured the British government that the presence of Russian warships in Port Arthur in December, 1897, was due solely to the convenience of wintering there. It is now an open secret that the Russian admiral had orders to retire from Port Arthur, should Sir Claude Macdonald, the British minister, decline to believe the fairy tale, and order a British fleet to the same convenient winter resort. Russia, in addition, demanded the right to build the Siberian railway through Manchuria to Vladivostock, with a branch line to Kirin Mukden and Port Arthur.

France required, as her *quid pro quo*, the construction of a railway to meet the French railway on the frontier, and so join Tongking with Nanning on the West River, thereby tapping the provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen. She also demanded the lease of Kwangchow on the Lienchow Peninsula, opposite the Island of Hainan. Germany first asked certain mining and financial privileges; and later, as a lesson to China that the lives of her missionaries must be respected, Admiral Von Diedrichs steamed into Kiaochow Bay, on the Shangtung coast, and forcibly "leased" the harbor, village, and neighboring coast. Russia obtained Port Arthur and Talienwan, on the same liberal terms; and England, horror-stricken at the

reckless way in which her rivals hustled the dread Son of Heaven, made a grab for Wei-hai-wei and the lease of the Kowloon Peninsula opposite Hong Kong.

The partition of China stopped with these "leases," although Italy occupied, and then asked for, Samun Bay. After she had surveyed the harbor, Italy found that she had drawn a blank; the Italian minister at Peking was relieved, and the successor of the great Roman empire smothered her desire for Chinese colonies.

The outbreak of the Spanish-American war in 1898 drew the attention of the world from China, and gave her for a short time a "lease" of what she needed very much — life. The coming of the Americans to the Philippines introduced a new element into the Chinese question that was puzzling, and the powers desisted for a time until they had taken our measure. The trip of Lord Charles Beresford through China in 1899, and his subsequent visit to Washington, aroused the United States to the necessity of protecting our trade interest in China by insisting on an "open door."

On September 6, 1899, secretary John Hay communicated with the United States representatives in Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and Japan, notifying them of the desire of the United States

relative to the "open door" policy. Ambassador Choate's note to the British government succinctly expressed the attitude of America.

He said: "The president understands that it is the settled policy and purpose of Great Britain not to use any privilege received from China to exclude any commercial rivals. The United States government cannot conceal their apprehensions of the danger of complication arising between the treaty powers which may imperil the rights assured to the United States by treaty. The United States hope to retain China as an open market for the world's commerce, to remove dangerous sources of international irritation, and thereby hasten united action by the powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms so greatly needed for strengthening the imperial government, and maintaining the integrity of China, in which the United States believe the whole western world is alike concerned. The United States believe that such a result would be greatly aided and advanced by declarations on the part of the powers claiming spheres in China, respecting their intentions with regard to the treatment of foreign trade and commerce in those spheres; and the United States consider that the present is a very favorable moment for informing Great Britain of the desire of the United States

that Great Britain should make a declaration on her own part, and lend her powerful support in the effort to obtain from each power having spheres a declaration to the effect that it will in no wise interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within any so-called sphere of interest or leased territory that it may have in China; that the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed at or shipped to all such ports as are within such sphere, unless they be free ports, no matter to what nationality they may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese government; that the power approached will levy no higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such sphere than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, nor any higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated in its sphere on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities than are levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own citizens."

All the nations replied favorably; and on March 20, 1900, Colonel Hay was able to notify the United States representatives abroad that the powers addressed had accepted, and that he would consider their consent final and definite. The result of the negotiations may be considered a

diplomatic triumph for America; as Great Britain, Russia, Germany, and France have been at a vast expense of blood and treasure in opening China's door, and the expense of keeping it open is no small figure. The policing of the inland rivers, the maintaining of consuls wherever there is hope of trade, the exploring of possible trade routes, and the support of cruisers to guarantee life and property along the coast, represent an outlay in which the United States does not share, but by this agreement hopes to benefit.

Before the Spanish-American war the powers would have laughed at such a one-sided proposition; but at this time, when no one knows what a day may bring forth, the powers have a right to feel that the victory is theirs in so much as they have made the United States a party to the future, and at the same time forced her to acknowledge and overlook the crimes of the past. An uprising, a rebellion, a palace intrigue, that endangers trade or life, means that the United States must send troops up the Peiho and constitute itself one of the policemen of China. With a base at Manila we are in a position to fulfill our part of the contract, but I fear that time may convince us that we have married in haste to repent at leisure. The "Boxer" rebellion, so-called, is but a foretaste.

X.

THE REIGN OF KWANG SU.

[A. D. 1898 TO A. D. 1900.]

THE result of the Japanese war was a bitter blow to the pride of the old empress and her favorite, Li Hung Chang. For the time it completely dethroned the "petticoat government," and gave Kwang Su a chance to put into practice some of the lessons he had learned from his unfortunate father and the Marquis Tseng. He surrounded himself with men of liberal education and modern ideas, chief among whom was a Cantonese, Kang-Yu-Wei, who is known for his learning, both in western literature and in the classics, as the "Modern Sage." He was appointed Secretary of the Tsung-li-Yamen.

The court squabbles between the young emperor and the old empress came to a climax immediately after the seizure of Kiaochow; and on the February following all the world knew that Kwang Su was the real ruler of China, and that

the long-looked-for Europeanizing of the country was to commence. The vermillion pencil did not hesitate. Edict after edict appeared in its sacred color which threatened to do for China what had already been accomplished in Japan. No useless custom or absurd ceremony, no matter how hallowed by age, escaped its editing; and while the literati held up their hands in horror, all the world laughed.

Kwang Su deserves a place in history as the prize iconoclast. He sent a cold shiver down the spine of the literati by declaring that a man's fitness for office should not depend upon his ability to write a poem, or upon the elegance of his penmanship. He suggested that there were other qualifications for office that would be taken into consideration other than a parrot-like acquaintance with the classics. He ordered the establishment of a university for the study of western science in Peking, and a board of translation for the publication of western books in the Chinese language. A thorough reorganization of the army was proposed; and young Manchus were urged to travel abroad, and learn foreign manners and customs. Liberal newspapers were started, and by an edict over six thousand officials who were holding sinecures at Peking were turned out of office. During Sep-

tember, 1898, every day brought forth a new and startling edict regarding railways, mines, newspapers, manufactories; and strangely enough, the young emperor over-reached himself in his enthusiasm, by proposing to issue an edict forbidding the pigtail, and substituting European for native dress. This was too much. The literati argued that at the rate at which the emperor was going, it might be expected that he would do away with chop-sticks, and inaugurate daily baths. In truth the royal informer had gone too fast. In a few months he had managed to array against himself the corrupt bureaucracy, the peculating army, the hide-bound literati, and lastly, he had frightened the common people. Leading and directing all these antagonistic elements was the crafty old empress dowager and her equally crafty henchman, Li Hung Chang.

A catastrophe was inevitable; and on the 21st of September, 1898, the world was given to understand that a *coup d'état* had taken place in Peking, and that the empress dowager had once more resumed the control of the government. Shortly afterwards, as might have been expected, it was noted in the Peking Gazette that the emperor was seriously ill, and for a time it was thought he was dead. The foreign legations ten-

dered the services of their physicians; and the British minister was instructed to inform, "She who must be obeyed," that the premature death of the emperor would create a bad impression in Europe and America, and might lead to complications. Kwang Su recovered immediately.

Experience had taught Tsu Tsi nothing, and she came back into power worse than when she went out. Adversity had hardened her, and she was burning for revenge. At once she went to the extreme in her frantic efforts to stamp out the seeds of reform, and bring to death the reformers. Whenever she had them in her power she executed them without mercy; and in June, 1900, her minister in Washington, who had been given a degree of LL.D. by one of our foolish colleges, reported against certain Chinese merchants in the United States, whose only crimes were their signing of a petition humbly praying that their emperor die not of "a broken heart." The wives and families in China of these men were imprisoned and robbed because of this show of patriotism on the part of their husbands in Chicago and San Francisco. If the "Boxer" rebellion, which soon after broke out and laid waste the country between Tientsin and Peking, were to be successful, it would be no more than the old empress should

expect if she would ever stop to consider herself as others see her. Kang Wu Wei escaped from Peking, and was conveyed to Hong Kong in a British man-of-war. Shortly afterwards he proceeded to Singapore, where he ran less danger of being kidnapped into Chinese territory.

It took but a few days to undo all that Kwang Su had attempted; and the implacable old woman and her faithful man "Friday," were speedily trying to make themselves believe that they were living in the days of the Empress Wu. In order to close the eyes of the foreign legation at Peking, or, what was more important, their mouths, Tsu Tsi had the supreme assurance to "graciously" consent to receive the wives of the ministers in audience. It is regrettable to record that the women invited accepted with alacrity, and that a big social fight was made to obtain invitations for the wives of the secretaries of the legations as well. The old empress, however, would not include them, as her game was to receive through the wives of the foreign ministers a recognition as the real ruler of China. To have made it a social event would have destroyed the object aimed at. She who was a usurper, in the very face of the fact that Kwang Su's wife was the actual empress of China, must have laughed in her

sleeve, and regretted that it was not as easy to defeat the hated barbarians in war as it was in diplomacy.

Yet with all her assurances and smiles, the dowager had never forgiven Kwang Su for the shock his twentieth century ideas had given her. She was biding her time, and carefully preparing for her palace *coup d'état.* Early in January, 1900, Li Hung Chang was dispatched to Canton as viceroy of the two Kwangs — because he was too familiarly known to the Western countries to look well as a party to an old-fashioned court murder. On January 24, 1900, the news was flashed from Peking that Kwang Su had resigned his crown, and that Put Sing, the infant son of Prince Tuan, had been recognized in his place. A storm of disapproval shook the empire. A few days later the report was sent out that Kwang Su had died. In this the old dowager had overreached herself. If she had simply started the report in order to feel the public pulse, and ascertain how her subjects would accept the death of the emperor, the result must have startled her more than the Japanese war. Even the inert mass of the Chinese empire was for the moment galvanized into what looked like opposition. The foreign ministers, or at least those representing the cause of order —

America (Mr. Edwin H. Conger), Great Britain, and Germany, whose services are sometimes useful when France or Russia asks a little too much, protested; and petitions, very humbly worded indeed, but not altogether despised, came rumbling in from the provinces, and from the Chinese in America and Australia. Li Hung Chang, with his characteristic instinct for evasion, would not declare himself one way or the other; and for the instant affairs looked very black. Nominally the young emperor still sat on the dishonored throne of his ancestors; but everything was being done to lower his prestige, and to treat him as a mere intruder and usurper,—a course which the empress dowager failed to perceive would not relieve her from the pressure of Western civilization, but was actually hastening the dissolution of the empire.

Outrages on subjects of powerful states, though at the time they may seem a glorious assertion of independence, and may for a while go unpunished, have in the end proved bad policy. Yet China has never learned by experience. Outrages of this sort led to the first war of 1842 and the opening of the five ports. A renewal of those outrages brought about the second and third wars, and the opening of the northern and Yangtsze ports.

The massacres in Szechuen and Fuhkin called for still further demands, and the attempts to oust the Japanese from Korea only ended in the loss of Formosa and Shing King. Outrages in Shantung brought the Germans; and this led to the military occupation by Russia of Manchuria and Liaotung, the cession of Weihaiwei and Kowloon to England, and, as a counterpoise, of Kwangchow to France.

All these events happened within the lifetime of the empress dowager, and should have been enough to have taught her sufficient wisdom to dissuade her from continuing so losing a game. There seems, however, to attend the old age of nations, as of individuals, a period of dotage, when old habits become tyrants, and reason grows too feeble to arrest the inevitable decay. When China was young and vigorous her envoys and ships were to be found all over Asia. She carried her trade even as far as Zanzibar and the east coast of Africa, and met on equal terms the Arab merchant, then the great trader of the world. She had then no pro- nor anti-foreign party, and the wayfarer from abroad was hospitably received in her ports. While such is the aspect of China towards foreign nations, at home the present pretense of government is insidiously sapping the foundations of law and order. It has been un-

ceasingly fanning the flame of dissatisfaction. The mob in China, like that in every other country, cares for nothing but plunder; and it is easy to direct its fury against the foreigner, whether it be the Jew in Russia or the missionary in China.

In the metropolitan province itself men like Generalissimo Junglu and Kangyi have been at work for years fomenting trouble, but it is in Shantung and Kwangtung that the effects of such teachings are most seriously felt. The chiefs of the present "Boxer" uprising are nothing more than disciples of the empress's favorites. They forget, however, that with the first taste for blood the mob changes from the willing tool into a wild, unthinking beast. A ruler like Li Hung Chang might be expected to have learned the first principles of settled government; but affairs have proceeded so far that Kwangtung broke in a blaze of rebellion, and all authority was openly defied. Piracy was everywhere; and even the presence of English river gunboats on the West River, above Canton, had little if any effect. It needed measures stronger than the old viceroy cared to incur the expense of to restore his province to anything like order. Twelve years ago the province of Shantung was probably the most contented of the eighteen. To-day, owing to the

example set in Peking, it is a hotbed of factions, and the Imperial Government is openly defied. As a result, one foreigner (Rev. Mr. Brooks) has been barbarously murdered; and every mail brings reports of the killing or persecuting of missionaries, prospectors, and railway surveyors.

Unfortunately China, in her long political career, has never evolved any self-acting check on misrule; and the sole remedy has ever been rebellion or conquest. A nation has the government it best deserves. If China were worthy of a good government it would have it. Such was the deliberate statement of General Gordon on returning from his last visit to Peking. The position of affairs in Peking has not altered for the better since then, and to-day is not very unlike what it was in the last days of the Mings, when the progress of the Manchu arms was fostered more by treachery than by prowess. This statement practically brings Chinese history up to date of the "Boxer" uprising. Beyond that, in spite of all the half-known but dramatic happenings, is little more than prophecy; and while it is perfectly safe to predict the future of China by her past, there is no value in such predictions, and very little of interest. Half the books that are being written on China to-day are made up of the

prophetic visions of some distinguished traveler, who has lived a few months or a year in her open treaty ports. As the "sick man of Asia," China has been blessed with a host of doctors, and one can safely predict that their prescriptions will certainly either kill or cure.

XI.

THE COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK.

EVERY writer on Chinese conditions devotes at least one chapter to the commercial outlook as he sees it, or to pointing out the openings for American goods in the Oriental market. For years our efficient consuls along the Yellow Sea have been filling the "Consular Reports" with the result of their careful study and investigations of the subject. Dr. Morrison, the famous commissioner of the London "Times" at Peking, has gone over the question again and again, and returned officials have delivered hundreds of lectures before chambers of commerce and boards of trade in America. During the past three years, I have written enough on this subject to fill many chapters, and all of us have said or written more or less the same thing.

Trade in China is not to be picked up like gold nuggets in the Klondike. The Chinese will need

to be educated to the use of American prints and labor-saving machinery, just as their taste was cultivated for Indian opium, before we can sell them the products of our looms and rolling-mills. The American house that sends an agent out here with a box of samples, and expects to work up a business that will demand the services of a fleet of steamships, on the mere investment of a ticket from San Francisco to Hong Kong, will be sadly discouraged with the results. In this story of the history of China, I hope I have impressed the reader with at least one Chinese characteristic, — conservativeness. It is all very well to deal in big round figures, and to make glittering promises as to future trade possibilities; but judging the future by the past, it will be some years before we can persuade the Chinaman to discard the chopsticks for the knife and fork, or his cheap, comfortable dress for New England shoddy. In three hundred years of intercourse with Europe and America, we have been able to introduce three articles, — opium, kerosene, and flour, — although there is at present a very respectable trade done in steel and prints.

There is no possible way of carrying the Chinese market by storm. It must be studied, nursed, and coaxed. The rich Chinese appreciate Pari-

sian novelties and jewelry, and are large buyers of music-boxes, mechanical toys, phonographs, fancy watches, ornamental clocks, etc.; but they have an utter contempt for American beds or steam-drills. In order to sell carriages, the Chinese must first be taught the advantages of good roads. It is not because of a lack of example that they do not build them; but they have been able to get along very well for three thousand years without them, and unless they are forced to construct them, they will probably continue in the good old way. The splendid roads that the English are building in the new Kowloon territory run flush up to the Chinese quarter, but not an inch farther.

The commercial conversion of China will be much easier to accomplish than its religious conversion; but it cannot be brought about by a flood of circulars in the English language, or by flowery editorials in the American newspapers. So far, the Americans have not taken hold of the trade problem in a sensible, determined manner; and I do not believe that we ever will, until the time arrives when we must have a foreign market for our surplus productions. To-day prices are so high in America, both for manufactured articles and for labor, that there is little or no incentive

to compete for the Chinese market against the English and Germans.

Our chambers of commerce urge the building of gigantic trunk-lines from one end of China to the other, as though it were a simple proposition that required only money; and they naturally urge that China will, of course, be delighted to have any country or syndicate expend $100,000,000 for their benefit. They forget, however, that every concession to build a railroad, to navigate a ship in the inland waters, or to even buy Chinese products, has been obtained at the muzzle of the gun. The history of the little railroad from Wusung to Shanghai, a distance of twelve miles, is an object lesson in Chinese appreciation of Western efforts to introduce Western methods. The completion of the enterprise in 1875 was heralded all over Europe as the entering wedge into the Chinese markets. During its building the Chinese officials did not object, as they did not realize what was taking place; but as soon as the train began to run, then they understood what the foreigners meant by an "entering wedge." A Chinaman was found who, for a small sum to his family, was willing to throw himself under the wheels of the cars. The Literati immediately demanded a life for a life; the minds of the vil-

lagers were filled with the absurd tale that the noise of the engine disturbed the "Fungsui," or spirits of the air; and, crazed with fear, they created such a series of disturbances that the only way out was to sell the railroad to the Chinese government, who immediately tore up the rails, and obliterated the roadbed.

There have been two short lines built in China since; but the only successful railroad building is done by the Russians, and they are backed by the entire force of the Russian army and navy. Confucius has warned his countrymen against new devices from abroad, and the people will have to be educated away from Confucianism before they will of their own notion take kindly to railroads in China. The English made the usual mistake in submitting to the prejudices of the Chinese. Had Sir Thomas Wade insisted on the integrity of the little Wusung line, and a gunboat stationed off Shanghai, Confucius's maxim would have been cast into limbo, and railroads would to-day spider-web China from end to end.

While we have been idly dreaming of railroad building and scrambling for mining concessions in the unopened empire, the Germans have come into the field, gone to work intelligently, and created a market for themselves. It is a peculiar

market, and not one that they themselves probably expected to find; but it was the outgrowth of the wants of the people. For example, they saw that they could soon create a demand for cheap lamps. The Chinese were quick to recognize the benefits of American kerosene; and the Standard Oil Company might have doubled their export if they had years ago given away one hundred thousand cheap tin lamps like those the Germans are now selling for from fifty cents to one dollar and a half (Mexicans).

The advertising of Chinese goods by the Chinese is, whenever possible, done by free distribution of samples. A drug-store opens in Canton, and starts out to sell the same old panacea under a new name. The first year they may spend ten thousand dollars (Mexicans) in the distribution of samples. In fact, they really invest all their capital in this kind of advertising. Their stock is almost worth nothing, but I know of drug-firms in Canton that could sell their sign-boards (trade-marks) for one hundred thousand taels at any time, who commenced in this way a few years ago. The Chinese never buy without first testing; and if the article is satisfactory, it requires an earthquake to turn them to a rival article; not even a big saving in price will do it. A number of years ago the

"eagle brand" of American milk became popular among the Chinese of Canton and Hong Kong. To-day it is manufactured in Canton by the thousands — the milk, label, trade-mark, all, being counterfeited. The milk is diluted and poor; but the Chinese keep on buying, because of the "eagle" on the label.

The Germans are supplying the Chinese with lamps, cheap tools, buttons, glass, jewelry, thread, queuestrings, watches, powder, and guns. A leading firm in Hong Kong offered to place an order for fifty thousand dollars' worth of powder with any American firm that would sell as good and cheap a gunpowder as the Germans. I took samples, and sent them on to California, and obtained samples and prices in return. The quality of the American powder was all right, but the price was twenty per-cent too high. The manufacturer wanted protection prices in a free port. We forget in America that, if we wish to sell in these markets, we have got to compete with free-trade countries and with free-trade prices. For which reason, I repeat, we will not do much more than talk, until we get to the point of needing a foreign market to absorb our surplus. As yet the American merchants are not in earnest; and the talk of our doing in the next five years a trade with China

amounting to two hundred and fifty million dollars a year sounds well, but it is sheer nonsense.

The report of a commercial commission will not contain anything that has not been said and resaid by the consuls of all nations during the past ten years, or more than was lately reported by the commission from the Philadelphia Museum. If any commission is to be sent to China, it should be a political one, a committee from Congress, whose recommendations would be accepted in America, and whose opinion would be feared in China. Lord Charles Beresford's mission, although not political, was accepted as such by the Chinese; and his voice in parliament was respectfully listened to, and his advice followed. On two occasions — once on his outward, and once on his return trip — I went carefully over with him the results of his investigations; and his summing up of the entire trade situation was simply what every foreigner knows in China, — "the fear of the warship is the beginning of trade."

You can't sell goods if the Chinese won't look at them. The West River, from Canton to Nanking, was opened to foreign trade three years ago; but the Chinese have hedged it around with so many petty restrictions, and permitted it to be-

come the haunt of pirates, that, so far, they have been able to defeat the object of the treaty. The British are forced to keep three gunboats patrolling the three hundred miles between Canton and Wuchow, in order to protect what little trade they have. In the early part of 1898 the officials found that the people were consuming large quantities of American kerosene oil, and that the business had so grown that a small American steamer was daring to make regular trips between Hong Kong and Wuchow. The Chinese could not, under the treaty, forbid the import of foreign goods, so they caused it to be known that if any of the oil was spilled on the ground it would ruin the crop. A panic ensued among the rustics; and to allay the excitement, the viceroy was asked to prohibit the importation of oil as a war measure. For a time the people returned to the candle-wick, dipped in a saucer of peanut oil; but the contrast was too great; and as there had been no failure of crops, they so clamored for kerosene that the edict was revoked.

About the same time the Italian consul, who was a merchant-consul of Hong Kong, established an agency for the sale of all kinds of Italian goods in Wuchow. His consular title protected his godown; and the first year, while he was getting

established, and really losing money, no opposition was shown to his enterprise. The end of the second year found him opening a lucrative trade with a net profit for the year of seventeen thousand dollars (Mexicans). Immediately petty persecutions of all kinds commenced. At the beginning of the third year the head of the firm resigned his consular functions, whereupon a paragraph appeared in the Chinese papers of Hong Kong, that he had been dismissed from office in disgrace, and warning all Chinese against doing business with him. The article, as was afterwards proven in the Hong Kong courts, was inspired by the Wuchow officials, thoroughly frightened the Chinese, and the Italian house was compelled to take up its agency. A suit was brought in the Hong Kong Supreme Court for libel, and a judgment was awarded the Italian.

These examples might be multiplied by hundreds, but they go to show the position Chinese take toward foreign imports. They are not standing with outstretched hands praying for our canned asparagus and our high silk hats, as our newspapers and orators picture, nor will junketing commissions bring about a desire for them. The best advice I can give to merchants who honestly wish to compete for China's trade, is to imitate

the methods of the old-established English and German firms. Gunboats, earnestness, diplomacy, will give us our place in the Chinese market.

Li Hung Chang grew very pathetic in picturing the sorrows we are causing his people by excluding them from America, and especially the Philippine Islands, forgetting or ignoring the fact that China is a sealed nation to the American. There are seventy thousand Chinese in San Francisco alone, against three thousand whites of all nationalities, in all China outside of the treaty ports. Let Li open his country to the world, and then he may talk of "invidious distinctions." The life of a foreigner is unsafe ten miles from Canton, and yet the viceroy dwelt with sad emphasis on the woes of a few laundrymen who were snow-balled in San Francisco by some children during the one fall of snow of the year. During my call on the prefect of Fatshan, a city of two millions, twenty miles from Canton, I was guarded by one hundred and fifty soldiers armed with mausers, and the viceroy heaved a big sigh of relief when I returned to Canton alive and uninjured.

China should not be permitted to continue a hermit nation in this twentieth century. If the concert of nations agrees to preserve its integrity, let them first force open the door, and then nail it

back to the wall, so that the pure sunlight of modern civilization can pour in. Then, and not until then, will the boasted "open-door" policy mean anything, and all trade will have a fair field without fear or favor.

XII.

CANTON, THE TYPICAL CITY.

CANTON in China — the China of to-day and the China of a thousand years. The post-office address of Hong Kong is "China;" but it is no more the real thing than is Singapore or "Chinatown" in San Francisco.

I had read of Canton with its crowded streets; I had heard of Canton with its smells, with its execution ground, its pagoda, its yamens, and of shameen; but who can describe Canton as it is? No one — not even the kodak. Yet this wonderful city is less than a hundred miles up the broad Pearl from Hong Kong and English civilization. Thousands of tourists visit it yearly, and a line of Mississippi passenger steamers daily ply between the two antagonistic civilizations.

We boarded one evening one of the big side-wheelers, that had come up from New Orleans, around the Horn; we were prepared to be disap-

pointed, to be disgusted, to put up with whatever came in our way, but we did not dare hope for either amusement or instruction. We thought we knew what to expect.

The evening sun was lying full in the mouth of the sulphur channel as we boarded the big side-wheeler, "Honan," and slowly worked ahead among a wilderness of junks and house-boats. The evening gun heralded the approach of less gorgeous color in the channel ahead, and lights began to flicker in the fishing-villages on either hand. We drew out our chairs to the deck and enjoyed it all, — the soft night breeze laden now and again with puffs of burning joss-sticks, the purpling twilight full of strange moving objects, the islands like huge jade-stones floating upon a faintly moonlit sea, and the sense that with each churn of the twin-wheels we were drawing nearer the heart of the least understood empire on earth. Here we were on the other side of the ball, just as we imagined we would be in our school-days should we dig a well straight down, down, until we struck daylight, quite the same as the irreverent oil-prospector in Pennsylvania painted above his derrick, "We're going to drill till we strike oil, hell, or China." In our geographies there was a wood-cut of a Chinese mandarin, in

flowing robes, walking sedately by the side of two naked coolies carrying boxes of tea on a pole between them. It had been my ambition as a boy, to slip up behind that mandarin, and snip off his luxuriant queue with a pair of scissors.

As we steamed into the entrance of the great river the famous Bogue forts loomed above us on either hand. For centuries they awed the navies of the Western World; but after Captain Elliot had dropped a few hundred pounds of British iron into their midst, they lost their invulnerable character, and became but mild sport in the hands of of succeeding fleets. American engineers and American cannon could give them back their departed prowess, and again their ramparts would command the entrance to the fertile plains of the Kwang-tung province. The old walls of brick and mortar that have been thrice battered, ramble up and down the precipitous sides of the hills, and preserve the picturesqueness of the Bogue, and recall the days of the East India Company.

Here and there a fine six- or nine-storied pagoda rises above the interminable fields of rice, as useless as the ramparts of the Bogue, but answering the same purpose. They were originally erected as an abode for the spirits of the air, but once finished they were left for the spirits to do their

THE TYPICAL CHINESE CITY, CANTON ON THE PEARL.

"The streetless city stretches away with its maze of shipping, broken here and there by the towering pawn shops and the open spaces about yamens and temples."

CLAIM OF
MARYLAND

own cleaning and housekeeping. The ones we invaded in Canton had not been set to rights since the days of the Ming dynasty. Our first surprise came when we were within a few miles of Canton. We flattered ourselves that we had seen high-class river-life in Japan, Shanghai, and Hong Kong; but here again our pride went before a fall. We entered a wilderness of boats, the homes of three hundred thousand people, — streets of boats and miles of boats. Sampans, express-boats, flower-boats, junks, fish-boats, house-boats, and man-wheel-boats. We never tired of watching these last. They were big wedge-shaped cargo lorchas, fifty or more feet long. Across the stern swung a great paddle-wheel, which was worked by forty or fifty naked slaves on a treadmill. The workers are locked in a cage; and like the prisoners on the treadmills they could only keep on walking, walking, mile after mile — sometimes one way, sometimes the other, as came the word of command. It was wonderful how they dodged here and there, forward and backward, elbowing down a long lane of boats, and backing up to a wharf. A mandarin man-wheel-boat dashed by with a clash of gongs and a salvo of yells. Yellow and red dragon flags bedecked it, and through the open bull's-eye windows we caught a glimpse of black-

wood and Chinese gilding, stone pictures, paper screens. Ranged along the bank were the flower-boats, ornately carved and resplendent in green and gold, — the homes of women who are not permitted to live within the city walls.

Nearly everything in the Hong Kong market comes from Canton. As we stood on the deck of the "Honan" watching the river life, we noticed nearing us below a line of boats, deep sunk in the water. In a moment they were fastened to the steamer, the flooring of each thrown back, exposing as many floating fish-ponds. There were live fish of all sizes and all shapes, from the minnow-like whitebait to big red fellows that required all the agility and strength of their captors to manage. Each boat was divided in three compartments. Then commenced a scene of well-ordered confusion. The naked coolies stood waist deep in the chaos of struggling, writhing fish, filling basket after basket, pitching it to their mates in the bow, who in turn tossed it to the coolies above, and from there into a tank of fresh water. The fish arrived eight hours later a little seasick and shopworn, but alive for the Hong Kong market.

From a distance, or from a point of vantage, Canton is one vast sea of roofs. Not a street, and

only here and there a clump of trees, break the endless glaze of its tiled roofs. The only objects that rise above the expanse are the great ten-storied square granite pawnshops, — veritable strongholds where the rich deposit their jewels and clothing, and the poor sell their precious bits of jade. They are warehouses and pawnshops in one, and are protected from mobs by guards on the roof armed with gigantic syringes and buckets of vitriol.

I dread to invade Canton with the pen, as I must confess I feared the first plunge into it with my chair. My description must fall as far short of the reality as my wildest imagination did of the maëlstrom that I found myself in, fifty steps from the Shameen gate.

When we speak of "narrow streets," the comparison that comes to the mind is some of the old cow-paths of Boston, the alleys or lanes off Cheapside and the Strand in London, or possibly the Juden-Strasse of Frankfort, or some Continental city. I was prepared for narrow streets; but I had no idea that when our chair crossed the little bridge through the guarded iron gates that protect Shameen, the little island refuge of the Europeans, and entered what seemed to be the door of a house, that I was traversing a *bona fide* street.

The chair was a few inches wider than my body, and yet I had to keep my elbows close to my sides to keep them out of the shops on either side. Mark Twain has remarked that you could not throw a brick-bat in Rome without breaking a church window; but in Canton you have to choose your place to knock the ashes off your cigar, or they will alight in a dish of soy or dried duck on the one hand, or a pile of wonderfully wrought silk embroidery on the other. The shops have no windows or doors. From your chair you can pick their goods up on either side. Once in a while a sickly pencil of sunlight finds its way down through the little space above our heads, more seldom a breath of fresh air. Lacquered signs with golden legends hang downward bearing the mottoes or trade-marks of the shops, — "Everlasting Love," "Benevolence and Love," "Ten Thousand-fold Peace," "Thousand Beatitudes," "The Saluting Dragon," "The Dragon is Repose," etc., — legends meant to entice the buyers, and blind the spirits to the words that are said and the things that are done within. The Chinese credit their gods with the attributes of men. I say gods, for Chinese, whether they are styled Buddhist or Taoist, are as pantheistic as the old Greeks. They have gods for all wants; and a new

one is born to suit any new demand. A Chinaman will lay as clever plans to cheat or fool some particular god as to blind the eyes of a rival firm. When the typhoon signal is up on the Kowloon peninsula across from Hong Kong, dozens of little paper junks will be thrown overboard to float gayly away on the crest of the wave. It is to fool the god of the storm into thinking each tiny counterfeit presentment is the original; so he will satisfy his wrath on it while the master of the real junk sails safely away, laughing slyly at the impotent lashing of the tricked monster.

These Canton sign-boards hang down as thick as stalactites, and keep one eternally dodging as you go swiftly along the streets. At points the so-called lanes open up to a width of six feet, wide enough for two chairs to pass; but usually in one street the chairs all go in the same direction, while in a parallel one they go in the other. The thousands of pedestrians hug the side walls as we pass, or crowd into an open shop.

If we wish to turn about, it is necessary to invade one of these shops with our chairs, and swing it carefully around; and if we wish to stop, our coolies, with great shouting and gesticulating, halt the always onward procession while we descend; then our chairs go on a block or more to an open

space where they can be clear of the marchers. The fronts of the silver and silk shops are protected by heavy wooden bars set in the sill and lintel like stancheons in a cattle stable. One of these is removed to admit us, and put quickly back in place. A "sea of upturned faces," is jammed against and between the bars, and watches every movement. The shops are all alike, from the entrance, possibly ten feet by ten with joss altar in the rear; but in the larger shops you pass back of the altar, and enter the real show-rooms, large, roomy, and cool, away from the awful din of the congested street. There is nothing to see, — everything neatly folded, and placed away in locked cupboards. You ask for silk, embroideries, fur, silver, ivory, jade, and a door opens, and you are deluged with the wealth of the kings, and at such ridiculous prices that you spend every cent. In some of the shops you go up two and three stories into sunlit rooms, full of beautiful Canton ware, rare Kienlung vases, crackle-jars, fire-color porcelain josses, china dragons.

It is the street-life however, that is the most fascinating, the most appalling. Thousands of dried ducks, looking as though they had gone through a letter-press, hang above your head for a mile. Restaurants, butcher-shops, silk-stores,

blacksmiths' shops, bamboo-workers, blackwood furniture "go-downs," shoe-marts, image-makers, ivory-carvers, book-stalls, jade-stone rooms, second-hand-clothes houses, rattan-factories, and everything rub shoulders, and carry on business in peace of mind and a tremendous noise. Crowds follow you everywhere for miles. Be-draggled, dirty, red-coated soldiers of the viceroy or Tartar general's yamen desert their posts to join the procession. Our coolies go swiftly on, yelling and expostulating, sometimes seemingly to their own destruction, in the "camel's eye" of the old walls, sometimes through a crowd that it would not seem that a respectable fly would attempt, but always on, for it is our only salvation.

It gives one the horrors to think of being deserted in the heart of the city. You could wander until the gray hairs came, without ever finding your way out. There is no such thing as a straight line, or a chance to take your bearing from the sun. It is a bedlam, a babel, a chaos, a lunatic asylum, in one, and yet everyone is going sedately about on his own business. The first day I said I could wander forever through these wonderful thoroughfares; the second day my ears ached, and my brain was dizzy. I was glad to return to the European city of refuge, Shameen.

Shameen is an artificial oval island, a half a mile long and some three hundred yards in breadth. It is made up of the English and French concessions. Its south bund bounds the harbor, and a deep stone-lined canal separates it from the city. Two iron bridges with heavy gates connect it with the mainland, and a guard of Chinese soldiers protect it night and day. No Chinaman, unless he has a pass, is allowed to cross; at six o'clock every night, and again at nine the heavy gong beats; there is a blare of trumpets; a cannon fires; the gates are closed, and the foreingner lies down to sleep as safe as though he were in Hong Kong or New York. The little settlement is as beautiful as a suburb on the Hudson, — broad walks shaded with Banyan-trees, pretty gardens, broad tennis-courts, a bicycle track, and handsome brick houses, make one forget China. The trees are full of wild pigeons and ring-doves, thrushes and blackbirds; and the air is melodious with the twittering of the fungilla, and the whistle of the bittern, while sparrows flutter from covert to covert. The history of Shameen is the history of Canton for the past two hundred years, and in a large measure the history of Hong Kong. But what was once a prison is now a delightful park, a preserve for our own race.

In spite of appearances we soon found that we were not wandering aimlessly through this interminable network of streets. We had begun to think that the sights of Canton were kingfisher workers, rice-paper studios, and a maze of smells, when our chairs were set down before some ponderous gates that swung in the wind, and (so they were labeled) protected from the rain a collection of the halt and the blind.

The cold weather was coming on, and with it the season of Chinese New Year, and the beggars were swarming in from the country districts. A few rods along the wall sat a coolie with a bag the size of a flour-sack, full of copper cash, tied up in bunches of ten. A line of beggars had formed before him, and as they passed he put into each outstretched hand one of the bunches. He was one of the retainers of a rich merchant or mandarin, who was desirous of "laying up benevolence for himself." He cared nothing for the beggars, and might the next hour trample them down with his horse; but the Chinese believe that their gods keep an account-book with debit and credit sides. Every good act counterbalances a bad one, so in the winter months they lay in a stock of credits for the year's use by distributing "cash" and rice to the beggars. Every Chinaman

keeps a ledger on his own account, for fear the god will overlook a good deed or so; and when he discovers his credits running low, he sends out a runner to a temple gate to lay up more merit. There is where a kodak would have been useful. The little comedy made us forget for the moment that we were standing at the dragon gate of the world famed "Examination Hall" of Canton, where the triennial examinations for the degree of bachelor of arts take place. Next to Peking this was the greatest university in the world; more students meet within its courts and stone cells than in the halls and corridors of Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and all the big universities of America and England put together. Within its precincts issues affecting, in a greater or less degree, the destinies of the empire are determined. Every male, rich or poor, humble or great, may try, at the expense of the state, for the coveted degree of "Ku-yan" (A.B.). Among the twenty thousand are striplings and their fathers, boys of eighteen and sires of eighty.

There are no dormitories to the university. The student may study wherever he listeth, at the viceroy's literary club, or in the hovel, and come up for his examination whenever he feels qualified. He may try as often as he chooses, but the rewards

are glittering enough to cause everyone of the thousands of stone cells that line the broad granite boulevard to be taken. The successful candidates are given government employment, while the three highest are, in addition to rank and position, awarded settled incomes, so that they are free to continue their studies if they do not care for political preferment. There is no progression, no advancement, nothing modern in this university. The themes and questions are from the classics, the same to-day as a hundred years ago, the same as five hundred. The honor man, who for the time being is greater than the viceroy, knows the "Confucian Analects," "The Doctrine of the Man," the book of "Mencius" the "Ti King," by heart; he is able to locate and bound the route of Confucius' travels, and explain the superstitions of the stars; but he never heard of New York, nor has the faintest idea of the law of gravitation or the physical geography of the earth. The chances are, if he came from the interior of China, that he is ignorant of the opium war, the Japanese war, and fondly believes that all kings are still paying homage to his emperor.

A high stone wall incloses the university, from the dragon gate to the quarter of the examiners; and from the yamen of the viceroy stretches a

broad stone causeway, at right angles to which are closely packed streets or lanes of small open brick-built cells, measuring five and a half feet long, three feet eight inches broad, by six feet high. In these cells, which contain a bare wooden bench on the one side and a shelf on the other, the student must stay night and day, for from two to three weeks, writing on his themes, and answering questions. He is allowed to come out upon the central promenade three times a day to cook rice and get water; but most of the students bring their provisions already cooked, so as to save time.

The examinations take place in the fall; the weather is hot, the air from the surrounding city fetid; twenty thousand men are crowded in a space like cattle in a stable; and every day one to a dozen workers break down, and have to be carried outside the gates. There are always a number of deaths, and the strain and the heat require physical staying qualities as well as mental.

The viceroy's temporary yamen is spacious, but far from attractive when unused. We wandered about as freely as the trains of beggars and pariah dogs would permit, and we had to accept on faith the statement of our scrofulous cicerone, that the yamen was very gorgeous during examination time.

All the public buildings in China are erected with the idea that they are to last forever, and that any repairs or house-cleaning, beyond the renewal of the oiled paper of the windows, is a sinful extravagance. Nothing but fire could ever clean Canton.

We stopped before the yamen of the Tartar major-general. The street here was a little broader, and before the palace-gate were heaps of offal and refuse on which a corps of red-coated brigands were gambling and quarreling. We entered, stepping over an old hag who was skinning a cat, entered a dirty court-yard inhabited by beggars, soldiers, and smells, through another gate into an inner court, around which were a row of offices for minor officials. We were allowed to go no farther. A mandarin came out from beyond the inner court, immaculately dressed in flowing silk skirts, and passed us by without bestowing a glance in our direction. Our mob of begging followers opened for him to pass, but gave him no more attention than he gave us.

The yamen was typical of the empire. A British army officer who was with the army that captured Peking, and entered the emperor's palace in the "Pink City," told me that he expected at last to see something of the magnificence that

rumor claimed surrounded the sacred person of the emperor. He found the same dirt, squalor, disorganization, and lack of even the comforts, on a grand scale, that he had grown familiar with in the yamens and temples of Canton and Nanking.

The Chinese lay out their palaces on a magnificent scale. They take acres of ground in the heart of a city where there is no ground to spare for respectable streets. The eaves, angles, and corners are filled with the most expensive and most "artistic" porcelain gargoyles, josses, holy men, and devils. Whole scenes from the life of Buddha, in beautiful "five-colored' porcelain, fill the sides of the wall. Court scenes, bits in Nirvanah, corners in heaven, peeps into hell, are pictured with the wonderful exactness of detail, and scrupulous nicety as to finish, that distinguish the Chinese artist. The gates of the yamen are wonderfully and fearfully carved, and heroic-sized gods, looking the picture of the giant in "Jack-and-the-Beanstalk," grin at you from either side. Everything is done that money, labor, and Chinese taste can accomplish; and then these princely yamens, in every instance, are left to go to decay, the courts to become a dumping-ground for the inmates, the garden to be used for the same purpose, until everything becomes so filthy that an American

would not make butter from cows stabled within the viceregal precincts.

The strange thing is, that of all classes, the Chinese seem to be utterly unconscious of the incongruity of it all. At the viceroy's "Literary Club" or the Public Library, where the students are supposed to read and study for the examinations, we stood on the veranda above an artistically designed bevy of miniature lakes and mountains. Our guide, who for twenty-five years had been interpreter of the U. S. Consulate, pointed out with great zest the materials of which the mountains, grottos, and caves were made, as having been brought over one thousand miles on the backs of coolies from a sacred mountain in western China, — he claimed that each stone was worth its weight in silver, — (it was lava); he called our attention to other things, but he never once noticed that in the shallow water that was so expensively framed was a dead dog, a cart-load of empty cans, broken jars, and a thick covering of oily green slime. The fact that the money had been spent on these acres of rambling buildings was enough. We did not find one student or reader; but this did not surprise us, as we never found a worshiper in any of the temples in all China.

The temples are in no way comparable to those

of Japan. They are simply vast collections of courts and quarters for the priests. The central temple is decorated about its eaves in the same style as the yamens. There is no pretense of architectural decoration or beauty; the floors are of hard-beaten earth or flagstones, usually covered with drying mats or paper; the images of Buddha and the rest — usually gigantic in size, and covered with goldleaf, — are arranged round the walls, with here and there a punk-stick burning before a favorite. The priests are almost as ragged, just as dirty, and greater beggars than the professionals that crowd about the gates. As you go about their damp, dimly lighted strongholds, they follow you closely with an always outstretched dirty palm. There is practically no religion in China. If a Chinaman is in trouble, or needs help or "face," he goes to the nearest temple, and prays to any one of the five hundred idols that has the best reputation. If his petition is not answered, he tries another, and so on — Buddists and Taoists, or even the gilded image of Marco Polo, it is all the same to him. If his prayer is finally answered, he becomes, for the time being, a patron of the temple of that particular god. Yet everyone studies the Confucius classics from childhood, and quotes their beautiful epigrams on all occasions.

Chin Sine, our enthusiastic guide, realized at last that we were tired of his temples; and when the mistress positively refused to enter "The Temple of the God of Literature" he begged earnestly that for the good name of the great city, we should see "The Emperor's Temple or Ten Thousand Years Palace." Against our better judgment we weakly consented. I hate to explore a city, and then have some one exclaim, when I am on the other side of the world, "Did you see the Emperor's Temple at Canton?" We came to the usual brick wall lined with beggars and mandarins' servants "laying up merit," and the usual monumental arch, which the guide-books style "grand" and "lofty," with the usual iron-studded gates, aswing, and the usual dead dog. Within the gates is an open field of some two acres, where the retinue wait once a year, on New Year's Day, and pray, while the local representative of the "Son of Heaven" prostates himself before the carved facsimile of the dragon throne. The court is overgrown with weeds, and strewn with empty cans, and the royal altar is of the flimsiest painted wood. The insignia and standards of royalty that flank this pretentious erection are such as would cast ridicule on a cheap Chinese theatrical company. Even the celebrated tablet that bears the

inscription "May the Emperor reign ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years," is no improvement on the millions of sign-boards among which we had been dodging during the past few days. "Everything," "very big," I assured Chue Sine, and he departed satisfied. We went to no more temples.

Our chair stopped before an open space, some twenty-five yards by ten yards, right in the heart of the city. It was open to the sky only; the ground was covered with rude earthenware vessels drying in the sun. One of the potters rushed forward, motioning us frantically to follow him in preference to any of his co-laborers. We did so, stepping over the half-baked clay pots. From underneath a pile of rubbish he brought forth a skull, which he displayed with one hand, while the other was outstretched for the usual "cumshaw."

"What is this all about?" I inquired of my interpreter, who was smiling blandly from among a body-guard of naked clay workmen. I noted the low sheds, the open street, the unobstructed use of ground that must be worth a thousand dollars an inch, for so lowly a purpose, and made up my mind that I was about to stumble upon one more strange freak of the Chinese character. "It is

the execution ground," he replied, amazed at my lacking perspicuity.

The execution ground is the most world-wide famous spot in Canton, the place of horrible tales and bloody deeds. I had pictured a Golgotha, a place of skulls, a sickening Black Hole, flocks of vultures, and herds of rats, and had been steeling my nerves all day.

I found a potter's field, and one skull whose genuineness I doubted. It was another disenchantment; and yet the spot on which we stood, this little open lot in the heart of Canton, had drunk more blood than any other one spot in the world; had felt the pressure of the knees of more victims than were killed in the Napoleonic wars.

As we stood we were liable to be the unwilling witness of one or more executions. There is no set time; the criminals never know the hour or the minute; neither does the tourist. The victims are taken from their prison cell in baskets, and dumped on this, their last spot among the living. With their hands pinioned, they are made to kneel and bend their heads — side by side in a long row. The presiding mandarin enters the open, preceded by a small table covered with red. The kneelers are not kept long in suspense. At

a word from the official the naked executioner commences at one end of the waiting line, and with his sword mows off the bended necks, as the small boy with a switch plays havoc in a meadow of buttercups.

If the Chinese were good Catholics, they would cross themselves whenever they passed this spot; and if ghosts of the departed haunt the place of their death, every breath of air must have contained millions of their spirits.

When the haughty Viceroy Yeh found that his soldiers, his cannon, his fire-ships, his fleet of junks, were as things of paper in the hands of the allies without the walls, his savage soul thirsted for blood. If he could not have the blood of the English, he would have blood; so all that Christmas day of 1859, and every day after, until a British marine laid impious hands on his queue, as he was vainly trying to scale the wall of his own yamen, he watched the heads of kneeling lines of his own soldiers fall under the hands of his gigantic, tireless butcher, until the sandy soil refused to drink more blood, and the streets ran red.

In the corner of the field were several wooden crosses, to be used for the milder forms of execution, such as strangulation, and "Ling Chi," or cutting into a thousand pieces.

By this time the crowd had wedged in about us until there was no room for our earthly bodies, or for the souls of the departed; and there was much murmuring because we did not bribe the head jailer to arrange for an execution. I gave the curator of the clay skull one hundred cash, and we escaped without stepping on any of the pottery.

Not so very far from the execution ground — but just how far it would be impossible to state, except from the vantage point of a balloon — a big tower straddles a bazar-like thoroughfare, and a winding line of rough stone steps leads two stories to the Water Clock, or Clepsydra. It is running to-day as it has for five hundred years, and without a big bulletin board announces the time o' day.

On the inner door was a notice that showed that the keeper realized that the ancient timepiece was a medium of "squeeze."

"If every body who enter"
"this room to see pour out"
"leakies of copper pots"
"ought to pay us ten cents."

We paid the ten cents after a vigorous protest from Chue Sine, the interpreter, and entered a dark room which held three copper vessels, placed

one above the other on a step-like a platform. In the bottom vessel is a float with an indicator scale passing through it, which, as the water fills the lower vessel, rises and shows the time The small holes in each pot were just large enough to allow one drop of water to escape each second. From the balcony of the tower we could look out on to the sea of roofs of the streetless city — roofs so etherial that the wonder is how they withstand a vigorous rainstorm.

We left the viceroy's yamen a little after noon. I incidentally mentioned to Chue that we would be unable to do any more sight-seeing until we had partaken of some one's hospitality. The idea was accepted favorably, and our chairs were headed toward a flight of steps a quarter of a mile or so in length, and a hill where we were informed was a pagoda. In our American eyes it was only right that we should relieve our bearers by climb- the steps, but Chue preferred to ride; he explained that his trousers were stuffed with goose-feathers, and it was not comfortable to get unduly warm. The distance traversed from the moment we left the foot of the hill until we reached the gates of the big red "Five-storied Pagoda" was ground reserved for military purposes for so called defense. Fifty years ago the allies proved conclu-

sively that the Chinese military science was obsolete; that their walls, hills, pagodas, smooth-bore cannons, belonged to the period of the siege of Constantinople; and yet to-day these hills within the walls, embracing acres of the only desirable residential plots in Canton, are still kept inviolate by the command of some emperor of the Ming dynasty. The defenses of Hong Kong are only one hundred miles away; they have had no more effect on the science of Chinese warfare than have the three hundred years of missionary labor on Chinese ideas of life and religion.

The pagoda is untenanted save in the fifth story, where a Chinaman has two small tables and a box of tea. Chue Sine had provided us with a lunch from the hotel, and we added it to our host's tea. We paid ten Canton cents each for the use of the rickety table and a much-used table-cloth, and five cents more for a cup of tea made as an infusion and not a decoction; but we paid nothing for the view, and it was worth the price of the pagoda. The pagoda itself is situated directly on the top of the wall — a shining mark for barbarian cannon. Directly below us, within the military reservation, is the government powder factory, directly in line with all the shells that missed the pagoda. Whenever the mill accumulates a stock

of powder that excels the demand, and there is danger of the mill being closed, the balance of trade is brought their way by the aid of a match. There have been two explosions within the last six months.

The streetless city stretched away to the banks of the Pearl, with its maze of shipping, broken here and there by the towering pawnshops, and the open space about yamens and temples. Without the walls the country is brown and hilly, and as destitute of population as though every soul demanded the protection of the crumbling walls, whose ponderous gates are still closed at six o'clock each night with a fanfar of trumpets. For two hundred years this warlike ceremony, accompanied as it was with a show of such sublime confidence and high-bred arrogance, impressed and awed England and France. Even when the allies came over the brown hills with scaling-ladders and hand grenades, the chiefs of the city sat where we were drinking tea, and smiled at the inward-rushing band. They did not even pity them, they were beneath pity. Directly below, at regular intervals, were the cannon that were only waiting the match to eat them up. Suddenly the Foreign Devils were over the walls, and swarming up the steps of the pagoda. The ar-

tillery had gone off, but no one happened to be within range. Afterwards the Tartar general, apologizing for his defeat, explained to Peking that the barbarians did not fight fair. They came in long, thin lines, at regular distances, half way between each cannon; and as the cannon were stationary, and could only be fired straight ahead, and as the barbarians kept out of range, no one was hurt. We laughed as we walked along the wall past one ancient gun after another. It was all so simple and ingenious, — this expecting an enemy to stand up before the mouths of the old pieces. The walls, however, are really impressive, broad enough for a carriage to drive on their top; and if they were at Newport or on the Riveira they would become a famous promenade. There are lots of good building material in them; and some day, when the utilitarians agree to capture Canton, it will go to make a city worthy of so great a population.

Our pagoda was only five stories high, and quite a youngster in point of years. Five hundred years does not count for much in China. Later we visited the most perfect of all pagodas in Canton, — "The Flowery Pagoda," — which was nine stories, some three hundred feet high, and dates back fourteen hundred years. Each story repre-

sents a Buddhist heaven; and had it not been for the quarreling of our chair-coolies over the remnants of our lunch, and the yelping of a band of half-starved dogs without the walls, our "fifth heaven" would have been as delightful a place to spend an hour and eat our tiffin in as any well-regulated heathen heaven. Chue was telling us about his sickness. He was well now; and he ascribed his cure to "Deerhorn" and "Ginseng." The medicines he had already shown us in a native shop. "I take three hundred dollars' worth of deerhorn and drink nine hundred dollars' worth of ginseng; now I well." One deerhorn of the best quality had cost him four hundred and fifty dollars, and one ounce of Manchuria ginseng, shaped like a man, a hundred dollars. I advised him to try cow's horn next time, and catnip tea, but there was no shaking his belief in the Chinese materia medica, including horned toads, peppermint-oil, orange-peel, and tigers' teeth, although otherwise he was a good Christian. I asked Chue how he became a Christian. "I know very nice man in Australia; he my friend; he tell me Jesus come to earth to save me; I believe him, so I Christian."

The Jews and Canton are strangers. The Chinaman leaves no pickings for vultures, rats, or

even Jews. The "chosen people" are easily beaten at their own game by the humblest shopkeeper, — the hardest workers and closest eaters on earth. No scrap or beast is despised in their system of economy; and their day contains twenty-four working-hours with no artificial division as to periods of rest. The sounds of toil and barter go on all night without seeming diminution. Our chair coolies sleep while we eat our tiffin, or wander about the "City of the Dead," or invade the dank shadows of a mouldy temple; sleep sitting or lying with the innocence of babes, and the cheerful knowledge that they had nothing on worth stealing, while we pay for their time, so making double wages. When tiffin was finished they quarreled for the ends of crusts and the rich man's crumbs, not that they were hungry, but it was part of their inborn system of economy.

Although a self-confessed Christian, Chue could not understand the mistress's repugnance to dogs as an article of diet. Even she had to confess later that they did not look half bad as they hung skinned and quartered on the walls along the street of the butchers, with only the bushy tips of their tails left to distinguish them from the sheep. There should be no "New World's" prejudice to dogs' meat. We went to a Chinese

dinner, and enjoyed sharks' fins, birds' nests, and fungus, and a dish that was called minced quail, but which my communicative host told me later on was an expensive breed of dog that came from North China. We ate the menu to its sweet end, and agreed with him when he naïvely admitted that "European fare might be more substantial, but for flavor he preferred his own." Sharks' fins and birds' nests are expensive; one dollar a pound for the first, and five dollars for the last, would be considered a luxury by the frequenters of Delmonico's; but the very fact that their consumption is exclusively Chinese makes them, nationally, an economy, gives employment to thousands of people, relieves the demand, and thus cheapens beef and horse, the beasts of burden.

We started out one morning to visit the "City of the Dead," the "Leper Village," and the mint. It is an hour's ride from the Shameen Gate to the door of the mint, outside the walls, within sight of the "Five-Storied Pagoda." As we jogged at a dog-trot through the maze of streets, we repeatedly passed through the city walls. The disused gates are swung open; and in their roomy arches peddlers, itinerant restauranters, merchants, and sewing-women sit. Above each gate is a fine

airy room, that faces both ways, and overlooks the sea of roofs. The breeze that we never feel flutters the bamboo curtains of the mullioned windows; and the face of a woman of wealth peers downward, and watches our progress with amused wonder. I got in the habit of looking for these "Chambers over the Gate," and speculating as to their occupants. I asked Chue. He glanced up at some red signs covered with gilt Chinese characters that stood in an umbrella stand by the side of the window, and replied, "Velly large mandarin; have three-bar flag."

It was to a chamber over the gate that David came to weep for Absalom. I understand it now. In the courts and rooms of David's "yamen," he was alone, and his grief ever before him. Those that came to him put on the long face that is supposed to accompany sympathy — all knew his loss, and all took pains that he should not forget it. He went to the chamber over the gate where he could see the workers, the merrymakers — the life of his nation; where he could watch tourists from Canton and Cairo and Carthage, struggling with unaccustomed sights and uncatalogued smells below; where he could smile, then laugh, and at last forget "my son Absalom." The orientalism of the Bible is forced upon one all over Asia.

The "Chamber over the Gate" in my boyhood pictures was a very forbidding kind of a prison, and the story of the "Blind leading the Blind" a most questionable undertaking. In Canton, we were continually running upon lines of blind beggars in single file, from the narrowness of the streets, each with one hand on the other's shoulders, the other holding a long slim staff, uniting in a kind of blind lock-step. A lone blind beggar would soon be knocked down and run over, and it was easy to pass him by without giving alms; but six women made a procession that merited consideration, whatever your intentions might be.

"The Blind leading the Blind!" how it brings up bits of long-forgotten sermons in the old white "meetin'-house," and the lucid explanation of the good old "elder," who had about as much idea of the real significance of the full orientalism of the picture as the thin front row of squirming youngsters had of the moral of his lesson. We vaguely wondered why the blind didn't go arm in arm, ten abreast if necessary: no one would ever run over them in the dusty, oak-shaded streets of Whitesville.

The "Money Changers in the Temple!" Here they were in Canton, hundreds of them, with their

little stands, that you could knock over with your smallest finger, and send their piles of copper-cash rolling into the crowds under the pedestals of the gods, as were the tables upset in Jerusalem. Not plate glass and marble-countered banks demolished as I had fondly dreamed on that front row. So, too, the well-known picture of the "Last Supper" that to-day adorns the "spare"-room walls of so many country homes is as impossible as it is absurd. Tables have never been popular for dining-purposes in Asia Minor, or knives and forks in common use.

I never tired of these excursions through the century-old life of this typical city of the Chinese empire. One day we invaded a magistrate's yamen, and became interested spectators of the trial of four miserable coolies for piracy and murder. In this city of two million inhabitants, there are but two magistrate's yamens, and they only hold court in the afternoon, a condition which speaks well for the general behavior of the people among themselves. There is nothing imposing in a Chinese court; and the description of one is a description of all of those to-day, and for the past thousand years. It is a low, one-storied building with grotesquely carved gates under a red-tiled roof that is surmounted with porcelain dragons.

The gates, however, are only opened for an official who has the right to enter the presence of the magistrate in his sedan chair. On either side of the big doors are the usual small ones for small people. Once through them, you come upon an open court with a stagnant pool in its center, or a neglected shrub. On either side of this court are the so-called offices of the yamen runners, four feet by six, with windows of oiled paper. Another pair of ponderous wooden gates, carved with green and blue gods, bars your entrance; but there are the usual side portals open.

No one questions you, or interferes with your progress; although you have a feeling that you are doing a bold thing, and taking your life in your hand. You soon find, however, that you are actually approaching a court of justice which is, as it should be, open to all the world. The magistrate's room would probably seat two hundred people if chairs were provided; but there are only three of these articles in the room, and they stand behind a common kitchen table covered with turkey-red calico, a yard of which had also been thrown over each of the chairs. The place is about as cheerful as a stable, and a trifle cleaner than a hen-coop. On the walls hang an array of whips, bamboo rods, iron instruments of all sorts, chains,

and the cangue. There are no pretenses of order or decorum. To the right and left, facing the table, passages lead off to the cells where the witnesses and the prisoners are awaiting trial, all huddled together in their filth.

Prisons in China are not places of punishment, but of detention, which amounts to the same thing. They are hell-holes, where an innocent man charged with the crime of alleged disrespect to his ancestors is squeezed of every cash before he can get before the magistrate for trial. Even then, on the bare suspicion that he is holding a bit of property back, he is tortured until in sheer physical anguish he is glad to confess to a crime that he never committed.

China is a country without lawyers, and without juries. So in theory at least, it is not necessary for a man to plead pauperism to get before a court. In practice, however, the yamen is filled with a species of lawyers called "searchers," who aid the judge to find "a punishment to fit the crime," by citing some similar case in the court records of the Sung or Ming dynasties. It hardly need be said that in a list of decisions covering two thousand years, the searchers, if well paid by the defendant, can dig up a precedent which would justify the magistrate in dismissing the case.

In the rear of the red-covered table were the private offices of the officials of the yamen. While waiting, we had settled ourselves comfortably in the straight-backed magisterial chairs, and watched the rapidly collecting throng. A clerk placed some papers, a Chinese pen, and a pot of red and black India ink on the table. There was a stir about the door that led to the cells, then, marching to the cheerful accompaniment of chains, five manacled half-naked coolies were driven into the center of the court, and made to kneel before the table with their foreheads on the floor. There they remained until the magistrate entered quietly the stage door on the right, and spoke to them. No oath was administered; for perjury is not a crime in China, as it is taken for granted that every man will lie as long as it will benefit him. The prisoners answered as they knelt, and in spite of their gaunt, haggard appearance, seemed to be quite cheerful under the cross-examination. They were charged with having, in company with others, robbed a junk up the West River, and of having beaten to death a native customs' watcher who in a weak moment had tried to make them divide their booty with him. There was no order in the court; and the spectators, as did we ourselves, crowded upon the prisoners, stood

behind the judge, or took any place of vantage we chose. After a few questions, the magistrate, who carried on his quiet fire of questions as though there was no one within a hundred miles, arose, and passed around to the front of the table. The prisoners evidently understood the situation, as one after the other calmly held up the palms of his hands. The magistrate examined them critically, and said a few words to the clerk, who immediately entered them on the records of the court. Our conjecture was, "He is a palmist, and is reading their characters;" but when he ordered his runners to raise their shirts so that he might examine their backs, his actions became perfectly clear and reasonable; he was looking for the marks of the bamboo. It simplified matters greatly to know whether they were old offenders or not.

The jailer and executioner stood over them, evidently impatiently waiting for the word to apply the bamboo, in order to freshen their memories or hasten their confession. He was a perfect stage villain, with an enormous nose, which hung down to his chin like a great pear. He was proud of the muscles of his arms, and kept shoving back his loose sleeves. A few weeks before one of our party had seen him behead nine men without missing a stroke on any one of them.

The magistrate seemed a trifle nervous at our presence, although we tried to impress him with the idea that we were merely globe-trotters. I heard one of his clerks whisper to him our names; and shortly after the case was remanded, and the magistrate took French leave of the court. The Chinese are becoming sensitive of the criticism of the foreign devils. We possibly saved the culprits for the time from a bambooing, or possibly being strung up by the thumbs, but we certainly did consign them for another week to the living death of a Chinese prison.

We met a man in one of the narrow streets wearing a stock, or cangue, on each side of which were pasted printed notices informing all the world that he was a thief, and had been caught in the act. One hand was tied behind him; and in the other he held a bell, which he rang continuously to attract attention to himself. A policeman followed, who from time to time beat him with a bamboo. If some of our high-toned bank wreckers were driven up and down Wall Street in this fashion, at least one style of crime would become unpopular.

It was some time before I ventured into the studio of a portrait painter. I had learned to credit the Chinese with great imitative skill in

THE CANGUE: A FORM OF CHINESE PUNISHMENT.

"It is the absence of nerves that enables the Chinese to endure pain as well as toil."

DIGITAL COPY
ARCHIVED

many ways. They could take a suit of my best home-made clothes, and copy it exactly for one-tenth of what I had paid for the original, and at the same time use the best English and Scotch material, but I did not expect much from them in a purely artistic line. I was not impressed with their attempts to paint from living sitters. The result was too much like "the old Masters;" but their copying in oil, engravings and photographs, on ivory were well done. The portrait of George Washington which they did for me from an old yellow frontispiece in the "Constitution of the United States" would have done Trumbull or Stuart credit. It was four feet by three, and the charge was three dollars gold. There was no excuse for being over critical at that price; and then I "skied it," so that it showed up at least three hundred dollars' worth.

The Chinese artist belongs strictly to the "Purist School." He believes in detail, and maintains that the value of his painting lies in the fact that it shows things as they are; he leaves nothing to the imagination. In the picture Yee Cheong did for me of the city and island of Hong Kong, painted presumably from a boat in the harbor, he insisted on marking in the zigzag line of the tramway that runs to the peak. I pointed

out to Yee Cheong, who reminded me of the dean of the art department of my Alma Mater, that from his presumptive view point it was impossible to see the tram-car line, and that from no point in Hong Kong was it possible to see its entire course. He was imperturbable.

"Picture no belong Hong Kong side, spose no got tram-car," he declared. "Spose you take picture Melican side. Melican man say Yee Cheong no savvy pidgin."

I continued the discussion. I complimented the painting, which was good, and I felt I had convinced him.

"Can do," he asserted. "Spose you no wanchee tram-car, my no putty, Yee Cheong no putty he chop picture. Maskee."

So the discussion ended. Yee filled in the mist-colored mountains as I ordered, faint and indistinct, etched here and there with higher lights or deeper shadows, just as I had seen it from day to day in all its changeableness. There was no white line zigzagging up its side, marking the course of the little railway of which Englishmen and Chinamen are both so proud; but "Maskee!" Yee Cheong did not honor the canvas with his name.

"Maskee" expressed Yee Cheong's opinion of

my stubbornness. I was an outer barbarian, "Maskee" — never mind. "I don't care, let it pass," and the subject was dismissed. Maskee expresses a volume. It is the refuge of the Chinaman. It closes and begins conversation, or it is an entire conversation in itself.

XIII.

PEKING, THE CAPITAL CITY.

[This chapter on Peking was written, at Mr. Wildman's request, by the Hon. Charles Denby, for years resident in Peking, and minister of the United States at the court of the Emperor of China.]

A DISTINGUISHED divine, who had lived many years in China, once told me that on a visit to New York he was requested to deliver a lecture on Chinese subjects. He accordingly prepared an elaborate discourse, and was very much surprised to find that the most of his audience left, and those who remained seemed to be exceedingly bored. After a little while he was again invited to lecture. That time he did not write a line nor make the least preparation. He got on his feet, and he told exactly what he personally knew, without ornament or effort. The life he had led, the people he had met, the scenes in which he had taken part, were described, and the audience was delighted. He had an ovation.

On the few occasions that it has fallen to my

lot to speak of China, I have profited by this experience with good results; and if my readers will pardon me, there will be in this chapter no peculiar diplomatic disquisition, but simply an account of Peking as it was from 1885 to 1898.

It may be well to preserve the flavor of a description which, possibly, no new man may hereafter be able to write. The old charming *debonnaire* life, the country life in a city of a million people, the friendliness of Prince Kung, uncle of the emperor, and Prince Ching, cousin of the emperor, and of Li Hung Chang, and, possibly, the scholarly companionship of Sir Robert Hart, will never be resumed. Prince Kung, for many years head of the Tsung li Yamen, or foreign office, is dead. The gallant, the genial, the unassuming Prince Ching was reported as badly wounded while defending the beleaguered foreigners of the legations. Sir Robert Hart, the scholar, the benefactor of China, the son of the Irish miller, whose ancestors were ennobled for three generations, was among those reported dead; while Li Hung Chang is in the sere and yellow leaf, seventy-eight years old, decrepit, and distrusted by the foreigner as well as the native. The empress, too, with a name so long that I can hardly write it, Tszehi Toanyu Kangi Chaoyu Chuangcheng Shokung Chinhien

Chungsih, has changed her nature. From 1861 to 1889 she ruled China strongly but kindly; and beneath her sway a fair degree of peace and quietness prevailed all over the empire, and particularly at Peking. What may happen now lies beyond human ken; but the life I am going to picture will, in all probability, not recur again.

In 1885, in September, we went up the muddy Peiho from Tientsin to Tungchow in a house-boat drawn by men. Many a mile we walked along the tow-path through the flat fields from which the crops had been gathered. The river wound about like a ram's horn, and we could beat the boat for hours. We passed by great fleets of cargo-boats, bearing the tribute rice to Peking, which often were tied to the banks, which were crowded with the boatmen and their women and children. I am reminded that we saw a curious thing. Men were drawing water from the river, and pouring it over the rice in the holds of the boats. I asked what in the world that process meant; and I was told that it was done to make the rice weigh more than it would if it were dry, so as to get more pay for the transportation. Thus early I was initiated into the mystery of "China as she is."

At Tungchow, a hundred and twenty miles

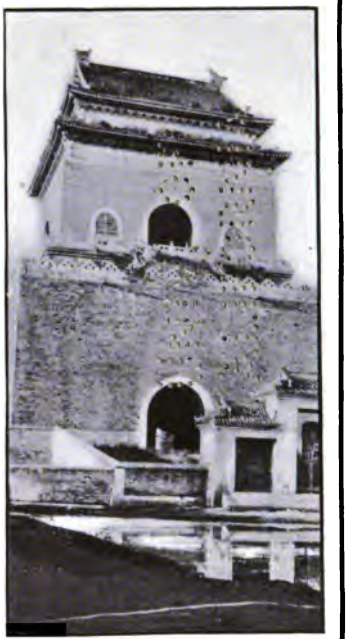
up, and fourteen miles from Peking, we were met by chairs and ponies, and started for the capital. Between Tungchow and Peking there is a stone road. It was paved at some remote period with heavy blocks of stone, but very many of them have sunk out of sight. The mind of man cannot conceive the torture of riding over that road in a springless cart. I did it once, and I have not feared purgatory any more.

On this occasion we traveled over a country road parallel with the stone road. I call it a road by courtesy, but the roads in China are mere tracks made by the wear of centuries. As we were in chairs borne by men, of course we were not incommoded by roughness or inequalities. By degrees it became apparent that we were approaching a great city. There were files of donkeys bearing fat Chinamen; wheelbarrows with passengers balancing themselves on either side; great wagons with teams of three, four, six, seven horses, hitched in the most curious manner, some by ropes tied around the axles. Occasionally there would be a mule, a horse, and a donkey inscrutably hitched together, but all doing their work. There were bearers, too, carrying enormous burdens, sometimes alone, and sometimes a dozen bearing one load. There were mule-litters,

one mule in the shafts in front, and one behind; and there were almost innumerable strings of camels plodding slowly along, each camel attached to the one before him by a string through his nose, while on the head one the driver slept as happily as he would have done in a bed. Usually there is one driver for six camels. Mounted cavaliers there were too, some on high-paced ambling mules, others on rough Mongolian ponies, many wearing official hats made of straw and garnished with red horsehair.

Little attention was paid by these underlings to the foreigner as they passed him. And so we went on feeling each moment that we were nearing the quaint city which was to be our home for thirteen years. Close to the bank of the grand canal, looking at the great barges which convey merchandise between the locks — there being a separate fleet for each reach, because boats are not let down from one level to another — finally we came in view of the walls surrounding the city. It was the beautiful, splendid autumn of North China. The rain had quit falling in August; there would be no more until the following July. It was delightful to breathe the pure, invigorating air, and every object was distinct and clear.

CAMEL TRAIN. OUTSIDE THE PEKIN WALL.



MILITARY GATE.
Showing Moat.

CLAIM OF
AMENDMENT

The first sight of the city wall is absorbing by its strangeness and its evident antiquity. One has to remember that the wall is more than three hundred years old, that it was not intended to resist artillery, but was meant to keep out the raiders who harried the Chinese. On the outer side of the wall one notices towers here and there, which are locations for sentries. These towers extend from Peking to the Great Wall of China, and when the enemy came his presence was heralded to the capital by burning wolf's dung on the top of these towers. As the stranger sees the wall for the first time, there is a weird beauty about it that comes from its height, and strength, and its antique gracefulness. The crenelated parapets, the bastions succeeding each other along its whole length, its gates, two-storied, with embrasures and wooden cannon, the encientes around the gates, are all novel, and somehow all fit in with the half-naked donkey drivers, the quaintly dressed riders, and the camels.

There are two cities at Peking, the Tartar and the Chinese. The Chinese city is south of its more pretentious neighbor, and its northern wall is for a considerable space the southern wall of the imperial city. The wall around the Manchu city is fifty feet high, forty feet wide at the top,

and sixty at the bottom. It is riveted with heavy bricks set in cement, which is now as hard as stone, and the interior is of earth. The wall around the Chinese city is thirty feet high, twenty-five feet thick at the bottom, and fifteen at the top. The whole circumference is about twenty-five miles, of which sixteen are around the Tartar city. This wall is, or was, a godsend to the foreigner. No Chinese was allowed to go upon it; but the foreigner, by paying a small fee, could walk up an esplanade, and go entirely around if he pleased. Sometimes parties were made up to drink tea on the wall, and many a pleasant afternoon has been spent there. Along the sides grow trees of considerable size; and the walk on top is invaded by small bushes, its use by the foreigners not being sufficient to keep down the vegetation. One passes through a gate in the Chinese city, travels along a road under the wall for a mile, and enters one of the great nine gates which give entrance to the Tartar city. Under the archway the tide of travel has flowed until deep ruts are worn in the stone pavement. A great street stretches out before us, the principal business street—the Hattamen street as the foreigners call it, because the gate is named Hattamen. All the gates are closed at nightfall, and thereafter until morning

are opened only once, at three o'clock, for the high officials to enter. It was on the Hattamen that Baron Ketteler was murdered. The houses are of one story, copying the Tartar tent, and the signs on the streets hang perpendicularly. No two houses are on the same line. One always projects farther out, or is set farther in than its neighbor. The object of this is to deflect the bad spirits, who are not able to turn a corner. For this reason little clay dogs are put on the ridges of the houses, — sometimes a dozen of them in single file, — which drive away or catch the bad spirits. Feng-sui — literally wind and water, a geomantic principle — cuts a great figure in China, and no man builds a house without making sure of compliance with its dictates. When foreigners have sometimes disregarded the Feng-sui, riots resulted.

In ancient times there was a sewerage system, traces of which are visible; but it has long since gone to decay, and now the sides of the streets are receptacles for all species of offal. It is curious that the scions of the politest nation in the world use the streets — the sidewalks if there are any — for the basest and commonest purposes. Slush is dipped from the cesspools, and thrown on the streets to keep down the dust; and the

alkali so generated is offensive both to eyes and nose. After going a few steps on the street of the Hattamen, one comes to Legation Street, as the foreigners call it, but which the Chinese name "the Street of the Subject Nations."

One great and unfortunate difference is to be noted between Peking and the ports at which foreigners have concessions. At the ports, such as Shanghai, Hankow, Shameen, and other places, tracts of land have been set apart for the foreigners, and on these elegant cities have grown up. There are few handsomer cities than the foreign city of Shanghai. Tientsin is a charming place, with its public gardens, its town hall, recreation ground, electric light, gas, water-works, improved streets, and a bund on the river. Shameen is on an island in the Pearl River, and is as pretty a spot as one ever saw. In these concessions the foreigners live, each one owing allegiance to his own country, and responsible to her laws civilly and criminally; but as municipalities the towns are the most perfect specimens of republics that exist in the world. They embody exactly the principles of squatter sovereignty, except that the formality must be complied with of having the municipal regulations approved by the ministers of the treaty powers. China has absolutely no control over these con-

cessions. Her legal writs do not run in their limits. The senior consul must countersign all warrants. An offender against law must be tried by his own consul. In Shanghai the power of China to arrest Japanese accused of being spies was gravely contested.

These little cities and towns are imperiums in imperio — they are oases in the vast desert of Oriental surroundings. In them the elegances of life prevail. There are hotels, banks, theaters, clubs, — all the paraphernalia with which the Westerner surrounds himself to procure some consolation for his exile. Nowhere in the world more than in the far East is the pursuit of recreation so strenuously followed. The best rider, the champion golf-player, the expert rower, are heroes. To own a stud of ponies for the races is a patent of nobility, and to be the possessor of a house-boat is an honorable distinction. These places remind the American of the old life in the South during the existence of slavery. An overflow of willing servants, a superabundance of riding-horses, chairs for every guest, hospitality without limit, characterize all the localities occupied by the foreigner. I have not space here to describe the kindness, the good feeling, the hearty welcome, which attend the

coming of a guest. All the charming entertainment that refinement, courtesy, and elegance can provide is lavished on the stranger.

But in Peking there is no concession. It is curious that the allies, when they took Peking, did not seize a portion of the city for the use of the legations. It could easily have been done without harm to anybody. There are many spots in Peking well suited to the establishment of a foreign city. If this plan had been pursued, there would have been long ago at Peking an elegant quarter where a beautiful object lesson would have been displayed to the Chinese. A minor Paris, Berlin, or Washington would have furnished a charming, and possibly a safe, residence for the foreigner. As it is, the legation houses are set down in the midst of the native dwellings. Adjoining my legation was a shop where straw was kept for sale, and the stacks were higher than our houses; and when they caught fire, it required many hours' work to prevent our buildings from being burned up. The yamen promised me to require this man to lower his stacks, but when I saw them last they were nearly as high as ever. One hundred feet from my legation, a butcher slaughtered a dozen sheep a day in the street. We had to make a circuit

to the middle of the street to avoid treading on the carcasses.

While China is the most autocratic country in the world, it is at the same time the most democratic. Through its length and breadth the people rule. They do not hesitate to drag a magistrate from his seat, and cuff and beat him; and when there is a drouth the gods are put out in the sun to let them see how they enjoy it, and when it rains too long the same gods are lashed with whips in order to secure dry weather.

So at Peking everybody uses the space in front of his store or dwelling as he pleases, without the slightest regard to the comfort of the general public. Great logs of wood are sawed on the streets. Booths are erected occupying half the width of some of the streets. Temporary houses are put up for funerals. All kinds of peddlers occupy every coign of vantage. The barber plies his trade wherever he can find a place to set down the box he carries, and on which his customer sits. The tables of the tea-shops take up all the sidewalk. The streets are public latrines, and the slops are all emptied into them. The walls are besmeared with filthy advertisements. Here and there localities are used for spreading out and drying manure. There was a notable one of these places nearly

behind the German legation which poisoned the air for blocks around. Herr Von Brandt, the German minister, strongly attacked this nuisance. He received many promises, but the pile remains there yet. The chief use of the space outside of the city wall is to dry manure. When one complains of the horrid sights which are perennially in view, one is told that it is "old" Chinese custom. I am afraid to say that Peking is the dirtiest city in the world, because there is Constantinople; but my opinion is that Peking is the filthiest of the world's cities. In the street exactly in front of Li Hung Chang's quarters there was a great cesspool into which all the offal of his large household was emptied every day.

Peking everywhere gives signs of decay. The great Boards where the public business is done resemble the stable-yards of a country inn. The streets are unpaved and rarely worked. Before the emperor goes out on the street a thin covering of yellow dirt is deposited on it, and this is all the work that is done. In the center of the broad streets—and there are many broad streets in Peking—there is a raised embankment of earth, on which, during the heavy rains, the carts travel. When the deluge comes in July the city is a vast lake. Tradition tells of several people

who have been drowned in the streets by the overturning of carts. Around Sir Robert Hart's fine place there comes in the wet season a vast lake which submerges streets and yards. One summer Sir Robert picked up in his grounds four fish half a foot long. It is a marvel where they came from. In these days the otherwise endless rounds of dinners ceases. Locomotion becomes practically impossible.

Peking society is composed of the members of the diplomatic corps, of the imperial maritime customs, and of the few other foreigners, such as the bankers, who reside in the city. To these must be added the professors of the Tungwan or Imperial College.

By an ingenious fiction the members of the diplomatic body constitute one family. It must be said that, in general, perfect harmony has prevailed in Peking. During a few years, recently, international rivalry to secure concessions and the seizures of the territory of China have produced some friction in social circles; but during my stay no body of people was ever more harmonious than were we. There was boundless hospitality, absolute equality, and a graceful cosmopolitan refinement. Every man's position and his income were known. His place was fixed as

by the laws of the Medes and Persians. Every minister ranked according to his arrival at Peking; the oldest in time was the dean. The ladies took rank according to that of their husbands. On very rare occasions you might place a colleague at table below his proper seat, but etiquette required that you should secure his consent. There was once nearly a duel because a secretary was put below an interpreter. The secretary was ordered to Hayti to avoid bloodshed. Before my time a minister left the table because an inferior was placed above him. I vainly tried on one occasion to induce one of my colleagues to put an American senator's wife above the doyenne, who was also an American. He said the rules must be complied with, the doyenne must have the first place. After all that may be said, this etiquette is a necessity where the people of a dozen nationalities meet together. How else could the complex questions of social intercourse be settled?

Apart, however, from formal occasions, it must be said that no attention was paid to personal rank. The princes, the counts, the barons and baronets, — of whom there were many, — were simple human entities in the merry round of picnics, balls, races, tennis, theatricals, which succeed each other continuously at Peking. I remember that

one evening at the British legation I saw poor Baron Ketteler — who was recently killed — accoutred like a strong man, lift up with great exertion two big weights marked five thousand pounds apiece; and a little while later the son of the British minister picked them both up, and carried them in one hand off the stage. With such fooleries, but also with much fine music and many charming vaudevilles, the time of the winters was passed.

Absolute freedom of intercourse exists among the legation people. You can drop in on a colleague at all hours. The ladies are intimate and friendly. Cut off from the world as we were from the middle of December to the middle of March, it was a test of good-fellowship to do something for the general entertainment. There was the club with a membership of forty, which changed every year. Of course there was a bar-room, a billiard-room, a tennis-court, a reading-room, and library. Here whist reigned in the early hours, sometimes to be superseded by poker later. At the whist-table the youngest British student was the equal of the oldest diplomat if he played as good a game. The wife of a Russian prince danced with a newly arrived recruit of the imperial maritime customs. Let it be said here that Sir Robert Hart selected the members of the indoor staff of

the customs with great care. They were mostly graduates of colleges, and some of them bore the most distinguished names in Europe. In the general they were accomplished young gentlemen, who spoke all languages, and played all musical instruments. They were absolutely equals in society of the secretaries and attaches, except, of course, at formal dinners. I wonder if in the cataclysm of China this fine institution is to go down.

Twice a year there were two days racing four miles from Peking. These were gala days for natives as well as for foreigners. The members of the Tsung li Yamen came themselves, or sent their secretaries. For miles around countless hordes of Chinese came and surrounded the track. There were none but gentleman riders. Several weeks were spent in training, and all the temples around the track were utilized as lodges. This preliminary exercise, and the cessation from alcoholic drinks and high living made necessary by it, were the best part of the performances. On these occasions there was a tiffin each day, on which there was toasting, and speaking, and unlimited fun. At the track there was no rank. The stewards ranked the ministers, and set the pace for the hilarity. Imagine now if you can that the countless Chinese

who came to see the races, and wrangled and bet, and enjoyed their own games and refreshments, and were as friendly as could be, have burned the grand stand, and destroyed the stables, and ruined the track! At the last there was always a race in which the mafoos—hostlers—were the riders. They selected the best horses their masters had, and they rode like monkeys. Each horse knew his rider because he had trained him, and horse and man did their best to win the prize of silver dollars. From the on-looking myriads of Chinese, vociferous acclamations hailed the winner in the race.

The life in Peking was not, however, all sport, though no doubt it predominated. There were serious societies, devised for sober and scholarly people. The missionaries had monthly meetings of a literary society, at which papers were read on many interesting subjects, and discussion followed. When such men as Doctors Martin, Blodgett, Owen, Sheffield, Lowry, Goodrich, and many others rose to elucidate some historical or economic question the hearer was well repaid for the listening. These gentlemen knew China as they knew their Bible, by heart. They had passed twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years in the study of its language and history. Intercourse with men of

all nationalities had made them broad and liberal, while study and the tuition of others had sharpened their naturally fine intellects. As writers of books, as teachers, as missionaries, these people will rank in the forefront of the benefactors of the human race. Alas — is this class to die out? Are the sweetness, the gentleness, the self-sacrificing spirit of the missionary, and his learning, to be lost to the world?

Besides the Missionary Society was the Asiatic Society, which was opened to the scholars of all nations. Here ministers, secretaries, attaches and interpreters met with the commissioners of the customs, the missionaries, the bankers, and the promoters, all equal, and contributing something to the general knowledge. When one was not a sinalogue, and could not talk of the destruction of the books by an ancient emperor, or of hieroglyphics found in an old temple, or the poetry of China, or the examination system, or other purely Chinese topics, he might read an essay on European art or literature or history. The use of no language was forbidden, though usually English or French was the spoken tongue. The society was a branch of the Asiatic Association of London. Some of its papers would have done honor to its parent. At the last accounts there

were many members of this association beleaguered in the British Legation, and, no doubt, death has ere this claimed some of them. Among them was the great teacher and author, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, the foremost American in the far East.

In the summer the diplomatic people, the missionaries, and the families of the members of the customs, scatter to the hills. Twelve miles west of Peking the mountains rise from the flat plains. One of these peaks is three thousand feet high. On one spur eight temples are situated. This spur is about fourteen hundred feet high; and on its precipitous sides are niched, amid groves of old trees, the charming resorts of the foreigners. Third from the bottom is the American temple, which has housed the legation from the time of Burlingame, 1863, to the present. Its Chinese name is Sanshanan, which means "Temple of the Three Hills." When Anson Burlingame was installed there, Sir Frederick Bruce, brother of Lord Elgin, occupied the temple, which is about fifty yards above it, called the "Temple of the Spirit Light." It has a fine pagoda, and a spring of delicious water. On one occasion the two ministers and their families ascended a rocky eminence near by, on whose side appears the

strong resemblance of a great tiger. Burlingame got on a huge rock, and delivered a speech replete with wit, humor, and historic lore, in which he particularly extolled the Bruces, from him of Bannockburn — the lion-hearted — to Elgin, who made the treaty of 1861 with China. As he finished he named the spur on which they stood Mount Bruce; and this name has among the foreigners superseded the Chinese name, and remains in use to-day. Dr. Martin, who was present, records this event. Not to be outdone in politeness, Bruce named another adjoining mountain Mount Burlingame. One may regret that the foreigner does not even leave to the Chinese the names of his hills; but little do the gay revelers at the temples care for the memories of a decadent race.

The general name for the hills — Patachu — the "Eight Great Places," remains; and the Chinese still call the two peaks, one the "Tiger's Head," and the other "Green Mountain." The temples all have names, — one the "Temple of Long Repose," and the highest of all the "Pearl Grotto." The hills are part of two great ranges, one fringing the Mongolian plateau, the other bounding the highlands of the west, and extending south for four hundred miles to the Yellow River.

It would take too much space to describe summer life at the hills. Etiquette is thrown aside. The closest intimacy prevails. Picnics, moonlight suppers, music, trips to places of interest, were the order of the day. Latterly Great Britain built a fine summer house close to the temples, which is reported to have been burned, but one cannot as yet credit any news from China. Lest the hills might be accounted an actual paradise, it is proper to record some of their defects. The gnat and mosquito were very bad, and occasional scorpions were to be found. Not on Patachu, but at a temple a little distance away, the second secretary of the Russian legation one summer killed by actual count one hundred and fifty-seven scorpions. From the hills one sees, eight miles away, the Luckachow bridge, which Marco Polo described in the eleventh century, and which is unchanged, except that two spans have been added to it.

Let us remark, in passing, that this Italian gentleman, tourist, and "promotor," was reported to be the greatest liar the world ever produced, except Baron Munchausen; but so far as I or others have traced his career in his valuable book, it has been found to be absolutely truthful. At all events, both Munchausen and Polo have been

thrown in the shade by recent performances of Shanghai newsmongers.

To the Chinese, Peking is Peiching, the northern capital. For the sight-seer there are not many places of peculiar interest to visit. The Chinese are chary of allowing either their own people or strangers to penetrate into places of the greatest interest. The Temple of Heaven, for instance, is closed; and except one dare-devil lieutenant in our navy, and Prince Henry of Prussia, nobody got into it while I was at Peking. The marble bridge also was a place of great resort for several years after 1885; but the empress-regent closed up the avenue to it, and no one has seen this beautiful structure for a long time.

It has always seemed to me that the chief charm of foreign travel was looking at the *va et le vient* of the people, — the contemplation of street-life, whether on the Strand, or the Champs Elysées, or the six-feet-wide streets of Canton. At Peking one sees representatives of all nationalities, — the foreign diplomats of many countries, the Manchu, the Mongolian, the Korean, the men from Turkestan and Thibet, Ili, Burmah, Siam, East India, and everywhere in the far East. Monks of all faiths, and speaking all tongues, are there, from the Buddhist fanatic parading with an iron spike

stuck through his cheek, or sitting in a box studded with sharp nails, to a bishop of the English church, in pumps and silk stockings. One sees every species of costume, and all kinds of mounts, from a camel to a donkey. The tea-shops with their placards, "Don't talk about public affairs;" the Moslem mosques, the great stores with their open fronts, the eating, the drinking, the cooking in the streets, are things which always seem new.

Among the things that it is "the correct thing" to see at Peking are the temples of Confucius, the Observatory, and the Examination Hall. The place of most importance, the Temple of Heaven, can only be seen from the southern wall; and the view is from a considerable distance. Often and often these places have been described, yet every gleaner is supposed to gather something of interest. Is it not curious that China should have so few remains of human art or labor that are worthy of description? Almost the only relics of great antiquity are the series of stone drums in the Confucian temple. According to Williams they were discovered about A.D. 600, in the environs of the ancient capital of the Chau dynasty, and have been kept in Peking since 1126. "They are irregularly shaped pillars," he says, "from eighteen

to thirty-five inches high and about twenty-eight inches across. The inscriptions are much worn, but enough remains to show that they commemorate a great hunt of Suen Wang (B.C. 827) in the region where they were found."

The scholars of the world will take off their hats reverently in the plain hall, eighty-four feet long, with a roof supported by pillars forty feet high, covering the single room, which is old and unkempt, cheerless, unornamented, but redolent with the savor of intellectual immortality. The great teacher struck the bottom rock underlying all human creeds. Four hundred years before Christ he gave to the world the golden rule: "Do ye not unto others what ye would not they should do unto you." At a missionary society meeting at Peking, I heard the members argue for several hours which was the better rule, this or the words of Christ: "Do ye unto others what ye would they should do unto you;" and to the credit of these world's representatives of religious thought, be it said that they voted by a large majority that there was no difference in the phrases.

The simplicity of the temple increases our respect for the great agnostic who pretended not to tell of the mysteries of the furture life because he said, "We do not know this life, how

THE EXAMINATION HALLS, PEKIN.

Where the best student is esteemed the greatest man in China.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

can we know the other?" The dust of ages on the floor, the ceiling, and the tablets do not obscure the fame of the founder of Chinese ethics, the model philosopher, the moralist, whose teaching was so pure that the Christian is driven to the wild assertion that his followers learned the golden rule after Christ had uttered it, and then incorporated it into his writings. Suppose they did. The offense pardons itself, for never did immortal phrase find a more appropriate setting than did this word talisman of humanity in the utterances of him who stands to-day the moral monitor of his race. Well might Confucius have said, "Homo sum et nihil humanum me alienum puto." "I am a man, and nothing that is human is indifferent to me."

The "Examination Hall" teaches profound lessons to the student of history. Here every third year come the graduates of the provincial examinations to contest for the degrees which place their winners on the lowest round of the ladder of official place. The buildings are great sheds, divided into eleven thousand compartments, about six feet high, three feet broad, and six feet deep, in which old and young, high and low, pass three days writing essays on which their fate depends. It is not unusual for men of eighty to be

among the number, and three generations have been at the same time represented in the attendance. On this system of competitive examination rests to a great extent the permanence of China. In the Taiping Rebellion in which twenty millions of people lost their lives, not one of the literati of this institution was found among the rebels. As you go down the coast of China you see towers here and there, and you are told that they were erected to commemorate the fact that a boy of that town carried off the honors at Peking. At the Confucian temple at Nanking the main gate opens only for the emperor and the graduates of the examinations. It is a festival in his home village when the hero returns, and loyalty to the throne pervades all his kin and friends. Flimsy writers, who visit Peking, hear stray stories proclaiming that fraud and corruption dominate the literary proceedings; but in fact China guards with the utmost jealousy every part of the examinations, and any official who connived at any deception would lose his head. The system is the jewel of her constitution; and, if it were extended to cover the elements of modern teaching, it would be the model for the world's education. How hard it is for this ancient nation to get her dues at the hands of ignorant, sensational, flighty book-

makers! A residence of a few days, or even hours, in China lays the foundation for a great book in which the hapless people are derided because they are not like Western people. I beseech the world to go back to Williams, Martin, Edkins, Blodgett, Wildman, — real synalogues — most of whom lived a generation in the country which they describe.

Everybody goes to see the Observatory. It is not far from Legation Street. It adjoins the city wall. No use is made of it now. It was established by the Jesuit Fathers more than three hundred years ago, and the great King Louis XIV. sent to it a celestial globe and an azimuth. In the court-yard below are curious disused instruments; and above are sidereal globes and triangles, and other things whose names even are unknown. There is no telescope. There was a clepsydra, or water-clock, but it has been dry many a year. In fact, in another place a professor of the Tungwen college has a tower, and a telescope, and there the astronomical work goes on in modern style and effect.

I might mention other places in Peking, but I am threshing old straw. There is the Drum Tower, where the curfew sounded until the stranger came; and the Lama Temple, where

Henry Norman was mobbed; the big trees, some interesting Buddhist and Taoist temples, the French, Russian, and English cemeteries, the Hanlin Academy, and the six public Boards.

To write of all these would require a book, and books on China bid fair to become as common as leaves in Vallembrosa.

Inside the Tartar city is the imperial city. It is open to the world. In it is a great Catholic cathedral, the Teitang. Inside the imperial city is The Forbidden City where the "solitary man" lives. His life is laborious. At one o'clock in the morning he commences to receive his high officials and others who are required to have audience. The members of the Grand Council, which is the real governing body of China, go in to see the emperor first in the morning. They are permitted to have cushions on which they kneel during the time that they are in his presence. Then, come to wait on him, members of the Tsung li Yamen, and after that officials of other degrees of rank. All these are required to kneel on the bare floor. I have been told, however, that many of those who have audience have cushions concealed under their flowing robes on which they kneel.

As the temperature in Peking during the win-

ter is very low, and heavy furs are univ
worn, the walk from the palace-gate to the h
itself, which is about three-quarters of a mil
very laborious for the old men who have to ta
it. This exposure was the cause of the death o
Marquis Tseng.

For the first time in the history of China an audience was granted to the foreign ministers in the precincts of the Forbidden City in 1894. The audience took place in the hall of literary glory. The occasion was the attainment of sixty years of age by the Empress Dowager, in whose honor autograph letters had been written by the chiefs of states of all the treaty powers. Thus ended the long contest for a complete recognition of the equality of the powers with China. When it began a "kotow" was demanded. When it ended, the foreign representatives stood on the raised dais by the table behind which the emperor sat. I prophesy that before long the dean of the diplomatic corps will lead the empress — the wife of Kwang Su — in a stately dance in a hall in the Forbidden City to the airs played by Sousa's band. By degrees foreign methods will have been pounded into China, and then what — we will have killed the goose that laid the golden egg! As an equal and active member of the family

of nations her rights will be the same as ours. She will exclude whom she pleases, as we exclude her people now. She will forbid foreign ships to sail on her rivers, as do we. She will try Americans in her own courts, as we try Chinese in ours. But worst of all, she will become a protection country as we have become one. Her almost inappreciable tariff of five per cent will assume vast proportions, and away will go our markets. In the Chinese matter let us follow Talleyrand's advice and go slow. The greatest diplomatist is he who does as little as he can.

XIV.

THE BOXER UPRISING.

[A.D. 1900.]

THE world stood aghast in the midsummer of 1900 at the tidings from China. Information, more or less reliable, was flashed across the sea that told of riot and massacre, and that hinted at tragedies even worse than these. In the closing year of the nineteenth century Occident and Orient seemed drawing toward a mighty and bloody struggle.

The "Boxers," of which mention was made in preceding chapters, were proclaimed to be the cause of this uprising. It was more than the outbreak of a fanatical and murderous secret society, however; it was the protest of conservatism against progress, of isolation against absorption, of China undivided against Europe and her "spheres of influence," concessions and "leased" ports. It was, indeed, the cry of "China for the Chinese!" that grew finally into the murderous slogan "Death to Foreigners!"

The numbers of the foreigners in China had been rapidly increasing, Over twenty thousand foreign residents had found homes or business opportunities in the empire, outside of the leased ports; and the introduction of foreign methods and foreign aggressiveness was not esteemed a benefit by a people whose ways and manners are so absolutely at variance with those of the "outside barbarians," for which they have no better or more expressive term than "foreign devils."

Chief among these protesting Orientals were the members of the secret society which called itself Yi-Ho-Chuan, which being translated means, the Fists of Righteous Harmony, or Fists Clenched in Righteous Harmony to drive out the Western Invader. The boxer fights with clenched fists; therefore, to this secret society, pledged to the strenuous and forcible extermination of the undesired foreigner, has been given in English the simple title of "the Boxers."

China is a land of secret societies, even as America is a land of clubs and fraternal organizations. Of these societies the oldest is the Triad, sometimes called the Hung League, or the Heaven and Earth Society, having for its symbol, or badge, a triangle. Out of this society of the Triad, the Boxers sprang; and as many of the secret soci-

eties of China have for their main objects antagonism to the imperial house, reform in governmental methods and resistance to foreign aggression, the chief desires which united the Boxers were secret and open resistance to the dynasty in power, the expulsion of the Manchu rulers of the land, the "removal" by edict or force of all foreigners, and the establishment of a purely Chinese dynasty upon the dragon throne.

The Boxers are, therefore, not simply a rabble, sprung from the mobs or masses of China's discontents and malcontents. They are but one factor in a mighty nation which finds the world forcing its way through the open door, and seeks to protest against and resist intrusion.

"The foreigners must go!" is the cry of the Boxers; and to compel this withdrawal of the "outside barbarians" the Boxers and the great conservative element of the Chinese that sympathizes with this anti-foreign movement, suddenly finds itself in arms against the world.

Chinese diplomacy claims everything and admits nothing. The ruling power that fills the dragon throne, the mysterious dowager empress and the boy emperor, Kwang Su, protested, as the anti-foreign element began to assert itself in 1900, that the movement was not countenanced by the

throne, but was indeed a rebellious utterance against the imperial will.

Gradually, however, the Boxer disturbance grew into an uprising. Taking its start in the province of Shantung, where the British and Germans had obtained footholds on the land in the concessions of Kiao-chau and Wei-Hai-Wei to the wrath and despair of all China, the hostility of the Boxers displayed itself in anti-foreign and anti-Christian riots, endangering the missionaries and their converts, destroying missions and school-buildings, and finally breaking out into open and cruel massacre.

North China was drawn into the movement. The Boxers grew in the size and strength of their organization; and instead of being, as the viceroy Li Hung Chang declared, "a rabble led away by fanaticism and anti-Christian feeling," the Boxers pushed from murder and plunder to organized and aggressive assaults upon all foreigners and foreign property. Officials, nobles, viceroys, and princes were in sympathy with, or actually in the leadership of, the uprising; and even the remarkable woman who for years has dominated and shaped events in China was the unavowed, but evident protector and instigator of China's uprising against the hated foreigner.

In May, 1900, the turbulence and persecutions of the Boxers became too pronounced to be longer permitted by the outside world. Commercial, political, and religious interests in the empire were so seriously jeopardized and threatened, that the great European powers addressed a joint note of protest and demand to the Tsun-li-Yamen, or foreign office, of the Chinese government.

But the "foreign office" of China is a diplomatic body which, as usual, denies everything, promises much, and does nothing that is expected of it. The protest of the powers, through their ministers, met with such indifference and absence of action, that the representatives of the Powers decided on a "demonstration" in the harbor of Taku. This was that seaport of Peking, where, in 1857, the adobe forts which the natives considered impregnable had been battered to pieces by the guns of the British navy.

Great Britain and Russia, France and Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United States, dispatched to the port of Taku one or more of their warships nearest at hand, and prepared to enforce the demands already made, that China take instant measures to suppress the Boxer society, and provide guaranties for the protection of foreign subjects and citizens in China.

When this was not done — or, rather, when the halting promises of the diplomats of China's foreign office were shown to be but a mockery of action — the allied naval forces at Taku drew from each of the warships a detail of sailors and marines and dispatched them to Peking as additional guards for the foreign ministers, ambassadors, and officials on duty at the court of Pekin.

Naturally resenting this show of force, and regarding the whole matter from an altogether different standpoint from that occupied by Europeans, the Chinese government objected even while seeming to assent to the methods of the foreigners; but the people, especially those favorable to the Boxers, or stirred to anger by their endeavors, raised the alarm that the "foreign devils" were preparing to invade the empire, and proceeded to register their protests in blood and plunder.

China is the land of convservatism; but, as her story shows, discord and rebellion have perpetually smothered beneath her conversatism only to break out into revolution, upheaval, and dynastic changes.

Into this tendency toward revolt, there came, through years of contact with another civilization, a growing element which sought to force China

out of her generations of conservatism, and bring her into step with the enlightened nations of the world. A powerful reform party, itself in a measure a secret society, was organized, and the best, most intelligent, and most progressive among the Chinese at home and abroad were enrolled as members. This reform party sought especially to free the young emperor from the domination and control of the despotic empress dowager, and place China in the same advanced line that Japan had taken, and which the young emperor had once attempted to occupy. Naturally, the imperious old dowager, a very Empress Wu in methods, craft, and energy, resented this blow at her power, and, becoming more reactionary than ever in her antagonism to new ideas and reform leaders, persecuted, punished, or expelled them from the empire.

The growing number of Christian converts among the Chinese was viewed with alarm by the reactionary party, the imperial government, and the restless champions of "China for the Chinese," such as composed the Boxer society. The more Christian converts made, the closer was China drawn towards the reform party, and especially toward those "foreign devils" who were gradually forcing their way into China, occupying strips

of territory, and becoming more and more firmly established on Chinese soil.

The outbreaks against the missions and the converts which in May, 1900, precipitated the Boxer trouble, and led to complications with the representatives of foreign powers in China, increased in intensity, as success in rioting and massacre led to new outbreaks. Although indications of this turbulence had been numerous, few among the foreign residents of China had any inkling of what was in store for them, though some of them discovered the gathering cloud, and sought to give warning.

But the Boxer disturbance, begun in an obscure way, was found to appeal to the masses by its successful harrying of the foreigners; it appealed to the ruling classes by the possibilities it opened for successful resistance to these same foreigners and their final expulsion or extermination. The government of China, while assuring the foreign ministers, first, that the Boxers were but a rabble who need not be feared, and, later, that they would at once be suppressed, secretly countenanced the riotous disturbers, and, as usual, while promising one thing did quite another.

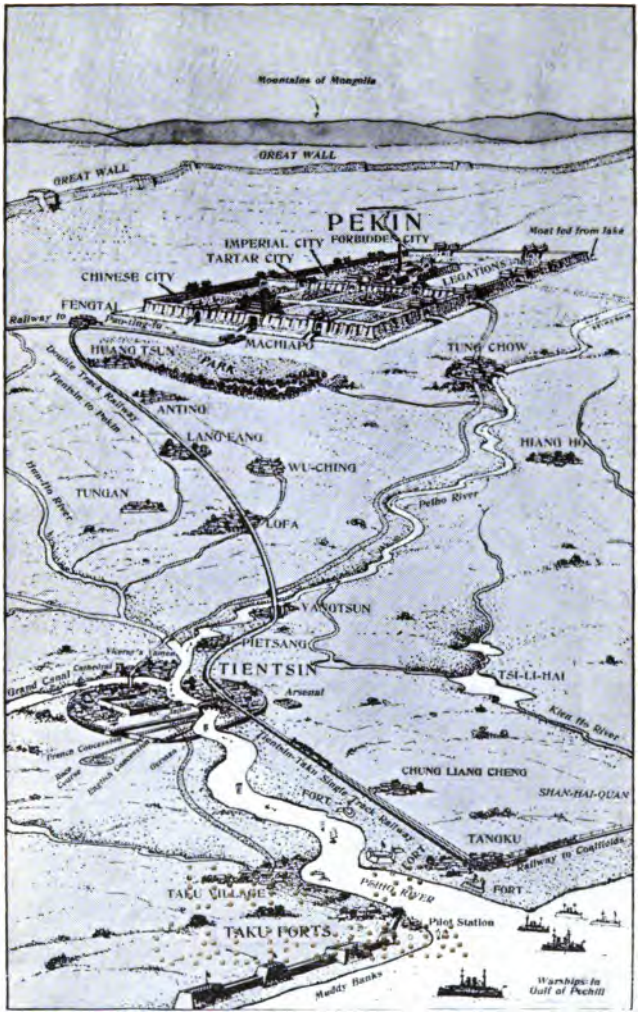
When, at last, the foreign representatives united for the protection of their respective inter-

ests and countrymen in China, and the naval demonstration was made at Taku, and when, a few days after, the guards about the legations in Peking were strengthened by details from the warships, the Chinese of the northern provinces became more inflamed against the "outside barbarians," and breathed out "threatenings and slaughter" against missionaries, ministers, and marines.

All that was needed for the uprising of the Boxers and their sympathizers was a capable leader. Matters were fast developing that would bring such a leader to the front. Missionaries and railway engineers — pioneers of civilization — were threatened, attacked, and obliged to fight or flee; refugees hastened to the coast; more than a thousand Europeans and Americans were gathered within the walls of Peking, under the protection of the legations; and when an open conflict south of Peking, between Boxers and a detail of Cossacks marching to the relief of certain imperiled Belgian refugees at Pao Ting Fu, led to more excited conditions among the natives of the provinces along the Yellow Sea, the consuls at the treaty port of Tientsin announced to the admirals at Taku that the situation was most alarming, and the "Powers" decided to take further steps to protect their interests and subjects in China.

The rage of the Boxers and their riotous contingent was especially directed against the railways, which were slowly but surely stretching out lines of civilization across the great empire. Rails were torn up, stations wrecked, and supplies destroyed; and when at last the chief line of communication between the capital and the sea, between Peking, and Tientsin, was cut, the naval forces of the foreign powers in the harbor of Taku determined that something must be done at once. Two thousand marines and blue-jackets drafted from the various warships were placed under the command of the senior naval officer, Admiral Seymour of the British navy; and on June 10th this international column marched out of Tientsin on the way to Peking to repair the railway, and then march to the relief of the foreigners and the legations who were practically imprisoned in the capital.

This was taken by the Chinese as an open defiance. Rioters became fighting-men, and the expedition under the lead of Seymour was speedily surrounded by an overwhelming force. Its communications with the coast were cut, and for days not only the ministers and foreigners in Peking, but Admiral Seymour and his little command, were completely lost, while only vague and



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW
FROM THE GULF OF PECHILI TO PEKIN.

Showing the route of the Relief Expedition of 1900.

terrible rumors as to their fate shook the nerves of two continents.

Thereupon the powers, angered at the indifference of the Chinese government toward its treaty stipulations, and believing that some base of operations was necessary if a conflict with the riotous elements in China was necessary, determined to make the harbor of Taku such a base. They demanded of the Chinese commander of the forts at Taku the temporary possession of his defenses, which was of course refused; and the refusal was emphasized by the guns of the forts firing upon the foreign warships. This was startlingly like war; but the powers were not at war with China, for the Chinese government still repudiated the Boxers, and promised their suppression and punishment. To attack the forts at Taku would be to lift the trouble out of a riotous disturbance to an actual conflict; and certain of the international naval commanders, especially Admiral Kempff of the American navy, did not feel that their orders from home authorized them "to initiate any act of war with a country with which my country is at peace."

Events proved the wisdom of Admiral Kempff's course; but the other commanders decided against him, and on the 17th of June the foreign warships

attacked the mud forts of Taku and after a bombardment of six hours, silenced, captured, and occupied them.

It was a victory for the international fleet, but it had disastrous results. The boom of the foreign guns at the mouth of the Pei-Ho River changed the condition of things at once. Behind the adobe walls of Taku were trained artillerists and foreign drilled soldiers of the Chinese army; the attack had been upon government property; and it was, as Admiral Kempff declared, an act of war.

It had that effect upon China; for even while the government with characteristic unreliability protested and promised, it also hurried troops into the disturbed section. A Chinese army gathered about Peking; a Chinese army marched toward Tientsin; and the legations and refugees at Peking as well as Admiral Seymour's relief column, were placed in still greater danger.

More than this, the bombardment of the Taku forts brought to the front a leader for the Chinese forces, — the Manchu prince, Tuan, athlete, rough-rider, and frontier fighter, a bitter hater of all foreigners, and a member of the Boxer society.

He speedily became not only the head and leader of the Boxers, but the dominant power at

Peking, overshadowing not only the timid and bull-dozed emperor, but the strenuous empress as well. A great Chinese army of experienced and foreign-drilled fighting-men gathered for the defense of the capital and the extermination of the "foreign devils," and the Chinese situation commanded the attention of the world.

The extermination of the "foreign devils" seemed but a matter of time and quick action. For while the powers hesitated over a policy which might jeopardize the interests that were jealously guarded against each other as well as against China, and feared that individual or joint action even, might be bad for commercial and political interests, Admiral Seymour's hard-fighting allies were endeavoring to force their way to the relief of the refugees in Peking.

"A great foreign army is marching on Peking," the Boxers and the Imperial troops alike declared; and looking upon Admiral Seymour's force as the advance of the great army of invasion, they prepared to surround, defeat, and exterminate it.

They accomplished the first two plans; but it is not easy even for a great Chinese army to exterminate a well-led, well-drilled force of allied fighters, selected from the fleets of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, the United States, Italy,

Austria, and Japan. Day after day the little army was attacked; day after day they fought off their assailants. With communications cut, the railways destroyed, provisions running out, the sick and wounded becoming each day an increasing obstacle to advance, and with a host of aroused, revengeful, determined, and relentless Chinese encircling and pressing upon them, the allies found advance in face of such odds impossible, and when within twenty-three miles of Peking they determined to withdraw.

Retreat was now almost as hard as advance; but, fighting step by step, they slowly fell back toward Tientsin, and, capturing the imperial arsenal above that city, found there sufficient store of rice and ammunition to hold out against the besiegers until a relief force of Americans and Russians, undismayed by a first repulse, forced their way through the Chinese hosts, and relieved the beleagured relief column.

This relieving the relief force which could not relieve Peking left the endangered foreigners within the walls of the capital in still greater peril; for the attempt of the allies aroused the Chinese to fresh anger, and the thousand or more refugees were practically imprisoned within the "compounds" of the legations, from which communi-

cation with the outside world was absolutely denied them.

Meantime reinforcements to the International forces in and about Tientsin swelled the allied army. Fourteen thousand troops had already been landed; and additional soldiers and seamen, with warships and supply ships, were dispatched to the harbor of Taku.

The Chinese also were massing for resistance; and Prince Tuan, in command at Peking, with his soldiers and Boxers quickly invested Tientsin. A force of fully a hundred thousand men controlled the country about Tientsin, most of them well drilled, and supplied with all the arms and implements of modern warfare. Inflamed by these preparations for conflict, all Northern China fraternized with the Boxers; and proclamations calling upon all loyal Chinamen to expel the foreigners were posted throughout the northern provinces. The treaty ports were threatened, refugees crowded the foreign settlements, and destruction and riot were everywhere imminent. The anti-foreign movement extended south and west; it broke away from the control of the crafty dowager empress, who had abetted and wished to direct it, and the influence of Prince Tuan overtopped all others.

It was clear that the Chinese forces in and about the native portion of the city of Tientsin must be assaulted at once, if the "loss of prestige" resulting from the defeat of Seymour's attempted relief expedition were to be overcome.

The allies acted at once. Three desperate attempts at assault on the native city, and against the Chinese troops, were made on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth of July. The Chinese were beaten at the arsenal and at the railway station; but when, on Friday, the thirteenth, seven thousand allies stormed the walls of the native city held by twenty thousand Chinese armed with rifled and machine guns, the allies were repulsed with heavy loss; and the disaster was only retrieved by a second desperate assault when, on the 17th of July, a breach was made in the walls. Through this the allies charged, and carried the defenses by storm, driving out the routed Chinese, and occupying the native city and its fortifications.

The fall of Tientsin was a double victory for the allies. It secured and protected their base of operations and concentration, and restored the prestige of their arms, which the Chinese, first victorious, seemed to have destroyed. At once, as reinforcements began to arrive, dispatched by

the several governments, an army was concentrated for the march on Peking through a country held by a rapidly increasing Chinese army commanded by Prince Tuan, and determined to arrest and drive back the foreign invasion.

Meantime the world waited for tidings from Peking, where the ambassadors and ministers of the great powers, and the refugees from beyond the gates, were crowded within the walls of the legations, besieged by a relentless host of Boxers and Imperial troops. Tidings came, but none were reliable. Direct information from the beleaguered "legationers" could not be obtained; and the news that came through Chinese sources was as conflicting as it was terrible. Details of horrible massacres, assurances of absolute safety, stories of determined resistance, and tales of decimation by attack and starvation, pressed closely upon each other until none knew what to believe, the hopeful hoping, the despondent desponding. After disheartening delays, and in the face of home opposition, the allied army at last moved forward toward Peking; and at daybreak on the fifth of August, sixteen thousand of them defeated, at Peitsang, ten miles from Tientsin, a great Chinese army, which disputed the foreign advance.

On the sixth of August, Yangtsun, the second

station on the way to Peking, was captured by the allies, and the Chinese showed signs of breaking before the advance of the International columns.

A victory is for the Chinese the strongest of all arguments. If the advance on the capital prove victorious the end is not far off; but the fate of the imprisoned ones in Peking is still in doubt; and the dreadful mystery remains a mystery even as this book goes to press, although the indications point to lying Chinese rumors and the pluck of the "legationers."

But victory is no easy task. Even the battles at Peitsang and Yangtsun were won by the International forces at heavy cost; and the allies, pressing forward in the advance on Peking, pledged to punish and avenge, must face a vast army of disciplined and undisciplined Chinese troops massed before the closed door that conceals the fearful mystery of Peking.

Thus the world waits expectant, while China, so often desolated and so often overrun, yet never conquered or controlled, rouses herself for the final conflict between the forces of conservatism and civilization which, through blood and vengeance, through diplomacy and death, rages around the oft-assaulted, desperately defended portal of China's Open Door.

As Talked in the Sanctum

By ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, U.S. Consul-General at Hong Kong; author of "Tales of the Malayan Coast," etc. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, $1.00

MR WILDMAN was at one time editor of a prominent magazine on the Pacific coast. He here presents, in a charming and attractive volume, the talks on men and things that occupied himself and his friends—the Contributor, the Poet, the Reader, the Parson, the Office Boy and others as, day by day, they met to discuss, dissect and talk over the world and its happenings as these appeared to the "Senate" of the editor's sanctum. It is a book that will be found at once entertaining, amusing, suggestive, philosophic and delightfully real.

Tales of the Malayan Coast

By ROUNSEVELLE WILDMAN, Consul-General of the United States at Hong Kong. One volume, 12mo, illustrated by Henry Sandham, $1.00

A NOTABLE collection of Malayan stories and sketches reproducing both the atmosphere and flavor of the Orient, and emphasized also by a dash of American earnestness and vigor. The book is dedicated by permission to Admiral George Dewey, Mr. Wildman's "friend and hero."

Eben Holden.

A Tale of the North Country.

By IRVING BACHELLER, author of "A Master of Silence." 12mo, cloth, gilt top, rough edges. $1.50.

A REFRESHING story of the "plain people" of country and town. The "North Country" is the farm-land of St. Lawrence County in Northern New York. Uncle Eb, — hero, "hired-man" and border philanthropist — is a lover of animals, of nature and of all creation. The scene shifts to New York in war time, and the story of the rout at Bull Run is unsurpassed in realism. Altogether it is one of the brightest and most popular of recent books, for it appeals to that love of mingling sentiment and humor that all men and women like.

The Last of the Flatboats.

A Story of the Mississippi and its Interesting Family of Rivers.

By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON, author of "The Wreck of the Redbird." 12mo, cloth, illustrated by Charlotte Harding. $1.50.

THE story of five western boys who take a flatboat on a venture to New Orleans. They are bright, apt, and intelligent young fellows, and find fun, adventure, and profit in their scheme. This book is an absolute storehouse of mid-west facts, but it is also full of action, manliness, endeavor, and adventure.

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY, . . BOSTON.

RETURN TO ⟶ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

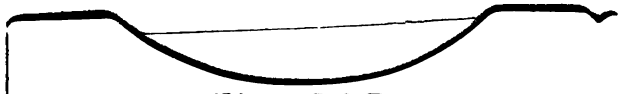
ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing the books to the Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

DEC 19 1
RECEIVED BY
DEC 3 1984 NOV 03 1987
CIRCULATION DEPT.
AUTO DISC DEC
AUTO DISC DEC 07 1987

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 1/83 BERKELEY, CA 94720



755668

DS735
W6
Cop. 2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY

B000724849